



GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!



# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

in this  
ISSUE:  
HALLS of HORROR  
The ZOMBIE SUMMONS  
PHANTOM PIRATE  
...and other  
THRILLERS!

NO 18  
APRIL

10¢



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!

# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

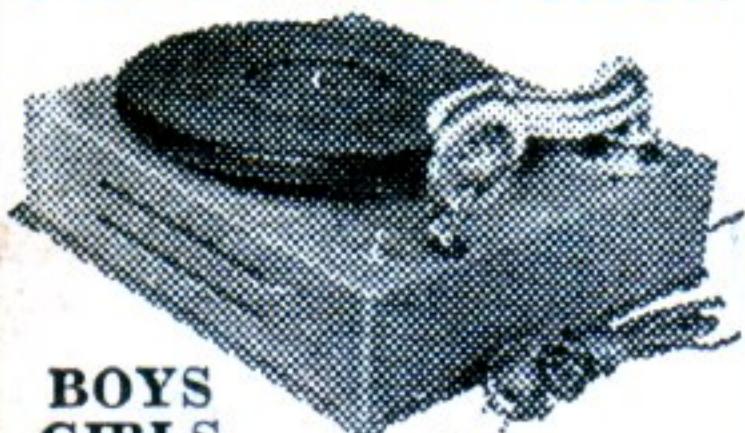
In this  
ISSUE:  
HALLS of HORROR  
The ZOMBIE SUMMONS  
PHANTOM PIRATE  
... and other  
THRILLERS!

No 18  
APRIL

10¢



# GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH



BOYS  
GIRLS

ACT  
NOW  
MAIL  
Coupon

Electric Record Players, Candid Cameras with carrying cases (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. Simply Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. 56th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. B-27, Tyrone, Pa.

## PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH



BOYS  
GIRLS

MAIL  
Coupon  
NOW

Our  
56th  
Year

WE ARE RELIABLE

Radios, Wrist Watches, Ukuleles, Cub Fishing Outfits (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. Simply Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 56th year.

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. F-27, Tyrone, Pa.



LADIES

MEN

## MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-AM, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....  
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
St. \_\_\_\_\_ R.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box. \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ Zone No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Print LAST Name Here \_\_\_\_\_

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

# GIVEN - GIVEN

PREMIUMS OR  
CASH



OUR  
56th YEAR

ACT NOW

BOYS - GIRLS

We Are Reliable

Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. Simply Give beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. C-27, Tyrone, Pa.



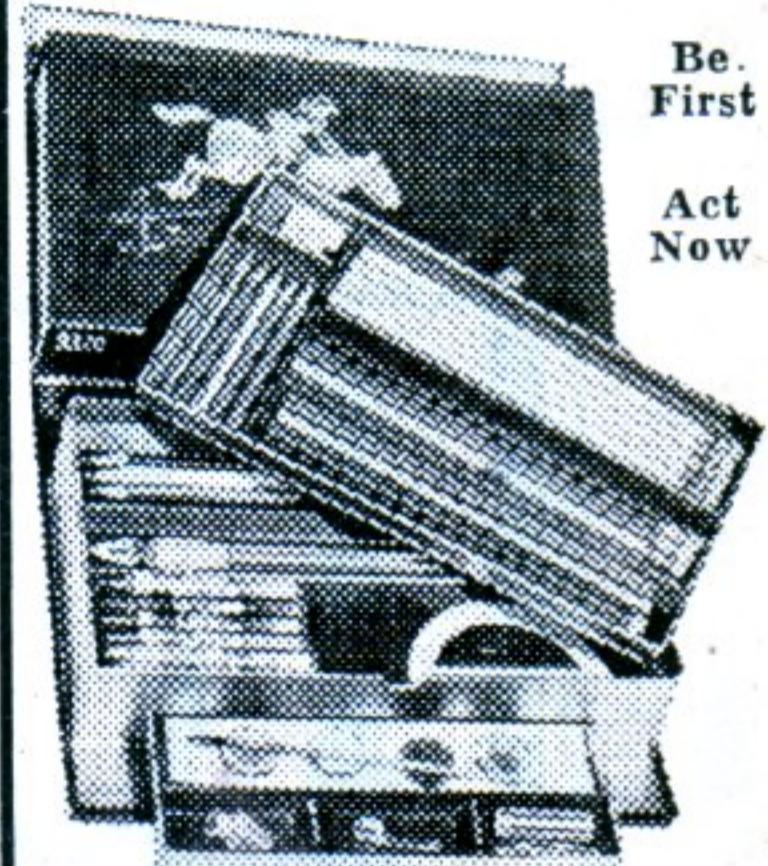
OUR  
56th  
YEAR  
Mail  
Coupon

# GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Be.  
First

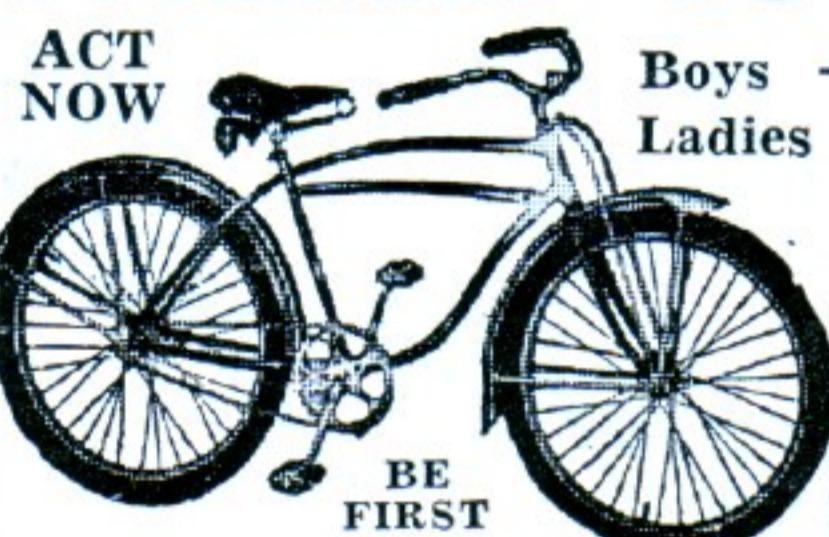
Act  
Now



Girls! Boys! Send No Money Now. We Trust You. School Boxes, 3 Pcs. Pen & Pencil Sets, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. Simply Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. D-27 Tyrone, Pa.

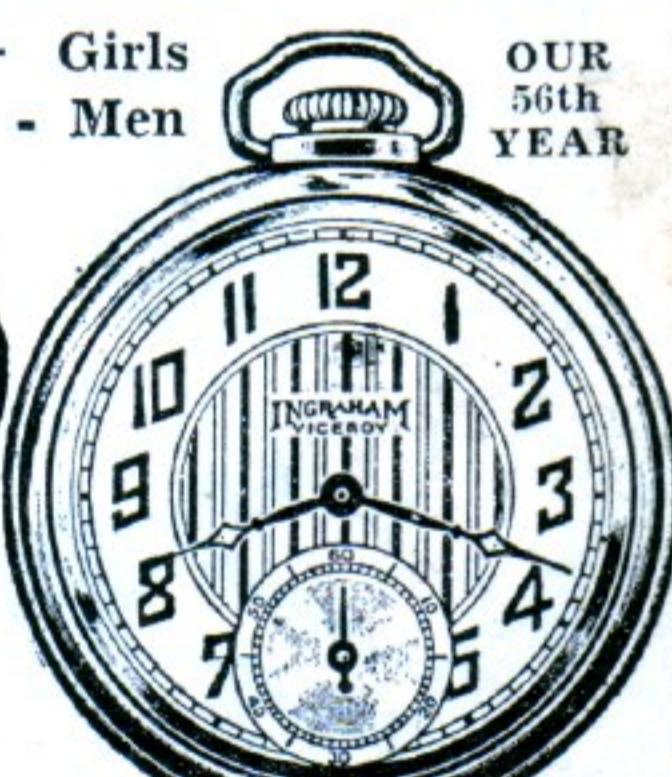
## Premiums - GIVEN - Cash

ACT  
NOW



Boys - Girls  
Ladies - Men

OUR  
56th  
YEAR



Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Latest model Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. Simply Give art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 56th year. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. E-27, TYRONE, PA.

## GIVEN - GIVEN Premiums - Cash Commission



BOYS  
GIRLS

ACT NOW

Mail Coupon

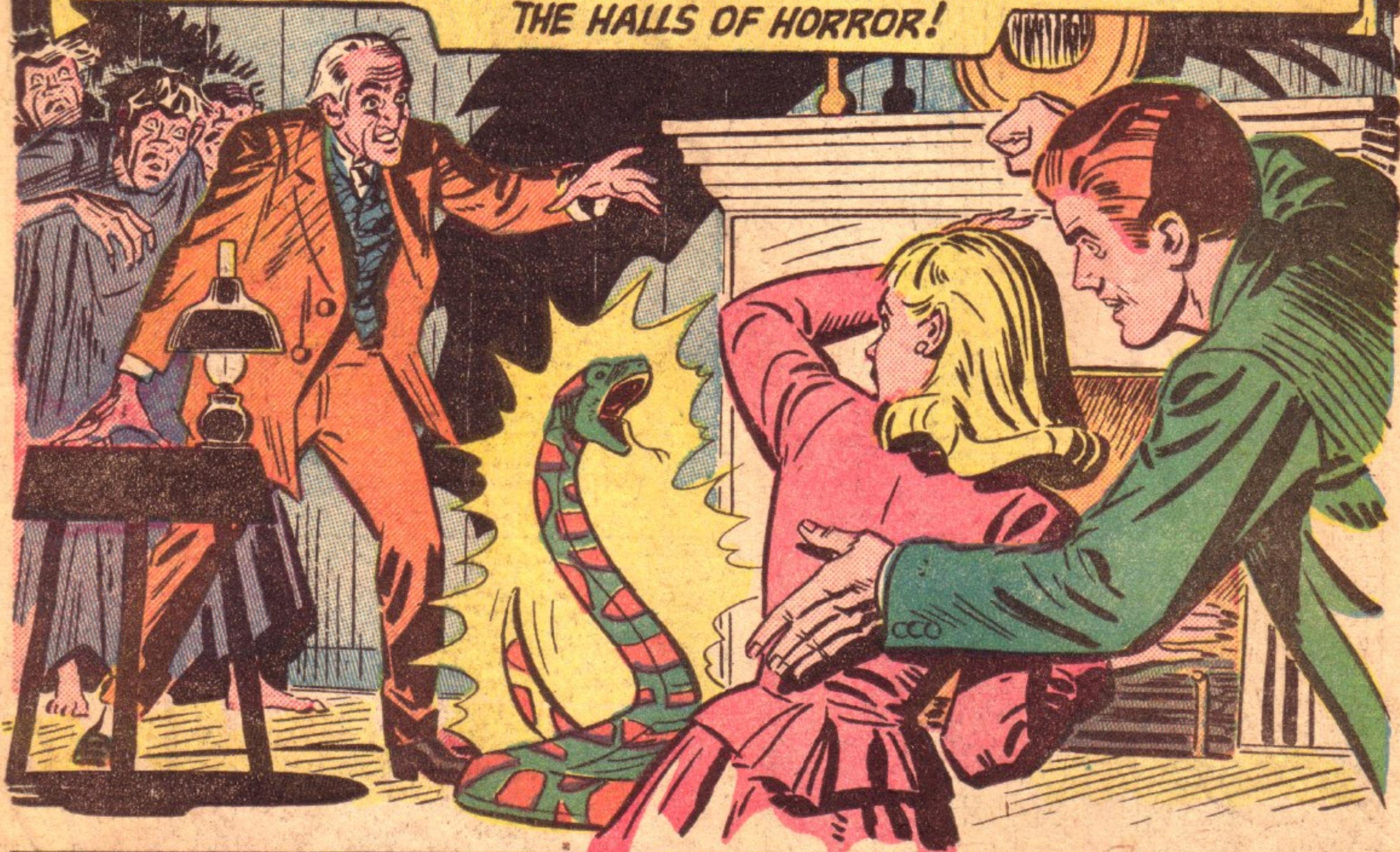
Daisy Air Rifles with tube of shot. Regulation Footballs, Flashlights, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. Simply Give art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. G-27, Tyrone, Pa.



MAIL COUPON NOW

# The HALLS of HORROR

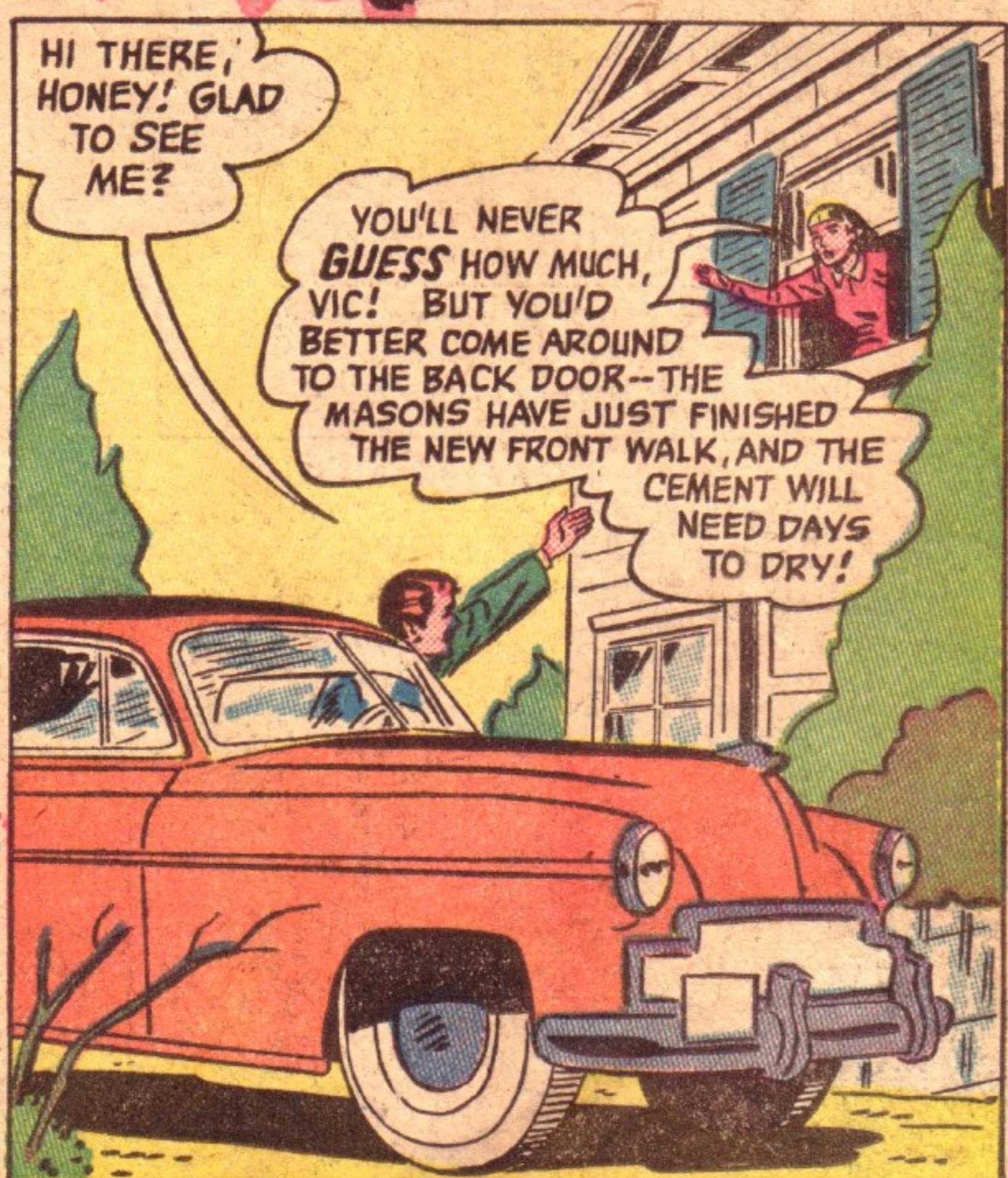
MANY PEOPLE HAVE HEARD OF ZOMBIES -- BUT FEW MEN HAVE UNDERGONE THE RAW TERROR OF LEARNING HOW THESE CREEPING UNDEAD WIN FREEDOM FROM THE GRAVE! THIS IS THE HAUNTING STORY OF A MAN WHO FOUND OUT-- AND DOOMED HIMSELF TO THE CLUTCH OF ENDLESS MIDNIGHTS IN THE HALLS OF HORROR!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY JEAN'S BEEN WORRYING EVER SINCE HER UNCLE, FRED OWENS, WAS SENT TO AFRICA TO COLLECT PYTHON SKINS! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TALK HER OUT OF IT-- EVEN BY MENTIONING FRED'S REPUTATION AS A VETERAN BIG GAME HUNTER!

HI THERE, HONEY! GLAD TO SEE ME?

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS HOW MUCH, VIC! BUT YOU'D BETTER COME AROUND TO THE BACK DOOR-- THE MASON'S HAVE JUST FINISHED THE NEW FRONT WALK, AND THE CEMENT WILL NEED DAYS TO DRY!



WHAT'S WRONG, JEAN -- HAVEN'T YOU HAD ANY NEWS FROM YOUR UNCLE FRED?

THAT'S JUST IT -- A LETTER CAME TODAY! AND IF YOU STILL THINK I OUGHT TO SHRUG OFF MY FEELING OF UNEASINESS ABOUT HIM -- MAYBE YOU'D BETTER READ IT!

"... I KNOW YOU'LL THINK IT INCREDIBLE -- BUT I HAPPENED TO MENTION O. B. WHEN I STOPPED OFF AT A SMALL VILLAGE SEVERAL DAYS AGO FOR SUPPLIES! THE PEOPLE CHATTERED WITH FRIGHT -- AND THE WITCH DOCTORS FLUTTERED AROUND ME WITH THEIR HIDEOUS MASKS -- JABBERING WORDS THAT MAY HAVE BEEN EITHER A CURSE OR A BLESSING..."

O. B.! WHO'S THAT?

I NEVER MET HIM, AND I DON'T KNOW HIS FULL NAME -- BUT HE'S THE MAN WHO HIRED UNCLE FRED TO GO TO AFRICA FOR THE PYTHON SKINS! KEEP READING, VIC -- THE REST IS WHAT REALLY HAS ME WORRIED!



"...MAYBE IT SOUNDS CRAZY TO RUN INTO MENTION OF O.B. HERE -- BUT THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED SINCE THEN MAKE ME WONDER WHETHER I AM ENTIRELY SANE! I WAS LYING IN MY TENT THE OTHER NIGHT -- TRYING TO FORGET THE SWELTERING HEAT THAT THROBBED LIKE A TOM-TOM IN THE DARKNESS..."



"...AND THEN I FELT SOMETHING LIGHTLY STROKE MY HAND -- ALMOST LIKE A STIRRING BREEZE -- AND YET ALMOST SEEN IN THE HUMID GLOOM!"

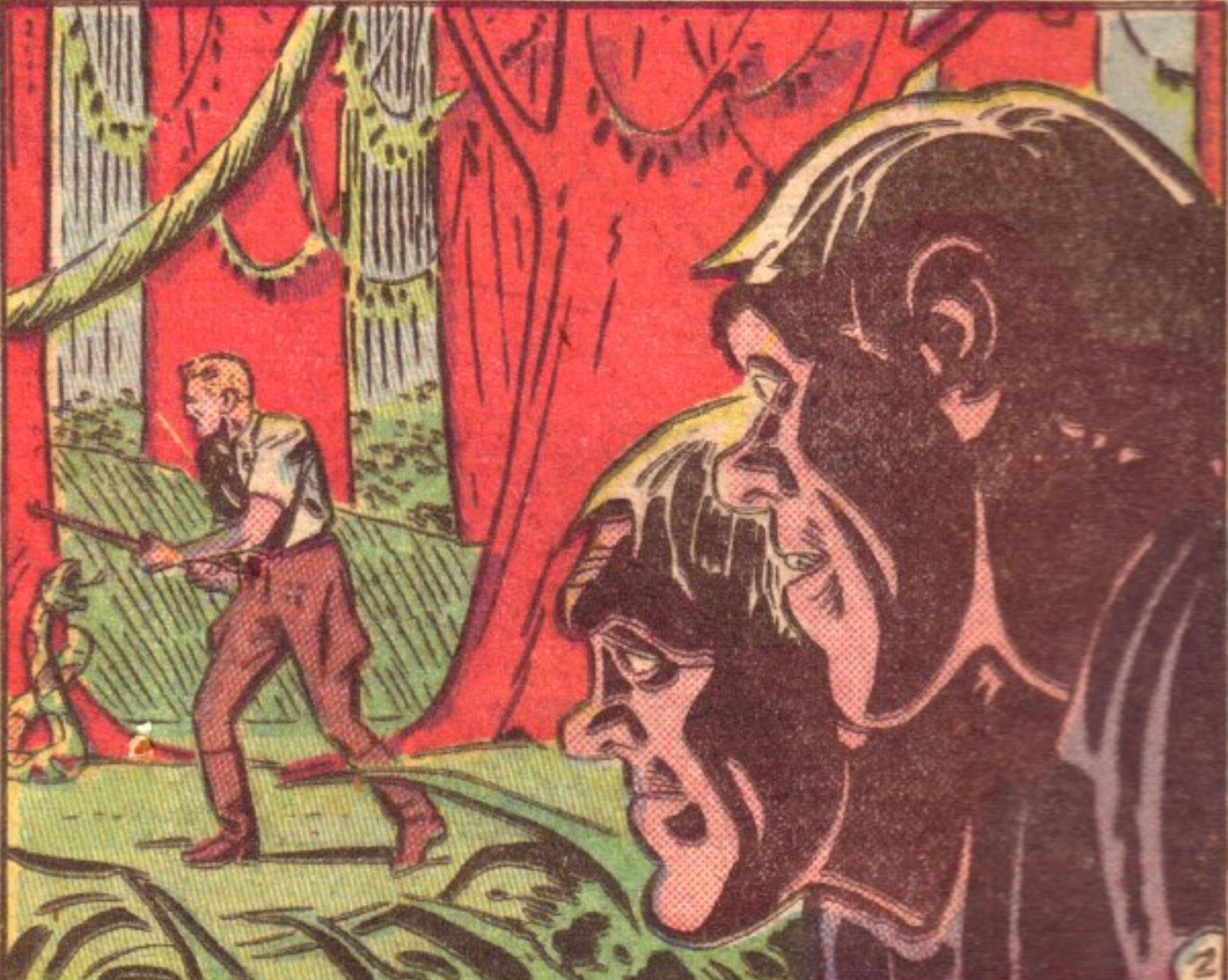


"WHAT WAS IT I SAW? A SHAPE -- A THING -- A PRESENCE? I'LL NEVER KNOW -- BUT I DO KNOW WHAT HAD HAPPENED!"

MY RING! IT'S TAKEN THE RING O. B. GAVE ME!



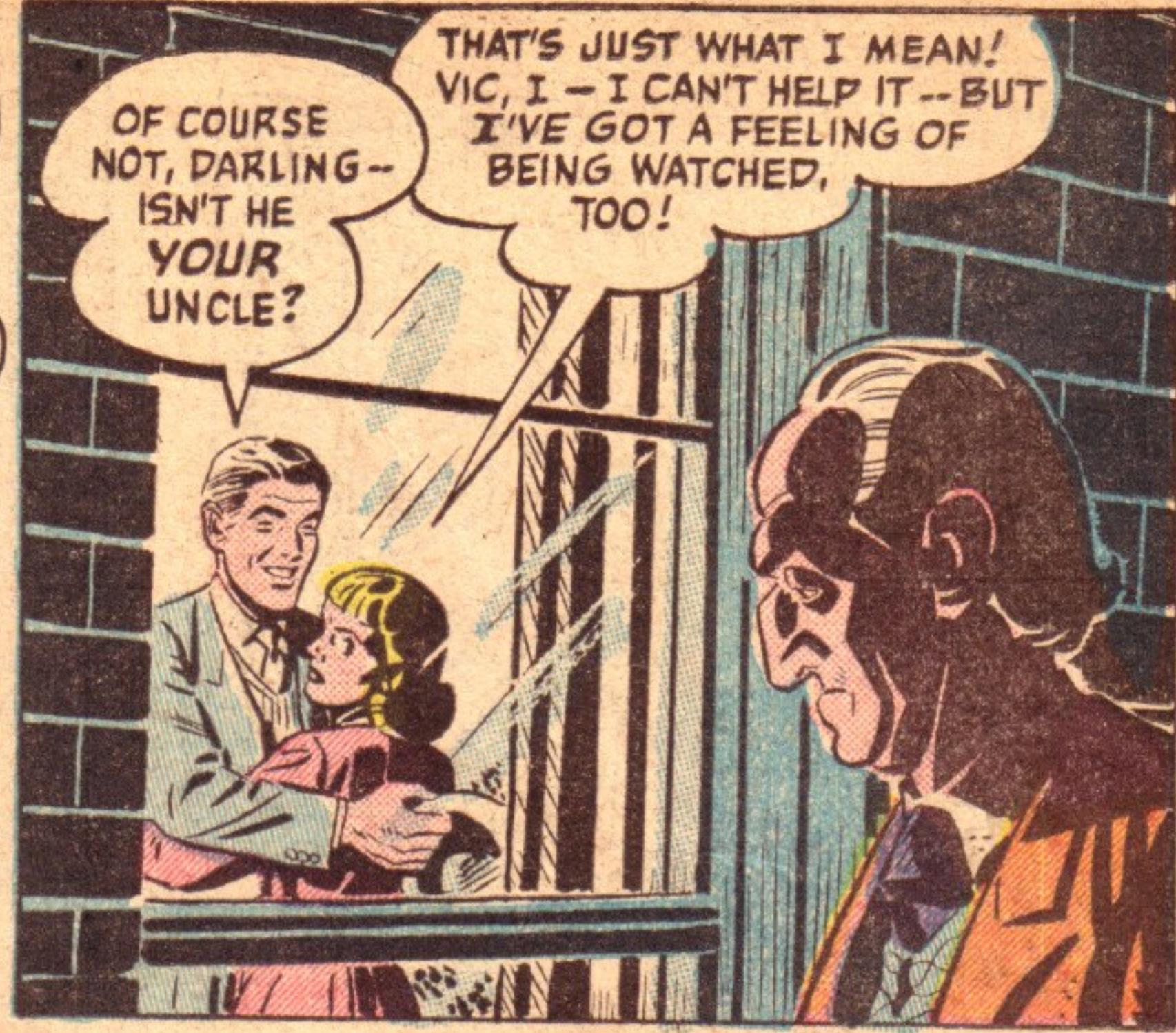
"THAT WAS THE BEGINNING, JEAN! AND NOW I'M SURE I'M BEING WATCHED -- WATCHED BY THINGS THAT SLITHER THROUGH THE JUNGLE -- EVERY TIME I SPOT A PYTHON!"



"...I KNOW YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I DON'T GIVE UP THIS BLASTED EXPEDITION, JEAN! BUT IT'S COSTING O.B. THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO GET THESE PYTHON SKINS-- AND WHAT WOULD HE THINK IF I QUIT BECAUSE OF FIENDS NO SANE HUMAN WOULD EVEN MENTION?!"

VIC--FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, TELL ME THE TRUTH! DO YOU THINK UNCLE FRED IS OUT OF HIS MIND?

THAT'S JUST WHAT I MEAN! VIC, I - I CAN'T HELP IT -- BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING OF BEING WATCHED, TOO!



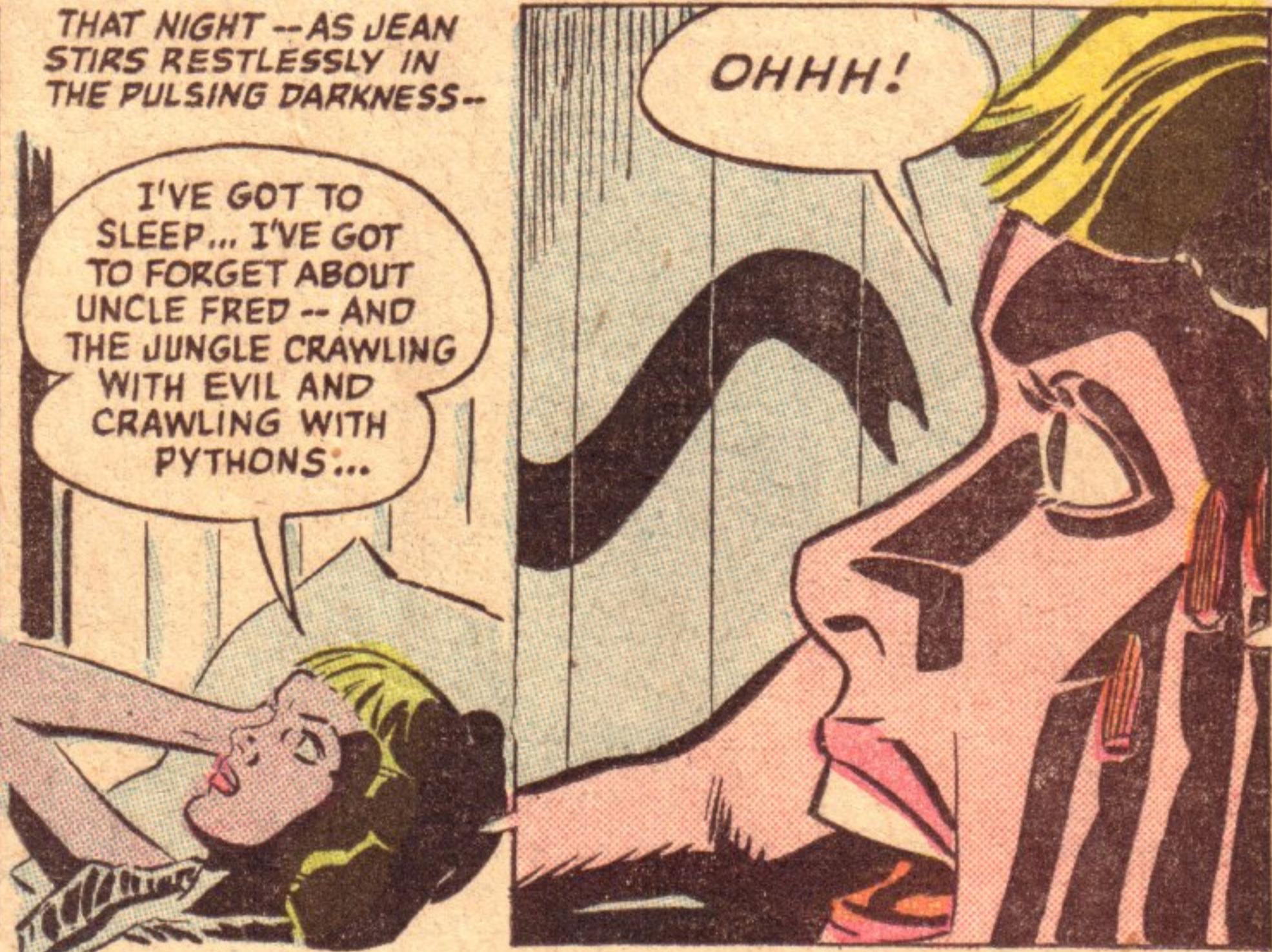
SOON AFTERWARD...

PYTHONS -- PHANTOMS LURKING IN THE JUNGLE -- AND A RING THAT DISAPPEARS AT MIDNIGHT! FOR ALL I KNOW, FRED OWENS IS MAD AS A HATTER -- AND YET THERE ARE ONE OR TWO THINGS I DON'T KNOW! WHO'S THIS O.B. -- AND WHY IS HE SO ANXIOUS TO SQUANDER THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS FOR PYTHON SKINS -- WHEN HE CAN PICK THEM UP FOR NEXT TO NOTHING RIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK?



THAT NIGHT -- AS JEAN STIRS RESTLESSLY IN THE PULSING DARKNESS--

I'VE GOT TO SLEEP... I'VE GOT TO FORGET ABOUT UNCLE FRED -- AND THE JUNGLE CRAWLING WITH EVIL AND CRAWLING WITH PYTHONS...

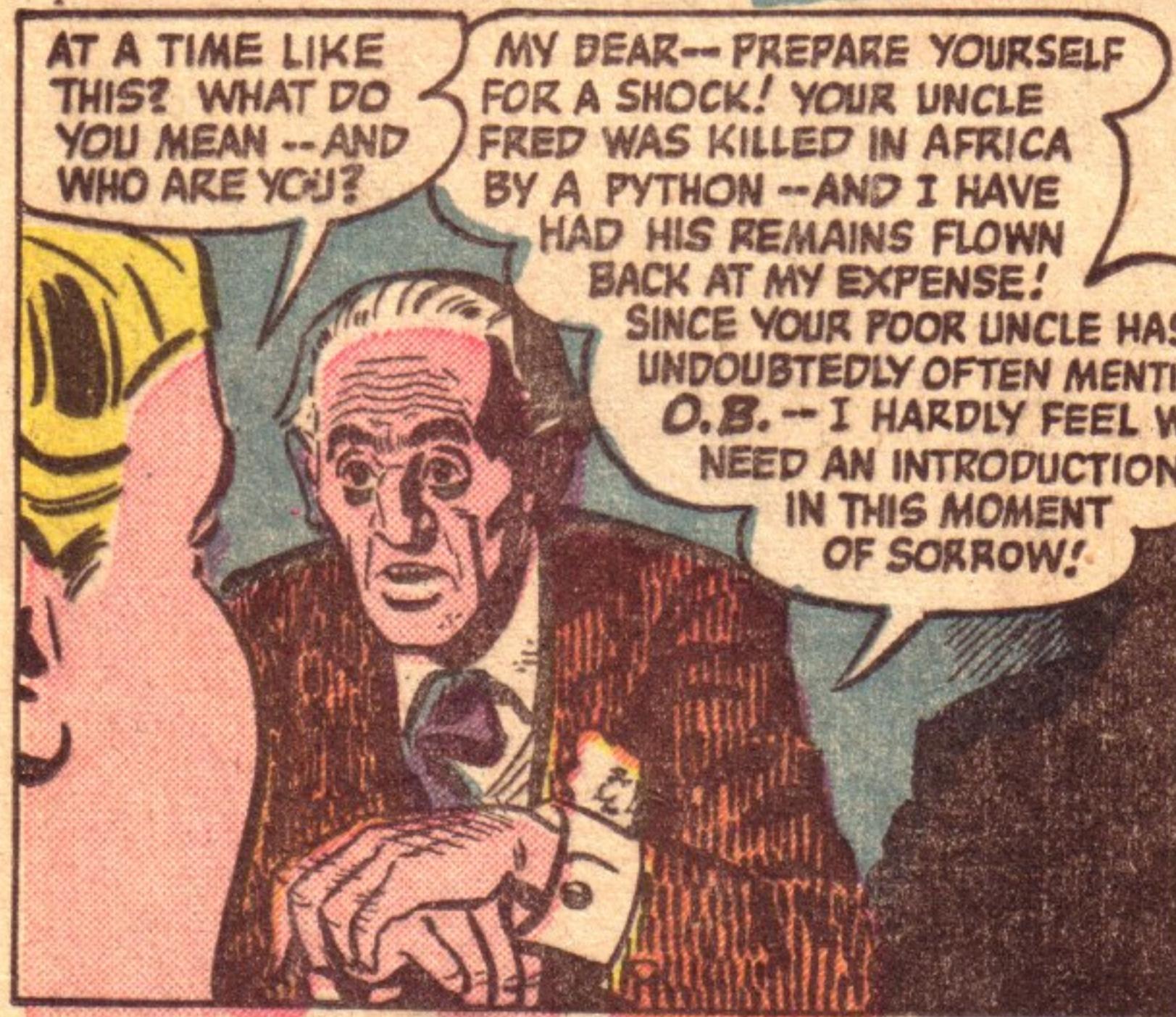


IT'S NOTHING -- JUST THE SHADOW OF THE RIPPLING CURTAIN -- BUT MAYBE THAT'S THE VERY WAY UNCLE FRED STARTED IMAGINING THINGS!



WHO'S TO SAY IT DOESN'T BEGIN WITH FEAR? IF I WERE TO LET MY FEELING THAT THERE'S SOMETHING OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR GET HOLD OF ME -- IF I WERE TO HOLD MY BREATH, EXPECTING IT TO OPEN --





SHOCKING AS THE MESSAGE  
WAS -- AT LEAST IT CLEARED  
UP ONE THING! SOMEHOW,  
UNCLE FRED'S LETTERS  
MADE ME WONDER ABOUT  
O.B. -- NEVER SUSPECTING  
IT WOULD TAKE A  
BURIAL TO SHOW ME  
WHAT A WONDERFUL  
PERSON HE IS!

YOU MEAN HE  
OFFERED TO  
BURY YOUR  
UNCLE? JEAN --  
I'VE GOT A  
CLIPPING I'D  
LIKE YOU TO  
READ!

ED DAILY HERALD  
**VAGRANT'S BODY SAVED  
FROM POTTER'S FIELD**

The public benefactor who  
chooses to mask his good deeds  
behind the initials O.B. has  
again saved the body of a home-  
less wanderer from an unmarked  
grave -- by providing decent  
burial in his private  
cemetery on  
Hazard Hill.

I HATE TO BRING IT  
UP, HONEY -- BUT DON'T YOU  
SEE SOMETHING STRANGE IN  
O.B.'S GENEROSITY IN  
PROVIDING GRAVES? TIE  
IT IN WITH HIS WILLINGNESS  
TO SPEND THOUSANDS FOR  
A FEW PYTHON SKINS --  
AND FRED'S SUDDEN  
DEATH AFTER LEARNING  
SOMETHING ABOUT O.B.  
IN AFRICA -- AND IT  
DOESN'T LOOK  
GOOD!

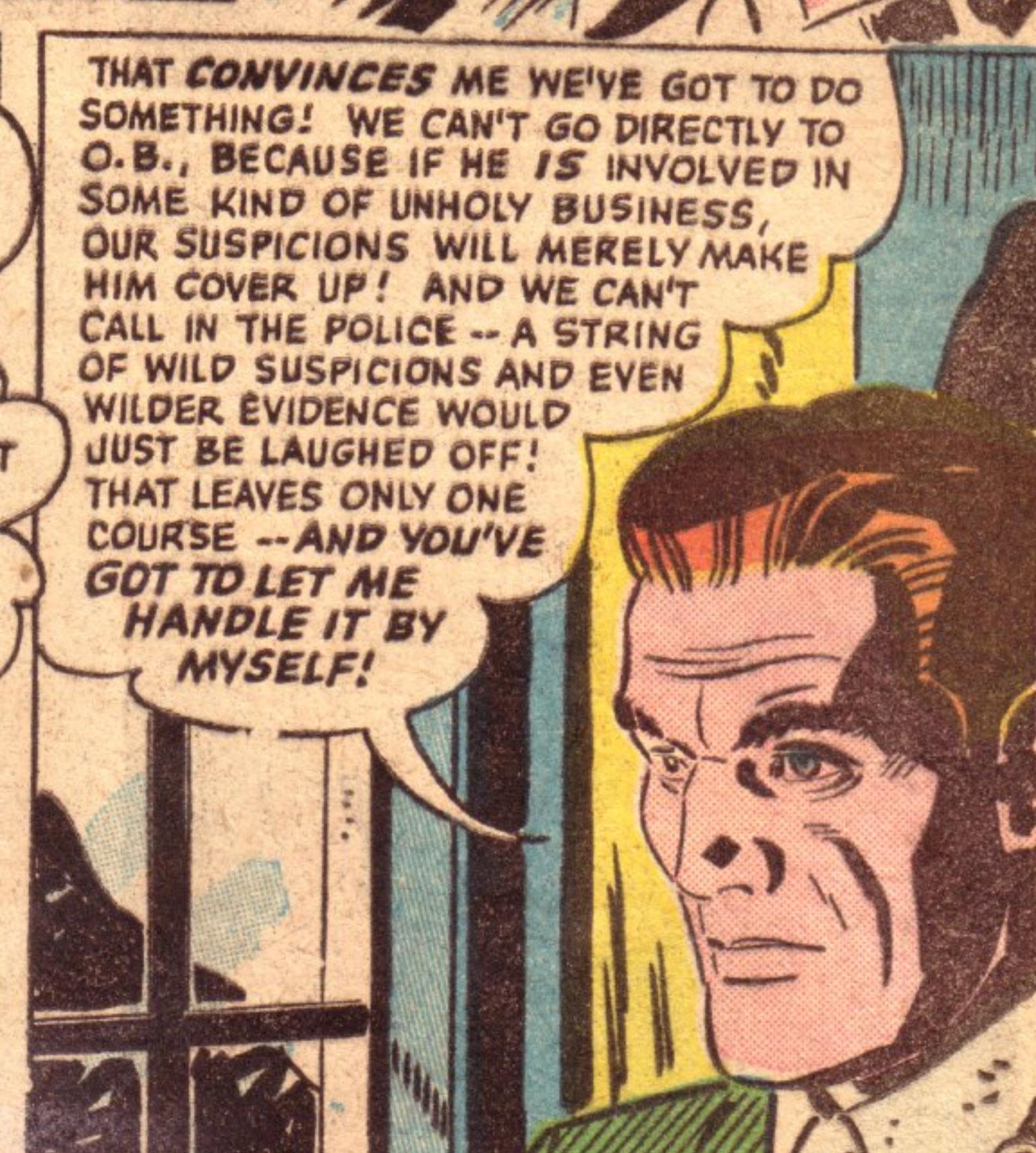
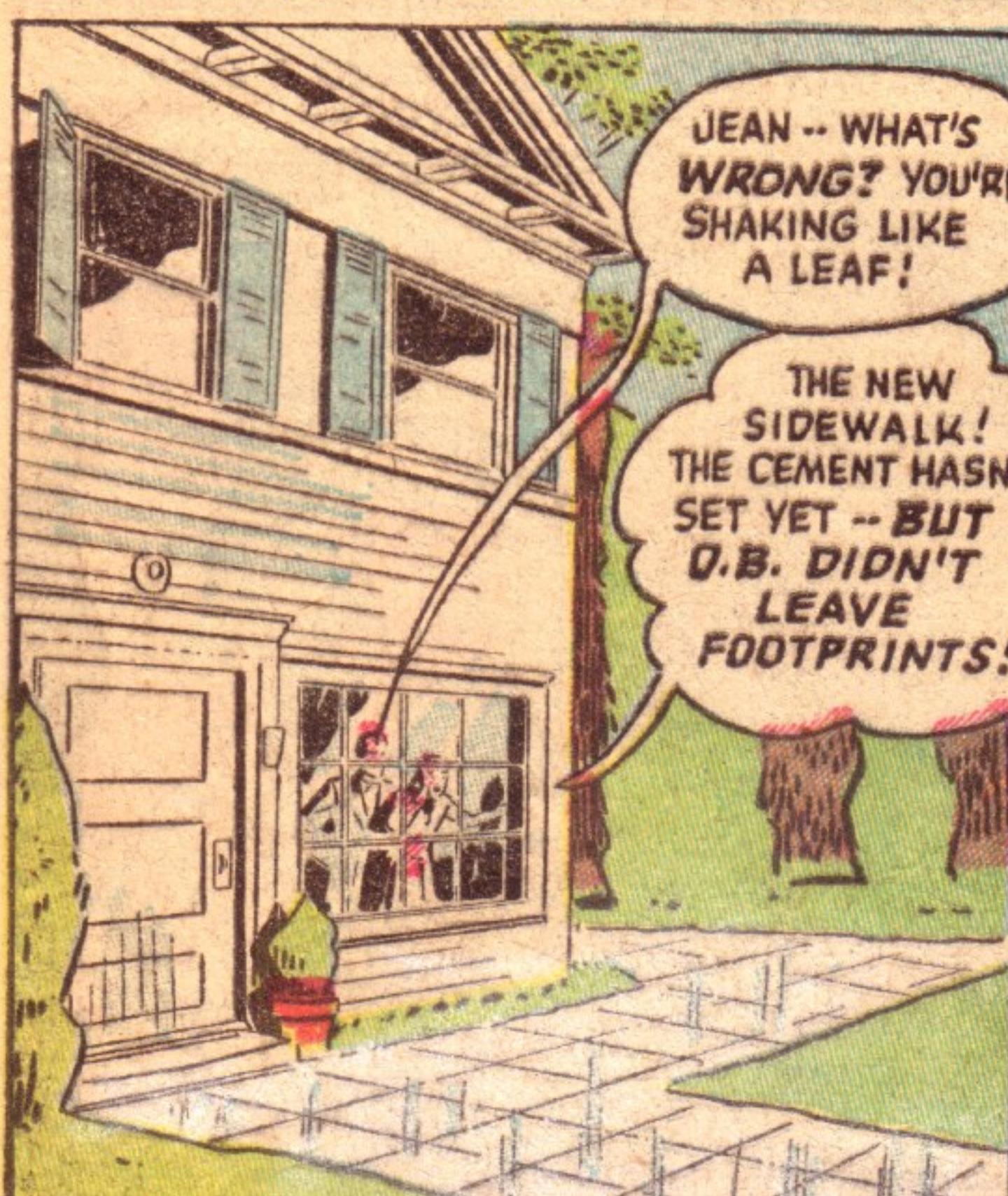
THE WHOLE THING  
DOES SEEM QUEER --  
BUT AFTER ALL, THAT'S  
JUST THE KIND OF  
PERSON O.B. IS! I FELT  
IT LAST NIGHT, WHEN HE  
WALKED IN THE FRONT  
DOOR WITHOUT  
KNOCKING --

OH! THE--  
FRONT  
DOOR!

THAT CONVINCES ME WE'VE GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING! WE CAN'T GO DIRECTLY TO  
O.B., BECAUSE IF HE IS INVOLVED IN  
SOME KIND OF UNHOLY BUSINESS,  
OUR SUSPICIONS WILL MERELY MAKE  
HIM COVER UP! AND WE CAN'T  
CALL IN THE POLICE -- A STRING  
OF WILD SUSPICIONS AND EVEN  
WILDER EVIDENCE WOULD  
JUST BE LAUGHED OFF!  
THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE  
COURSE -- AND YOU'VE  
GOT TO LET ME  
HANDLE IT BY  
MYSELF!

JEAN -- WHAT'S  
WRONG? YOU'RE  
SHAKING LIKE  
A LEAF!

THE NEW  
SIDEWALK!  
THE CEMENT HASN'T  
SET YET -- BUT  
O.B. DIDN'T  
LEAVE  
FOOTPRINTS!



NO, VIC -- PLEASE!  
DON'T LEAVE ME  
ALONE -- DON'T  
LEAVE ME IN DOUBT!  
WHATEVER YOU  
HAVE IN MIND--  
TAKE ME  
WITH YOU!

IT WON'T BE EASY,  
JEAN! O.B. SAYS  
HE BURIED YOUR  
UNCLE -- AND  
I WANT TO SEE  
THE BODY!

THAT NIGHT -- WATCHED BY A CREEPING MOON -- JEAN  
AND VIC DRIVE TO THE CEMETERY ON HAZARD HILL!

ANYWAY -- IT'S A  
FAR BETTER-KEPT  
CEMETERY THAN  
I EXPECTED TO  
FIND! EVEN THE  
GRASS AROUND  
THE GRAVES  
HAS BEEN  
CAREFULLY  
TRIMMED!

YES -- THE GRAVES OF  
HOMELESS MEN WHO HAD  
NEITHER FRIENDS NOR  
RELATIVES WHO'D VISIT  
THEIR LAST RESTING  
PLACE! AND YET THAT  
GRASS HASN'T BEEN  
TRIMMED, JEAN -- IT'S  
BEEN WORN DOWN--  
BY FOOTSTEPS!

WHOSE  
FOOTSTEPS?

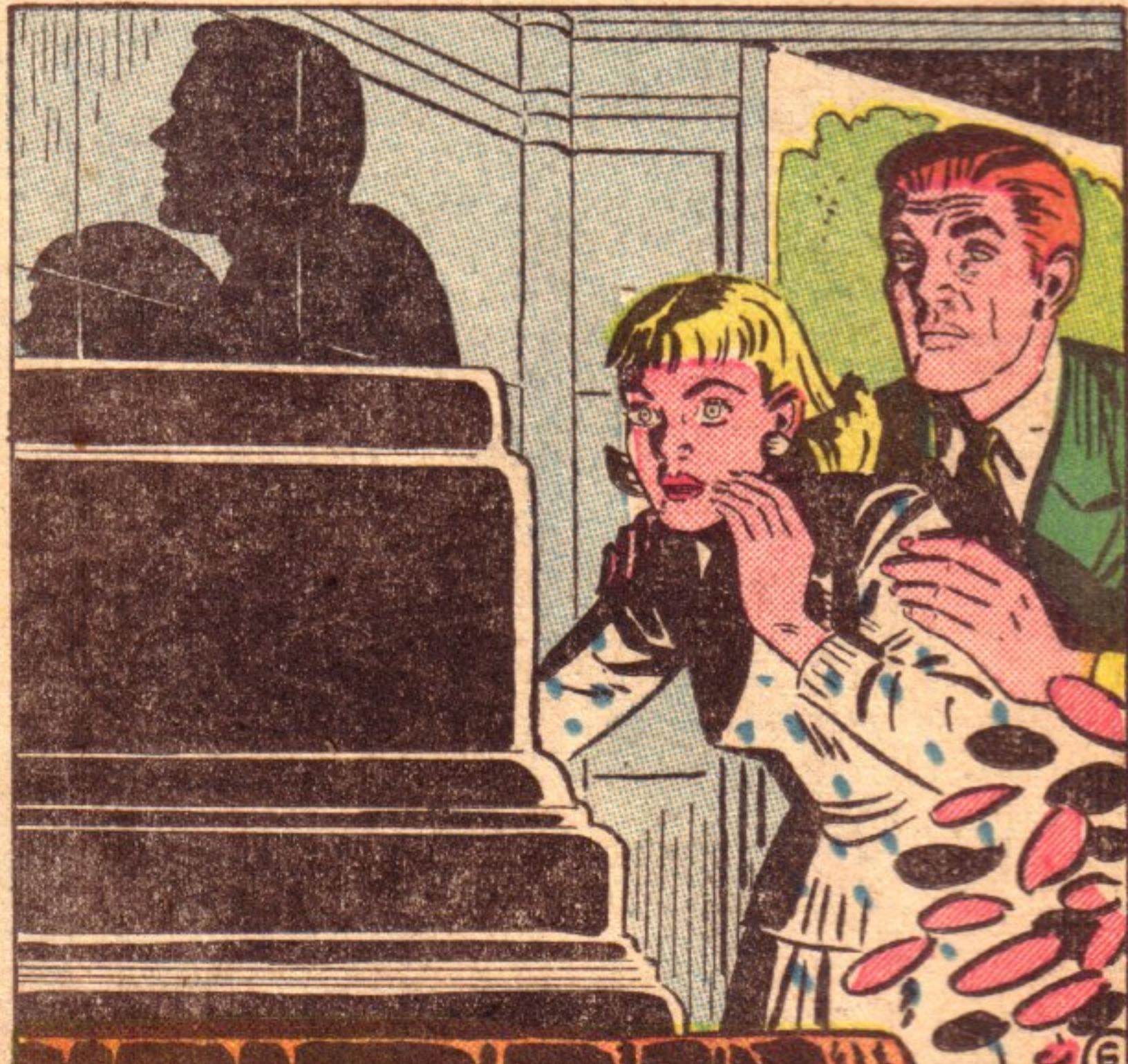
IT DOESN'T MATTER,  
HONEY! THANK HEAVEN  
WE WON'T NEED THE SHOVELS  
I BROUGHT ALONG--  
THERE'S WHAT WE'RE  
LOOKING FOR!  
A TOMB!

JEAN --  
SUPPOSE  
YOU LEAVE  
THIS PART  
TO ME?

NO, VIC! IT WAS  
DIFFERENT WHILE  
I TRIED TO GUESS HOW  
UNCLE FRED DIED -- IT  
SCARED ME! BUT NOW  
SOMETHING TELLS ME HE  
WAS MURDERED -- AND  
UNTIL I FIND THE PERSON  
OR THING BEHIND IT--  
I WON'T BE  
AFRAID!

FRED OWENS

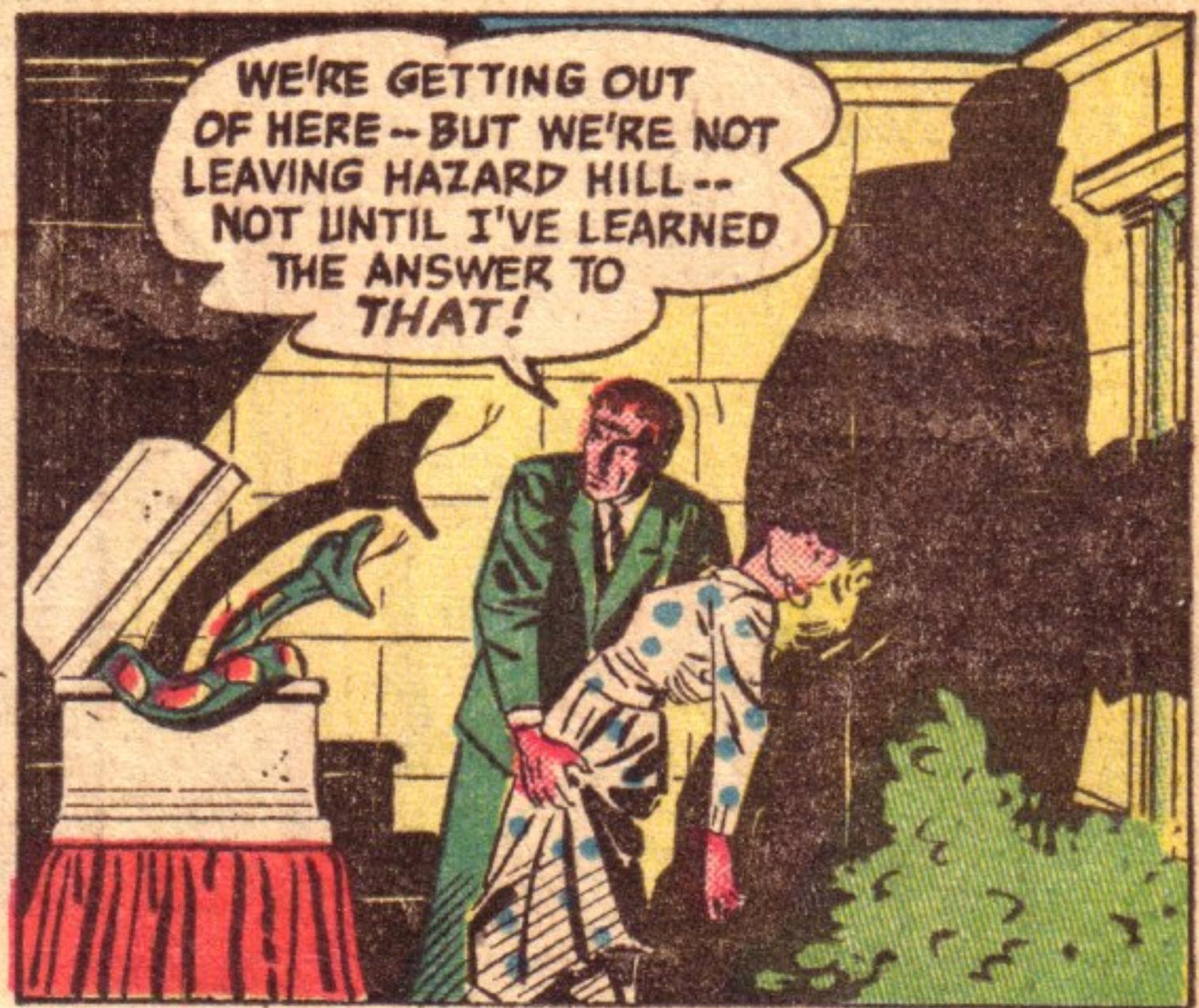
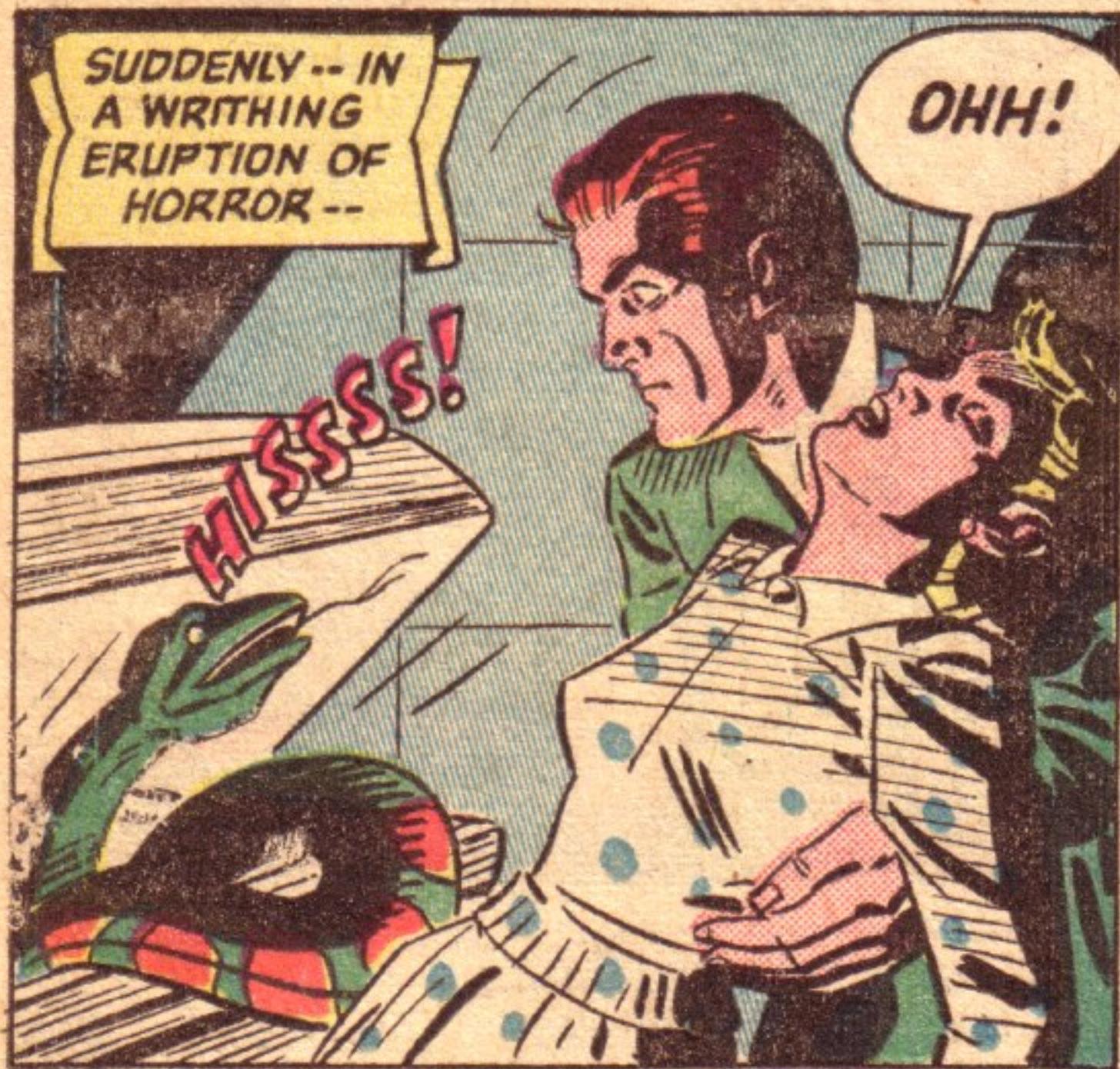
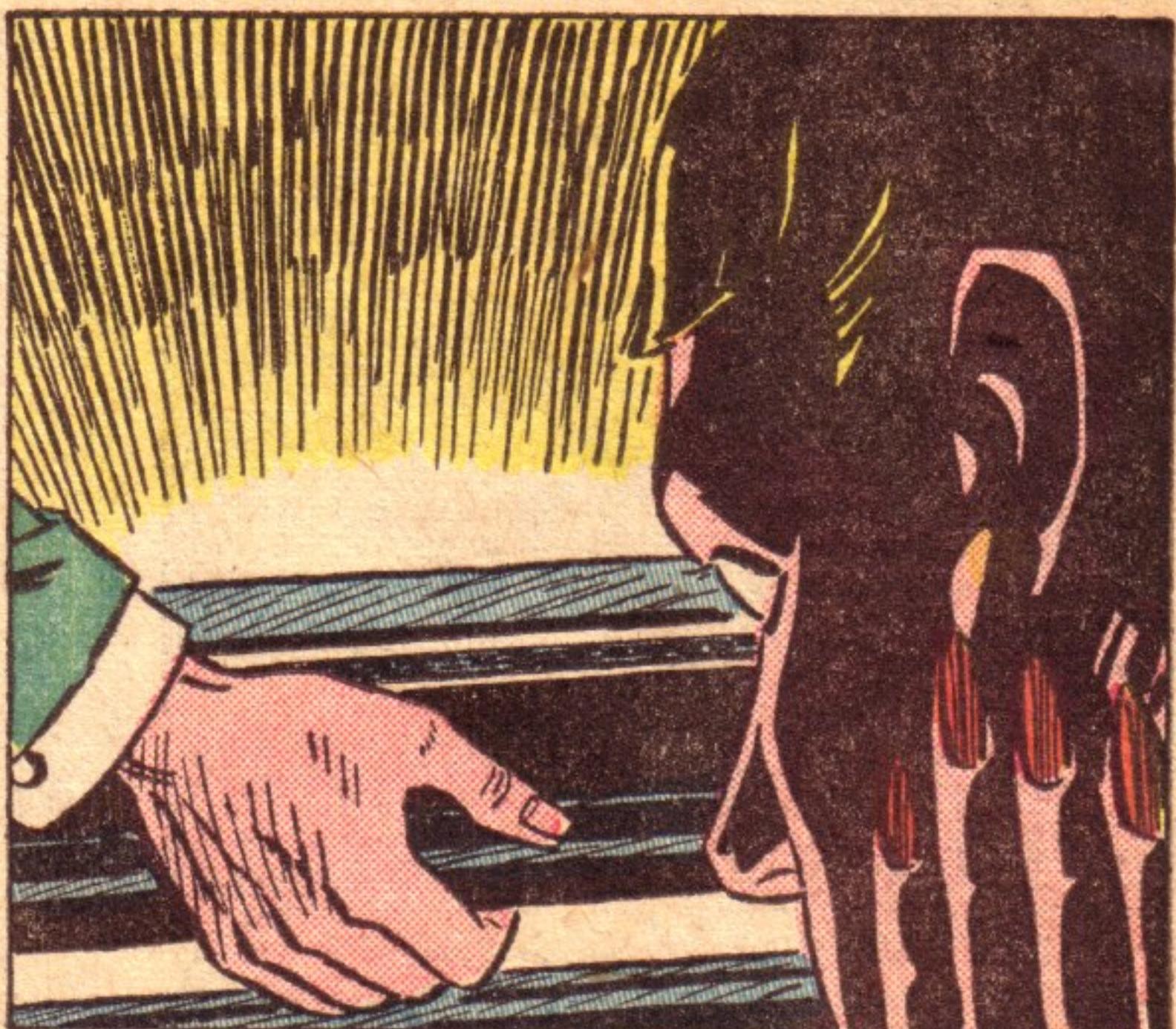
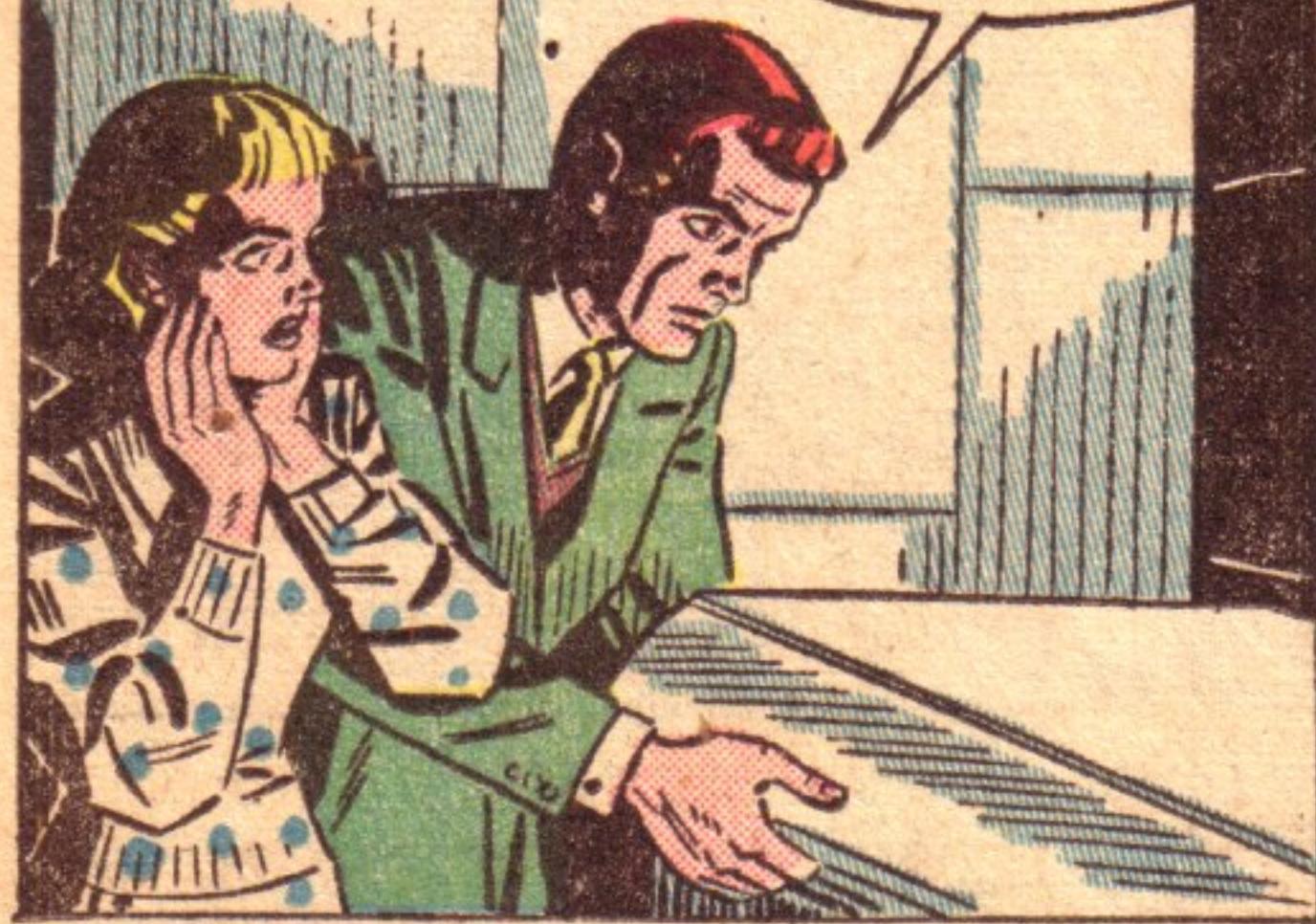
THEN -- WITH SLOW STEPS TOWARD A COLD  
AND UNSEEN PRESENCE --



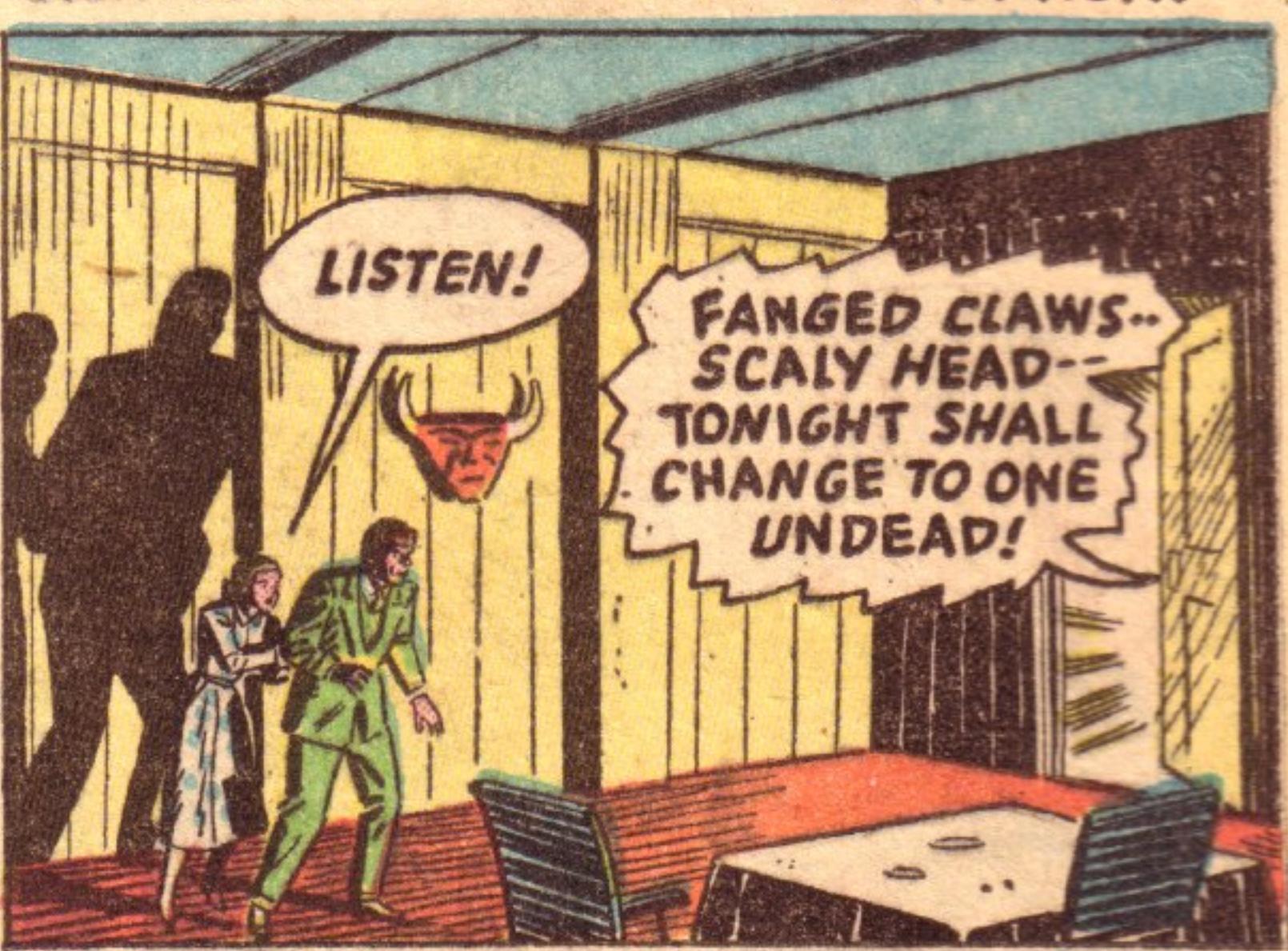
I KNOW IT'S A HORRIBLE STRAIN. VIC -- ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO AHEAD WITH IT?

IT'S NOT THAT -- I'M JUST WISHING YOU HADN'T COME ALONG! GET A GRIP ON YOUR NERVES, HONEY -- BECAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING IN THIS COFFIN!

FOR A SECOND, EVERYTHING SEEMED MOTIONLESS ON HAZARD HILL -- EVERYTHING BUT THE POLISHED LID OF DEATH -- INCHING UPWARD IN THE GLOOM!



THE WINDING ROAD BELOW SEEMED ALIVE IN THE MOONLIGHT -- CREEPING WITH A STRANGE, RIPPLING MOTION!



OBI! GOOD  
LORD, JEAN --  
THOSE AREN'T  
INITIALS --  
THAT'S HIS  
NAME!

VIC - THE SNAKE!  
SOMETHING HORRIBLE  
IS HAPPENING --  
IT'S CHANGING  
SHAPE!

THE WRITHING  
COILS FUSE IN A  
SINGLE LUMINOUS  
MASS -- AND  
BIT BY BIT --

THAT FACE!  
NO - NO -- IT  
CAN'T BE  
UNCLE FRED!

MY RING...  
MY RING...

AH, YES -- THE RING I GAVE  
YOU WHEN YOU LEFT FOR AFRICA!  
THE STONE IS SERPENTINE --  
THE ONE THING THAT COULD  
PROTECT YOU FROM THE ZOMBIE  
SPIRITS OF THE PYTHONS YOU HUNTED!  
BUT YOU FOUND OUT TOO MUCH, FRED  
OWENS -- YOU LEARNED WHAT MY NAME  
MEANS IN AFRICA -- AND THEN CAME  
THE NIGHT WHEN YOU LOST THE RING!

THAT INHUMAN FIEND!  
I CAN'T JUST STAND  
HERE AND LISTEN,  
JEAN -- I'VE  
GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT!

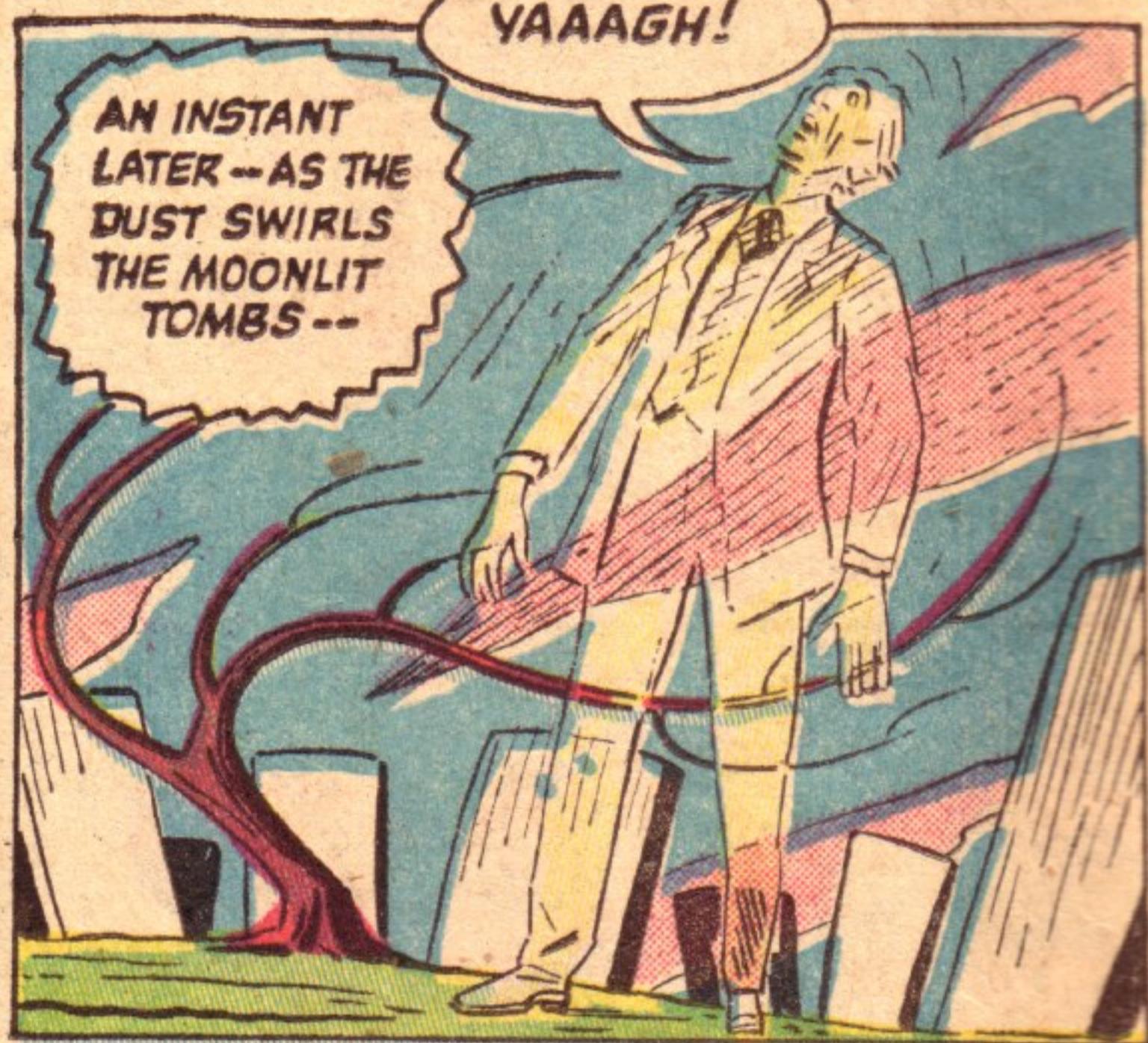
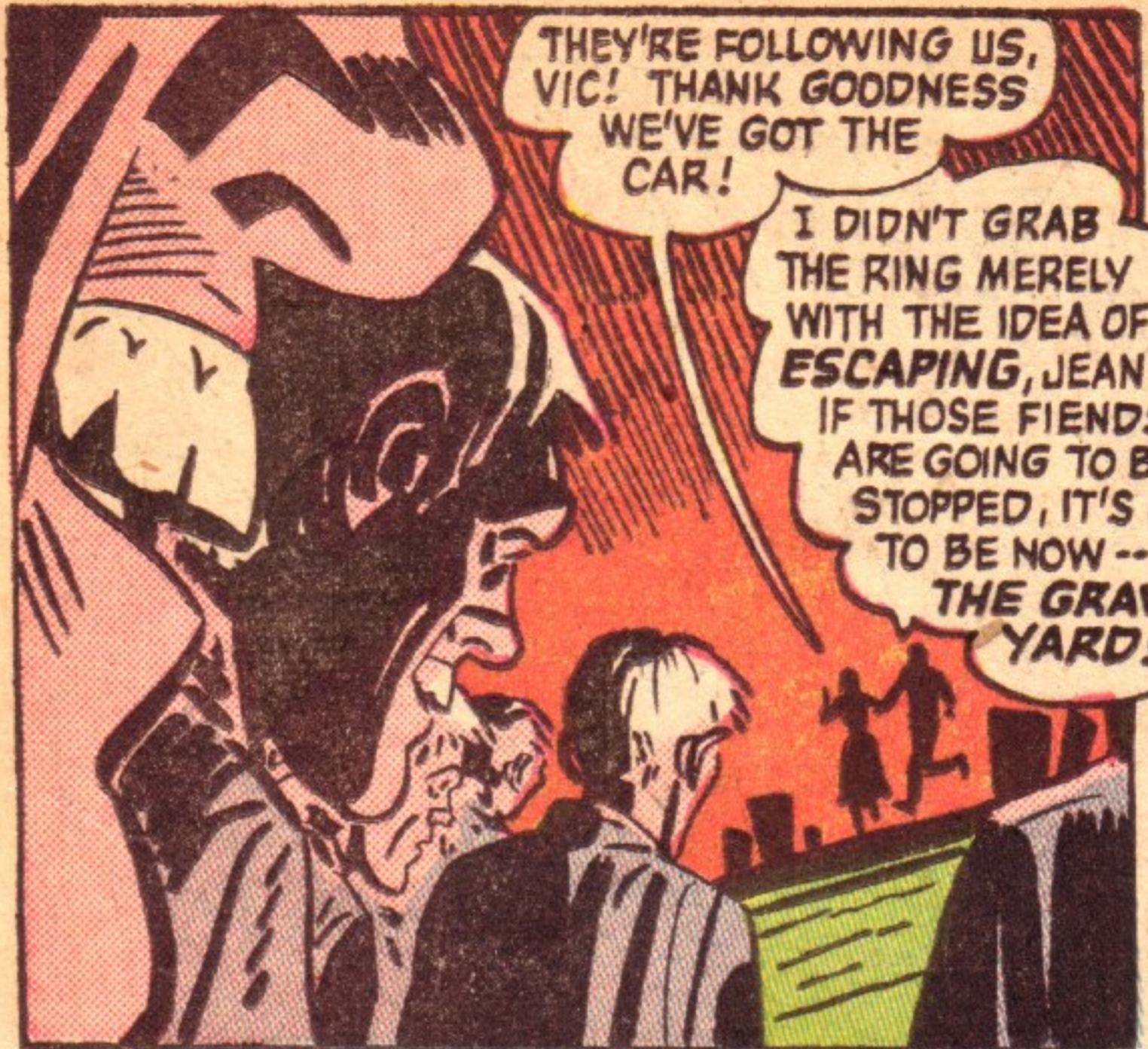
BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU CAN DO -- AGAINST  
THEM! FOR HEAVEN'S  
SAKE, VIC -- THINK OF  
WHAT YOU'RE UP  
AGAINST!

THIS TIME  
YOU'RE  
LOSING THE  
RING, YOU  
CREEP!

POW!

WILL YOU LET THE FOOL  
CHALLENGE THE POWER  
OF THE UNDEAD? GET  
HIM -- GET THE RING!

COME ON,  
JEAN -- BEFORE  
THEY HEAD US  
OFF IN THE  
FRONT HALL!



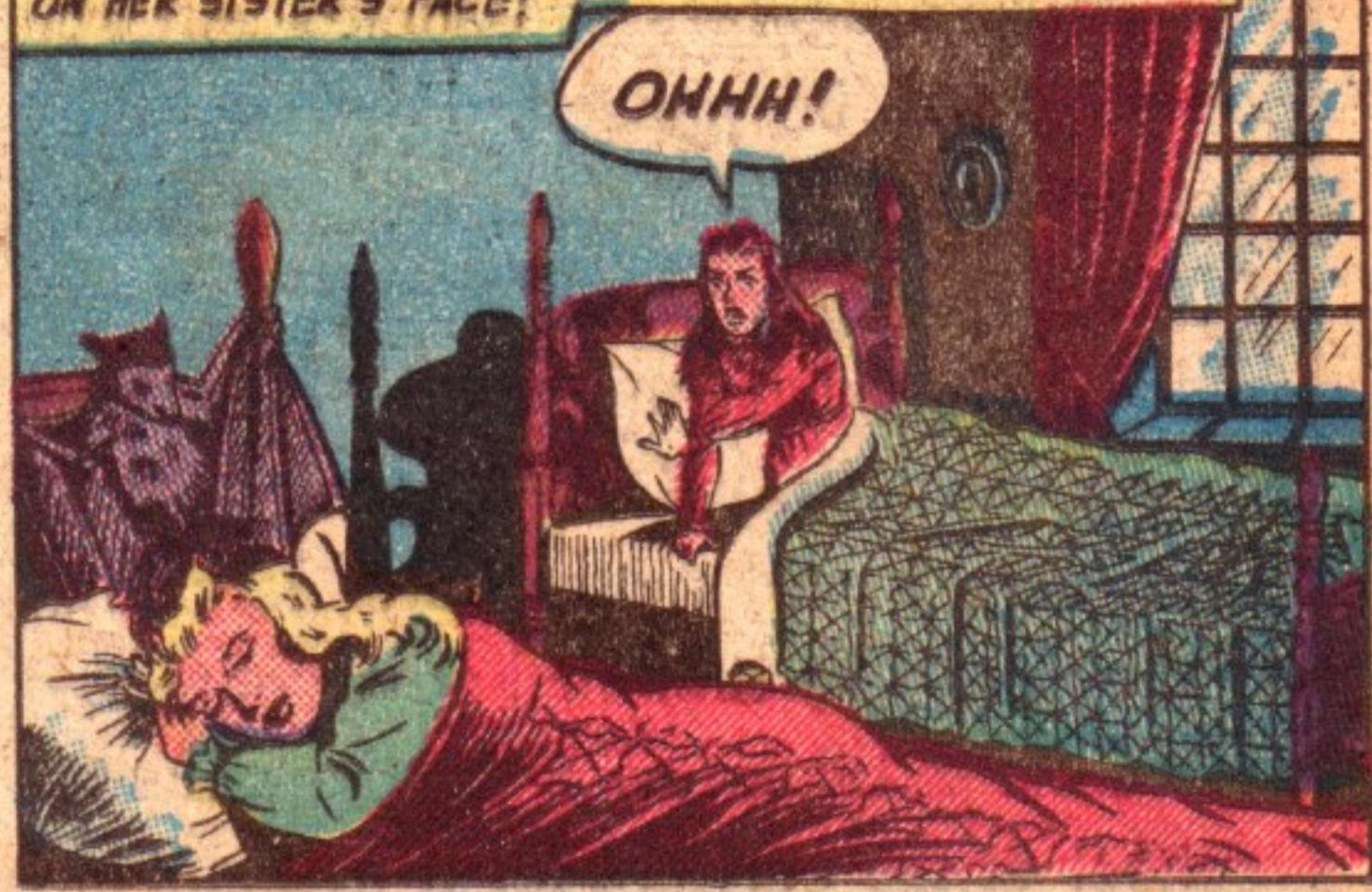
# "True" GHOST TALES

## CASE of the GHOST BAT

ONE OF THE STRANGEST PHANTOMS EVER TO BE SEEN BY MORTAL EYES WAS THE ONE WHICH SWOOPED PAST YOUNG RUBY MOXEY IN THE EAST END OF LONDON AS SHE OPENED HER DOOR IN ANSWER TO A KNOCK ...



A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE HOUSE WAS MADE, BUT WHEN NO TRACE OF THE STRANGE BAT WAS FOUND, THE WHOLE MOXEY HOUSEHOLD WENT TO SLEEP... UNTIL RUBY AWOKE AT 2 O'CLOCK AND FOUND THAT THE BAT HAD ALIGHTED ON HER SISTER'S FACE!

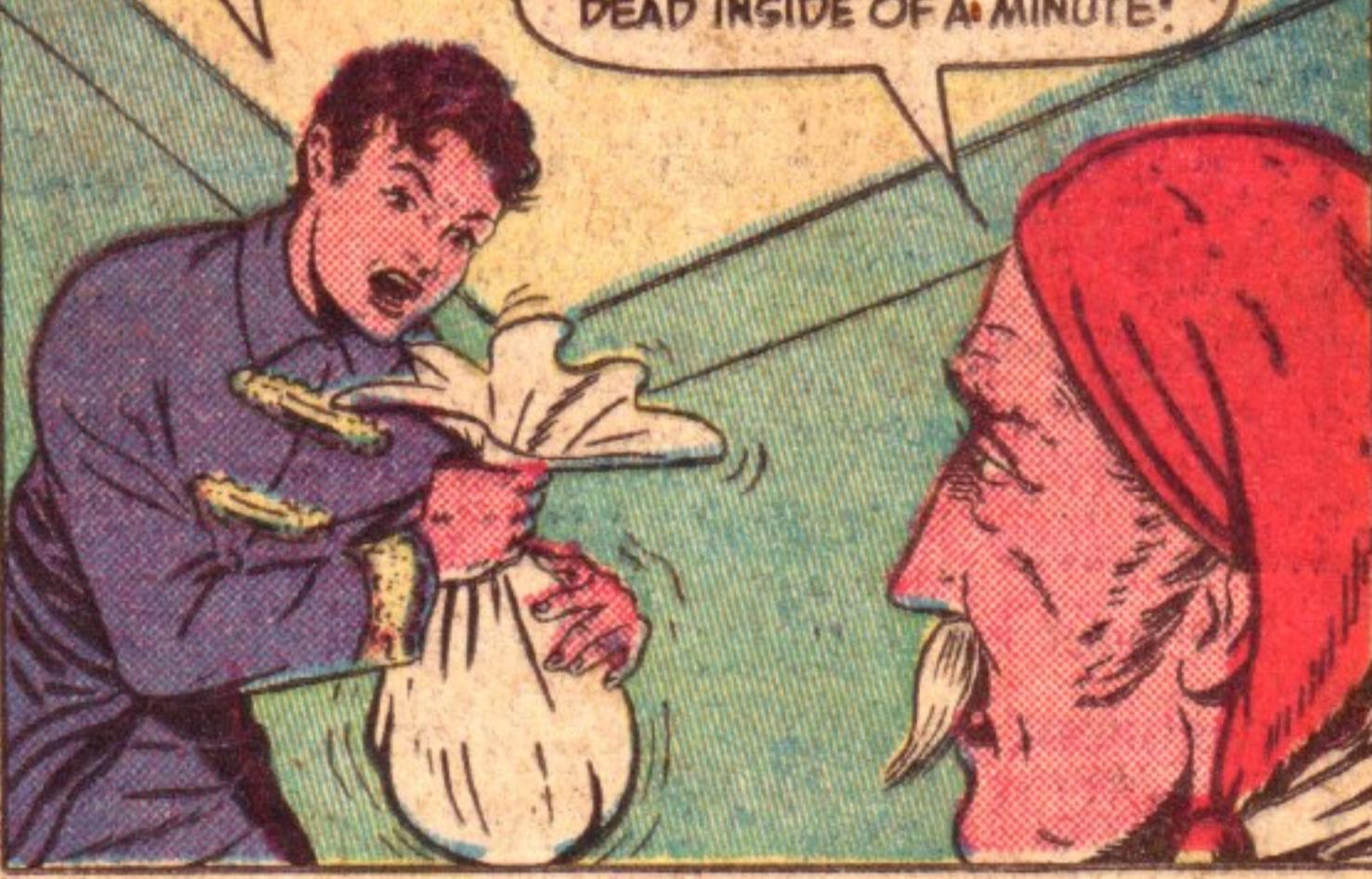


RUBY'S SCREAM AWOKE THE HOUSEHOLD, AND HER FATHER AND BROTHER THEN BEGAN A CHASE OF THE BAT WHICH FLITTED FROM WALL TO WALL, UNTIL IT APPARENTLY BECAME EXHAUSTED AND FELL ONTO THE DRESSING TABLE!



I CAUGHT IT... LOOK AT IT STRUGGLING!

TIE A LEADEN WEIGHT AROUND THE TOWEL AND THROW THE WHOLE THING INTO A PAIL OF WATER-- THE BAT WILL BE DEAD INSIDE OF A MINUTE!



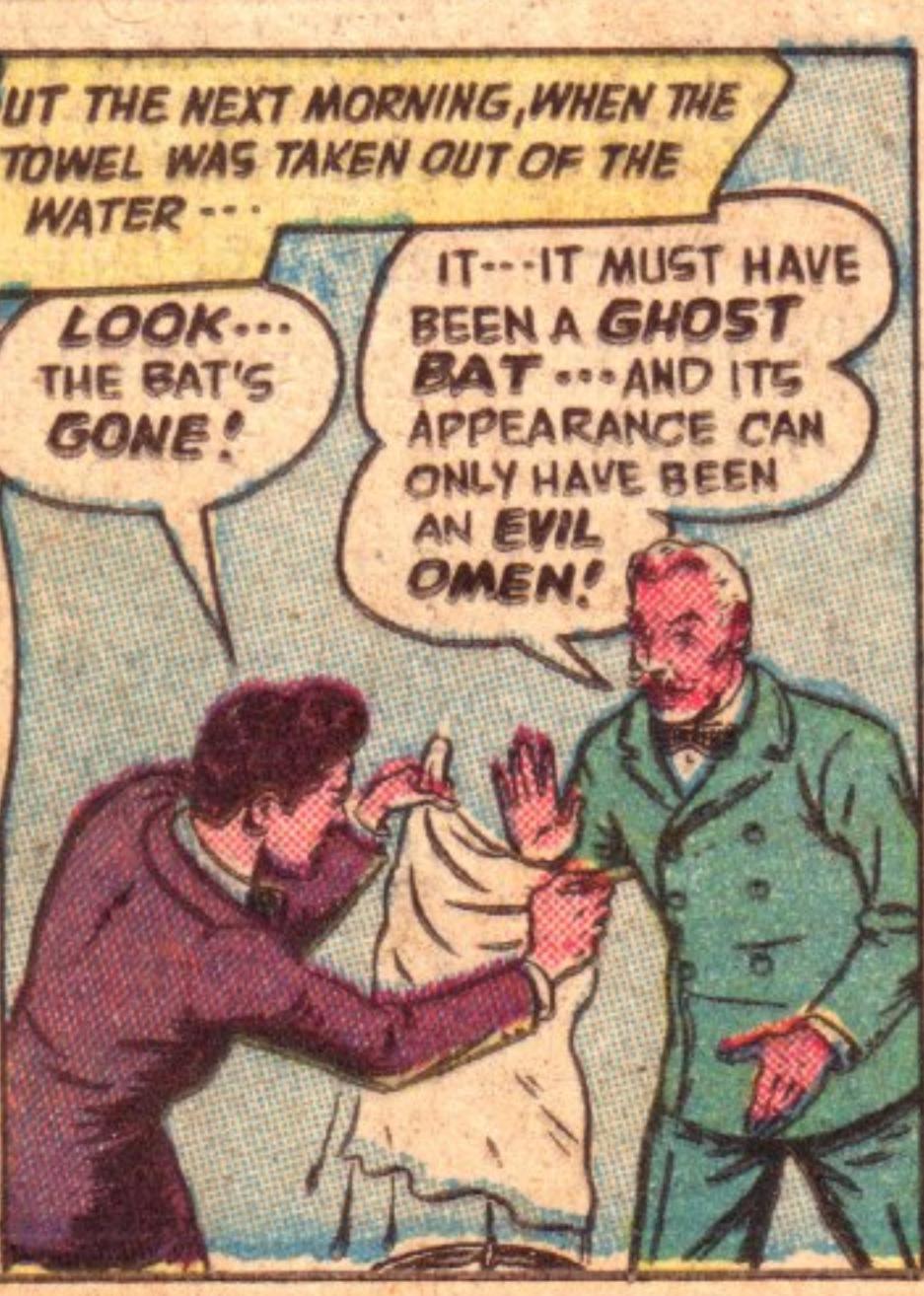
THERE... THAT'S THE END OF THAT BAT!



BUT THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE TOWEL WAS TAKEN OUT OF THE WATER ...

LOOK... THE BAT'S GONE!

IT... IT MUST HAVE BEEN A GHOST BAT... AND ITS APPEARANCE CAN ONLY HAVE BEEN AN EVIL OMEN!



SURE ENOUGH, WITHIN A WEEK, THE DAUGHTER ON WHOM THE BAT HAD SETTLED WAS DEAD-- OF UNKNOWN CAUSES-- A GRIM VICTIM OF THE GHOST BAT!



# DEMON, EXPERIENCED

ENOCH SAWYER walked briskly down the center aisle of the hardware store he owned, nodding with satisfaction to himself at the sight of his two grown daughters and adolescent son quailing as he passed. He knew they considered him a tyrant, and hated him for having worked their mother to death...but Enoch also knew that the beatings he'd given them had broken their will so that they would never dare defy him.

That was why they had never objected when he'd taken each of them out of school at the earliest legal age and put them to work in the store from nine in the morning to nine at night. Nor had they ever dared dissent when he'd taught them how to cheat the customers, how to short-change them and sell them inferior merchandise at outlandish prices. Money was all Enoch cared for and lived for...and his sly, cunning practices in the store had made him rich. And now he was expanding, adding another department to his store...which was why he'd put the ad in this morning's classified column of the town's newspaper.

Seated in his office at the rear of the store now, Enoch unfolded the newspaper and looked for his ad. There it was..."*Demon, experienced, must know how to handle people.*" Yes, he'd have to be a demon worker...nothing less would satisfy Enoch. He'd have to learn to lie, to cheat...to do such things as demonstrate sharp can-openers, made of the finest steel, while selling house-

wives substitute can-openers which were dull and made of the cheapest tin. Yes, it would be very profitable...*very* profitable.

"What's the pay...how many *souls*?" a strangely hollow voice suddenly said.

Enoch whirled around in his chair...and shuddered with loathing at the sight that met his eyes. But in a moment, his iron nerves had reasserted themselves, and Enoch said sternly, "I don't know how you got in here without my seeing you, or why you're wearing that horrible mask and silly costume...but you'd better get out before I call the police!"

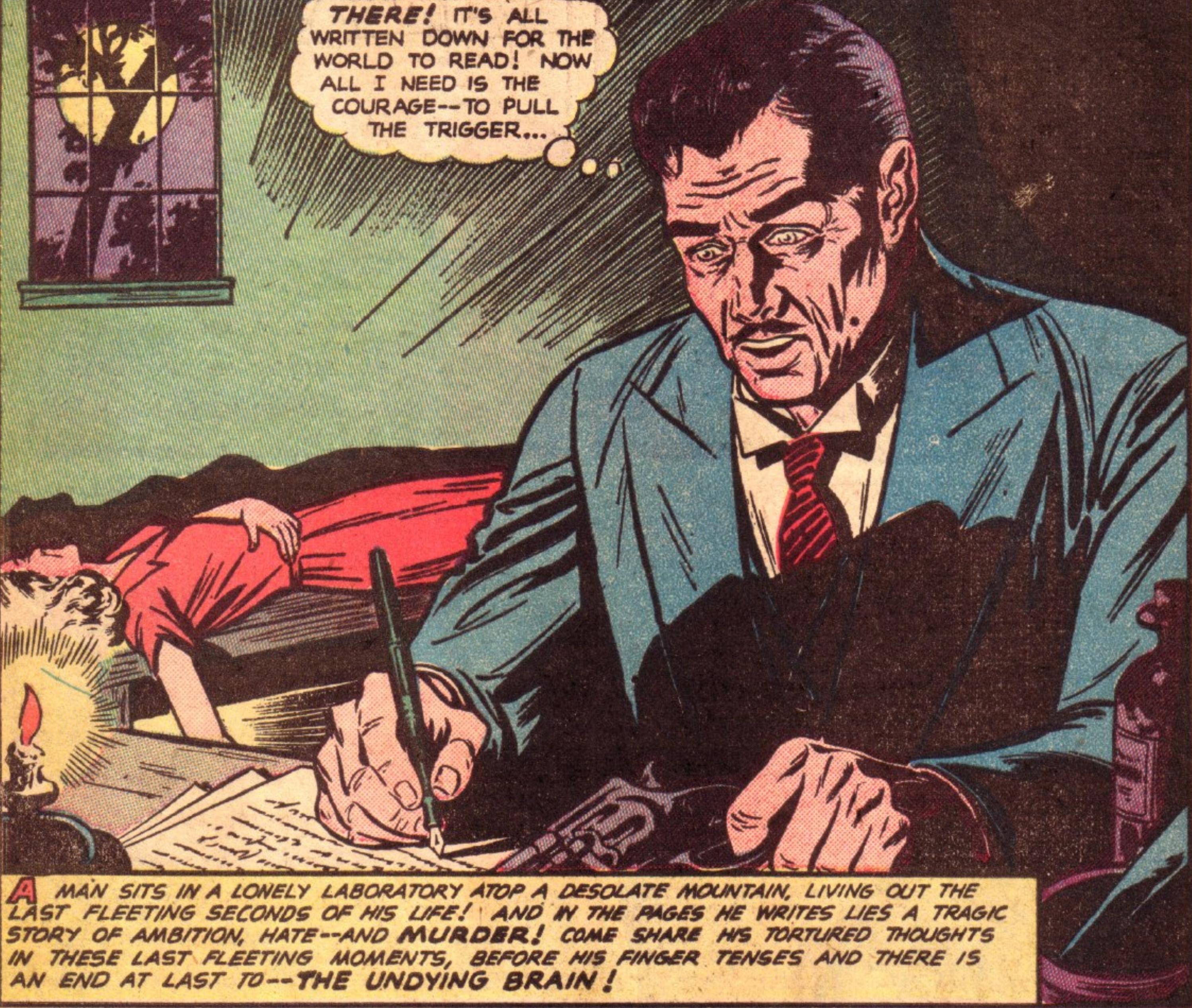
The hollow voice was filled with menace this time: "You mean you want to get rid of me after making me come all that distance from *The Unknown*? Your ad said you were looking for a *demon*...and here I am! All I want to know is how many souls you'll pay me for whatever work you want done..."

"This is ridiculous," Enoch sputtered. "This isn't France...I don't pay my workers with sous, if that's what you mean! And I'd certainly never hire anyone who wore such a repulsive mask and costume...so *get out!*"

A moment later, Enoch's children heard a piercing, agonizing, almost inhuman scream coming from the office in the rear. But by the time they got there, it was too late...for Enoch looked as if a thousand knives had shredded his body in a fiendish search for the mean and evil soul within!

# THE UNDYING BRAIN

THERE! IT'S ALL WRITTEN DOWN FOR THE WORLD TO READ! NOW ALL I NEED IS THE COURAGE--TO PULL THE TRIGGER...



A MAN SITS IN A LONELY LABORATORY ATOP A DESOLATE MOUNTAIN, LIVING OUT THE LAST FLEETING SECONDS OF HIS LIFE! AND IN THE PAGES HE WRITES LIES A TRAGIC STORY OF AMBITION, HATE--AND MURDER! COME SHARE HIS TORTURED THOUGHTS IN THESE LAST FLEETING MOMENTS, BEFORE HIS FINGER TENSES AND THERE IS AN END AT LAST TO--THE UNDYING BRAIN!

THE EERIE TALE BEGAN BACK IN 1930, WHEN JOHN HARLEY, BRILLIANT YOUNG BRAIN SURGEON, ANSWERED A STRANGE MIDNIGHT CALL...

GLAD YOU'RE HERE AT LAST! THE SECRETARY HAS BEEN VERY ILL!

THIS WILL BE QUITE A FEATHER IN MY PROFESSIONAL CAP-- ATTENDING A CABINET MEMBER!

I HAVEN'T-- MUCH TIME LEFT, DOCTOR! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE WHAT I TELL YOU! AND I MUST HAVE YOUR OATH--THAT WHAT WE SAY IN THIS ROOM WILL REMAIN SECRET!

OF COURSE! BUT I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND...

YOU WILL--WHEN I TELL YOU! BEFORE I DIE--YOU MUST OPERATE ON ME-- REMOVE MY BRAIN AND GIVE IT TO A MAN I WILL DESIGNATE! YOU UNDERSTAND--MY BRAIN MUST NOT DIE WITH ME!



SENSES REELING, JOHN HARLEY LISTENED AS THE DYING MAN UNFOLDED A WEIRD STORY...

MY BRAIN--ISN'T THE SAME ONE I WAS BORN WITH! I GOT IT--AS A YOUNG MAN--FROM ONE WHO WAS DYING JUST AS I AM NOW! HE PASSED IT ON--AS I MUST DO! TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE LEGEND ABOUT THE--THE UNDYING BRAIN?

I REMEMBER SOMETHING--BUT ISN'T IT JUST A STORY OUT OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY?

A LEGEND? HARDLY! THE BRAIN FIRST BELONGED TO A GREEK PHILOSOPHER NAMED AVATOS! ON HIS DEATHBED--

HASTEN! AVATOS THIS IS A DARING THING WE DO! MAY IT PLEASE THE GODS THAT THE BRAIN OF OUR OLD FRIEND LIVES ON IN ANOTHER BODY!

THAT WAS IN 320 B.C.! AND THE BRAIN DIDN'T DIE! A HUNDRED YEARS LATER IT WAS IN THE POSSESSION OF A FAMOUS GREEK GENERAL...

THE ENEMY IS ROUTED--IT'S ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY! YOU'RE THE GREATEST SOLDIER IN THE WORLD!

THANKS TO THE BRAIN! IF THEY ONLY KNEW-- HOW I HOLD THE WISDOM AND LEARNING OF ALMOST TWO CENTURIES WITHIN ME!

DOWN' THROUGH THE CENTURIES--THE BRAIN WAS PASSED! IT WAS NEVER--ALLOWED TO DIE! IT PASSED FROM SOLDIERS TO KINGS, TO LAWYERS, STATESMEN, ALL MEN WHO MADE HISTORY! IF ONLY--I HAD TIME TO TELL YOU THE NAMES--OF THE FAMOUS MEN WHO HAVE OWNED IT...

INCREDIBLE! BUT SOMEHOW I BELIEVE HIM!

"I'LL NEVER FORGET THE NIGHT I RECEIVED THE BRAIN! I WAS A YOUNG MAN, JUST STARTING IN POLITICS..."

IT'S TRUE! IT'S HAPPENING! SOON HE'LL OPERATE ON ME AND I'LL HAVE THE BRAIN-- TO USE AS LONG AS I LIVE!

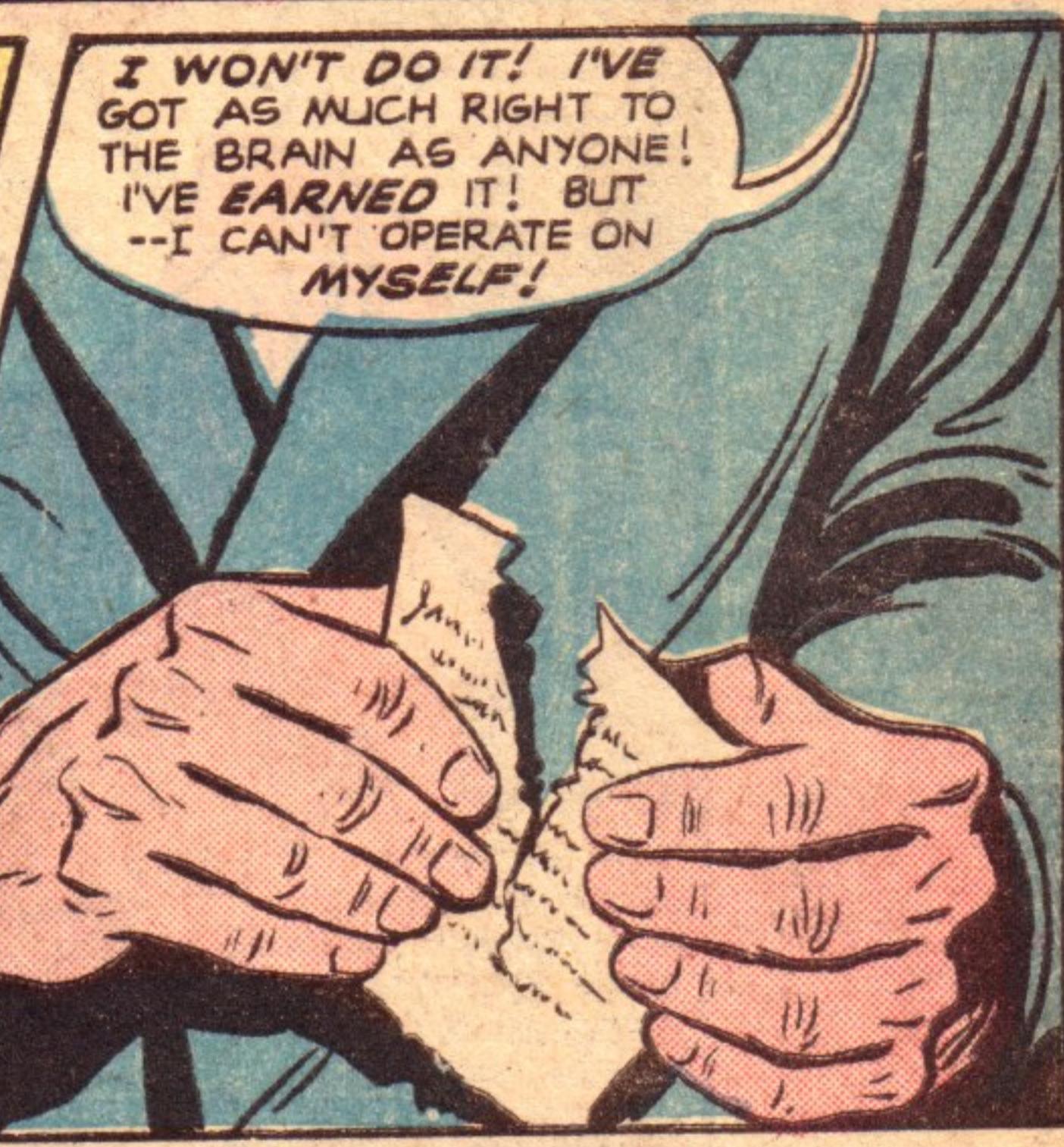
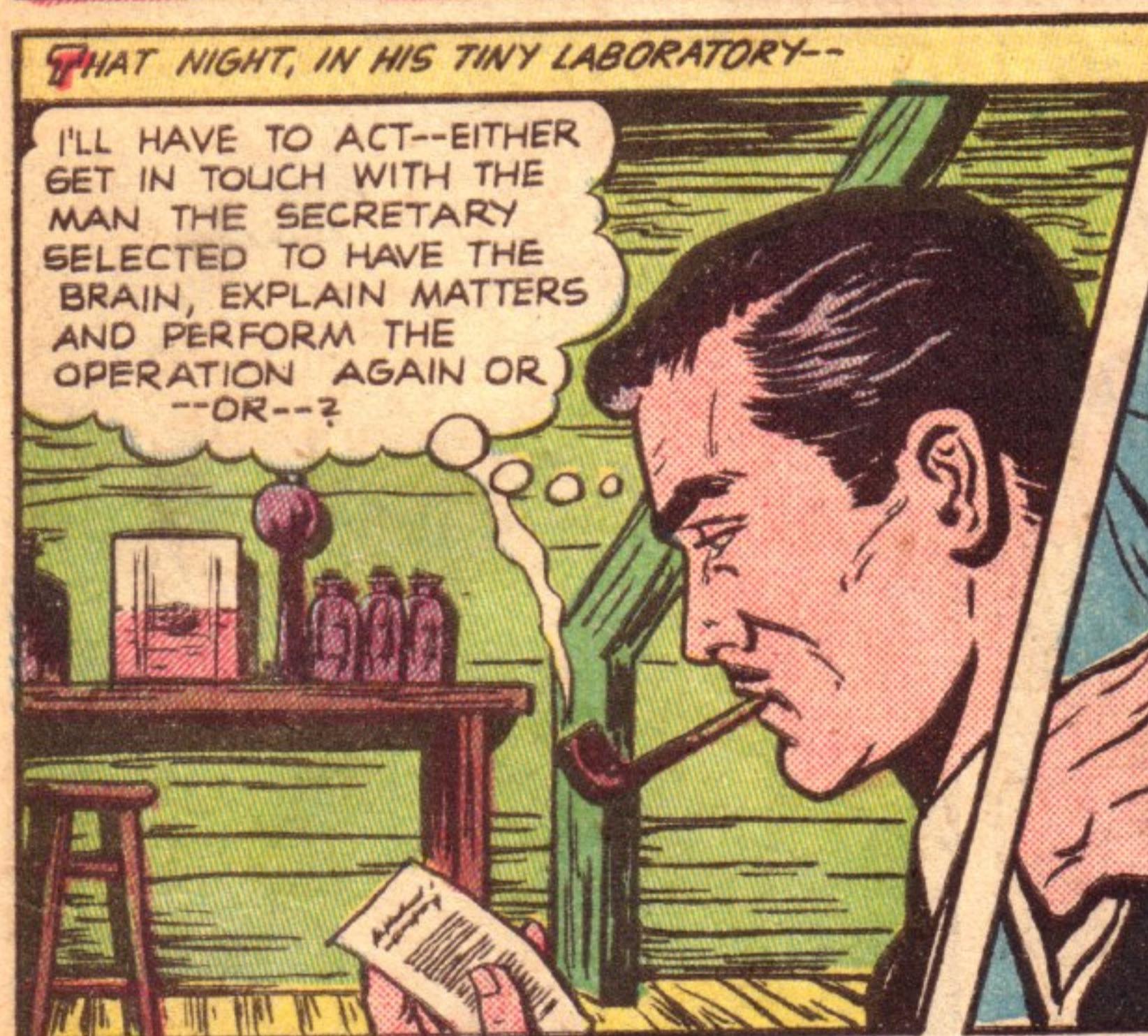
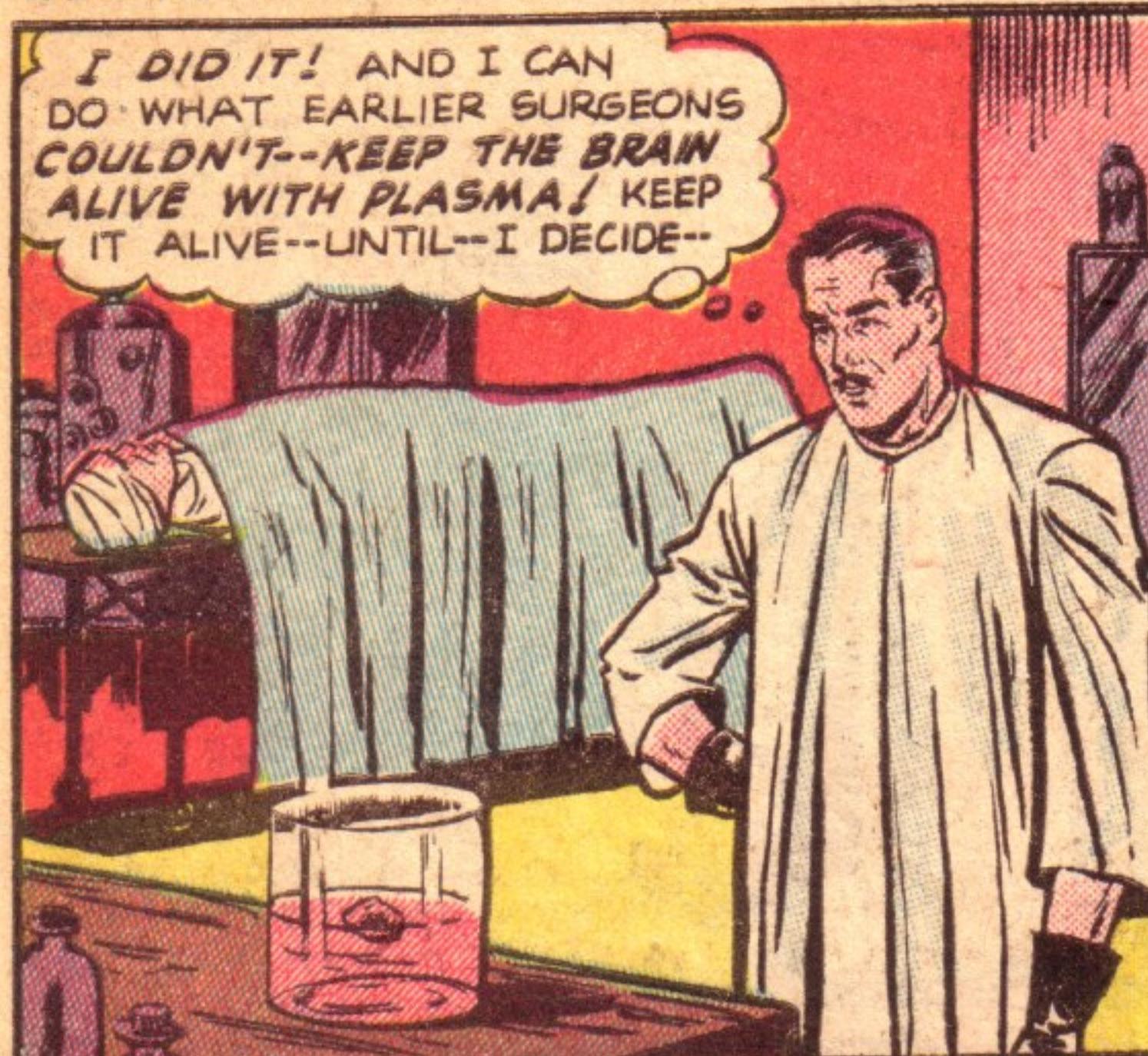
YES, IT'S MADE ME POWERFUL, FAMOUS! NOW I MUST KEEP-- THE PROMISE I MADE--TO PASS IT ON--TO A YOUNGER MAN! I'LL TELL YOU HIS NAME, DOCTOR-- JUST BEFORE THE OPERATION

YOU MEAN I'M TO DO THE OPERATION? TRANSFER THE BRAIN TO A MAN YOU SELECT?

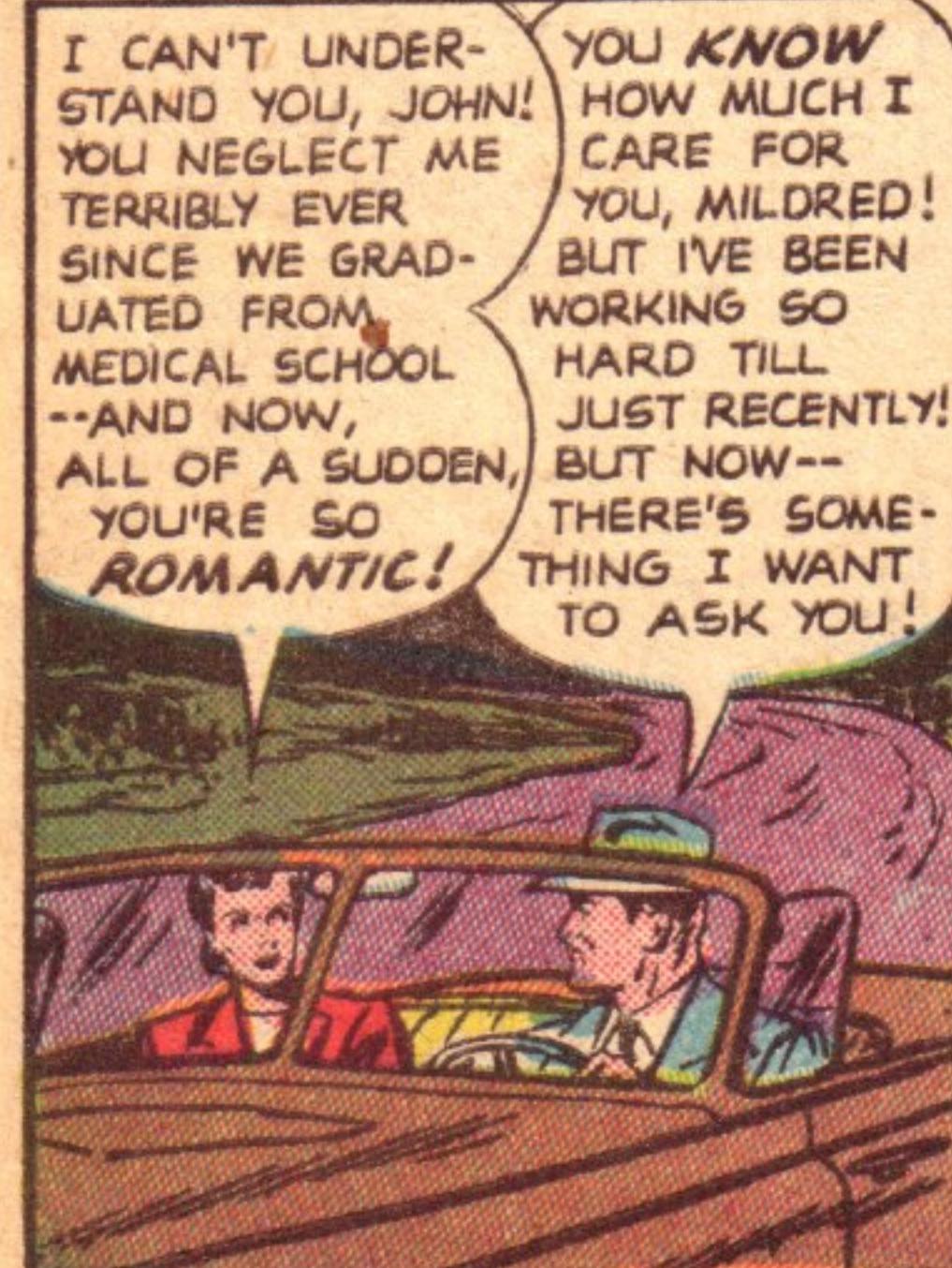
YES! NOW HURRY--AND MAKE YOUR ARRANGEMENTS, HARLEY! THERE ISN'T--MUCH TIME! IF I DIE--BEFORE YOU OPERATE--THE BRAIN IS LOST FOREVER!



AND SO, TWO DAYS LATER, JOHN HARLEY SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED THE MOST IMPORTANT OPERATION OF HIS CAREER!



IT DIDN'T TAKE JOHN HARLEY LONG TO THINK OF A SCHEME...



AND SO, FINALLY, HARLEY CONVINCED HIS RELUCTANT WIFE! AS THEY APPROACHED HIS LONELY, MOUNTAIN-TOP LABORATORY--

THE OPERATION MUST BE TONIGHT, MILDRED! YOU WON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE?

NO, DARLING! I--I DON'T LIKE IT, BUT I'LL DO IT FOR YOUR SAKE! BUT I'M SO TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED--

THERE, MILDRED! THE RECORD I MADE FOR YOU! JUST LISTEN, DON'T GET FLUSTERED, AND EVERYTHING WILL GO PERFECTLY! YOU MUST SUCCEED!

Y-YES, JOHN!

SO ON A BARREN MOUNTAIN TOP, WHILE THE WIND WHISTLED EERILY THROUGH STARK PINES, A VALIANT WOMAN DID THE BIDDING OF THE MAN SHE LOVED! SHE PERFORMED ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL OPERATIONS-- WHILE A MECHANICAL VOICE GRATED ON AND ON...

THE INCISION MUST BE LIGHT, BUT FIRM! ARRANGE YOUR SPONGES AROUND THE TONSURE! READY WITH THE TREPAN... NOW...

ALL R-RIGHT SO FAR!

WORKING LIKE AN AUTOMATON, MILDRED HARLEY WAS SOON READY TO PLACE THE CENTURIES-OLD BRAIN IN THE SKULL CAVITY OF HER HUSBAND...

HALF THROUGH! BUT I'M SO--TIRED! MUSTN'T --MAKE A MISTAKE NOW!

THIS IS THE CRITICAL POINT! BE CAREFUL IN HANDLING THE BRAIN! ABOVE ALL, LET NO-THING PUNCTURE THE DURA MATER...

4 HOURS LATER--

YOU DID IT, MILDRED! I'VE GOT THE BRAIN! ME! ALL THE LEARNING AND EXPERIENCE OF 2000 YEARS --AND IT'S MINE TO USE!

YES, JOHN! I SUPPOSE WE MIGHT CALL THE OPERATION-- A SUCCESS!

FOR HIM-- NOT FOR ME! I KNOW NOW THAT HE NEVER LOVED ME! THIS WAS ALL HE EVER WANTED!

A MONTH PASSED-- JOHN HARLEY WAS ALMOST WELL...

AT LAST! NOW WATCH ME MAKE THE WORLD ROLL OVER AND PLAY DEAD! WITH MY BRAIN, I CAN DO ANYTHING --BE ANYTHING!

HE'S-- CHANGED ALREADY! LIKE A STRANGER! I--I'M AFRAID OF HIM SOMETIMES!

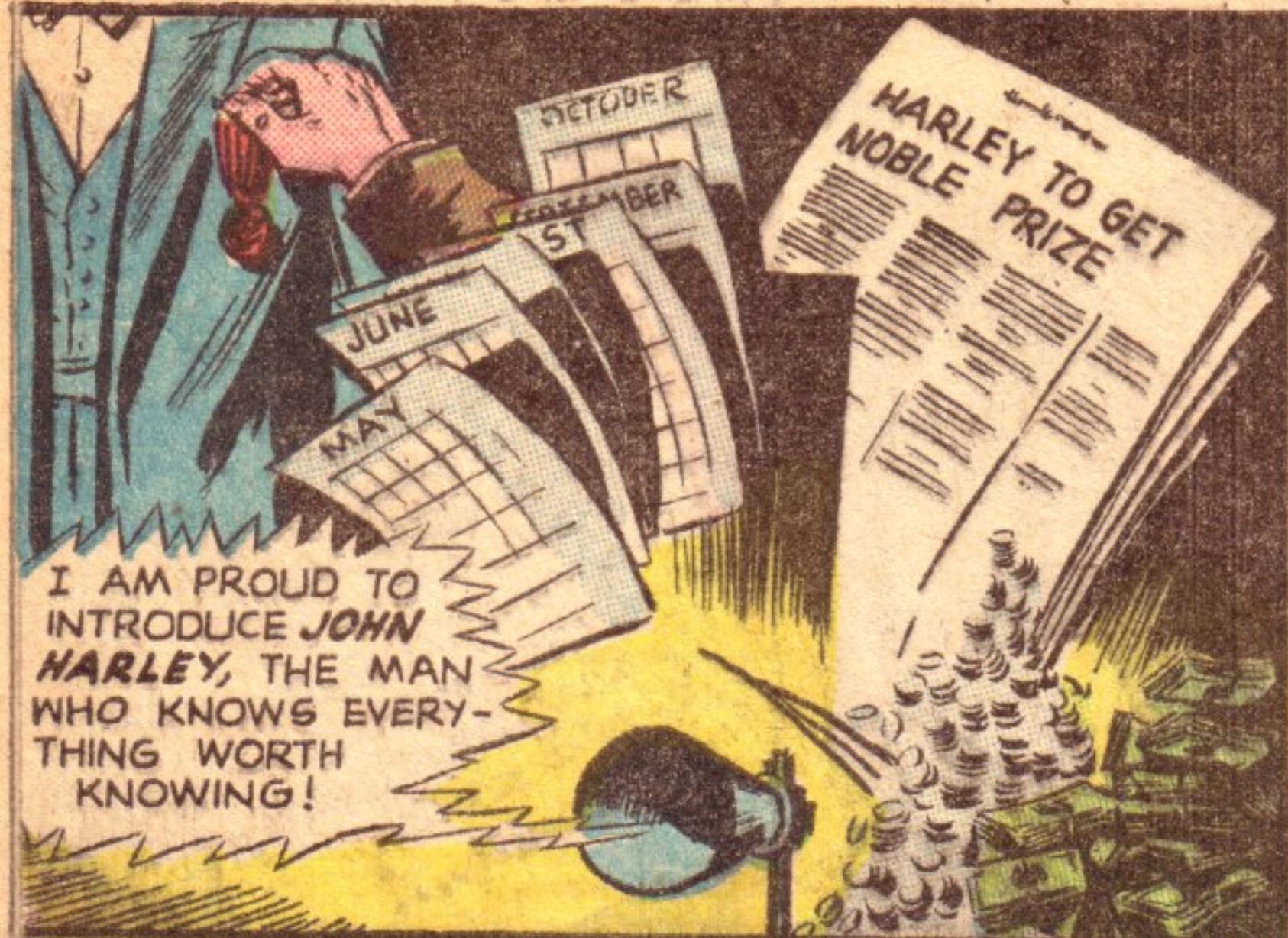
YES-- AND MILDRED HARLEY GREW STEADILY MORE AFRAID!

LEAVE ME ALONE! THE ARMY NEEDS THIS NEW STUDY OF LOGISTICS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE --AND I'M THE ONLY MAN THAT REMEMBERS HOW CAESAR SOLVED A SIMILAR PROBLEM! NOW GET OUT!

YOU'RE TRYING TO DO TOO MANY THINGS LATELY!



THE YEARS WENT BY AND THE NAME OF JOHN HARLEY WAS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD! THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYTHING--WHO COULD DO ANYTHING BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE...



AND THEN ONE DAY, AFTER ALMOST TWENTY YEARS...

THE PRESIDENCY IS YOURS FOR THE TAKING, MR. HARLEY! WILL YOU BE OUR PARTY'S CANDIDATE?

I ACCEPT, GENTLEMEN! I ALWAYS KNEW I WOULD BE PRESIDENT SOME DAY! AFTER ALL-- WHO IS BETTER FITTED FOR THE JOB?

THAT NIGHT...

I'M TO BE PRESIDENT AT LAST! THE ELECTION IS ONLY A FORMALITY, OF COURSE! I HAVE GREAT PLANS FOR THE COUNTRY--FOR THE WORLD!

JOHN--NO! I CAN'T LET YOU TAKE A POSITION THAT CAN SWAY NATIONS! YOU CAN'T EVER BE PRESIDENT!

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, MILDRED? OF COURSE I'LL BE PRESIDENT! WITH MY BRAIN...

YES, YOUR BRAIN--YOUR MAD BRAIN! YOU'RE A BRILLIANT MADMAN--MAD WITH INSOLENCE, PRIDE, SUPERIORITY! I KNOW, JOHN, BECAUSE I...

IT WAS A FATEFUL SENTENCE--A SENTENCE MILDRED HARLEY NEVER FINISHED!

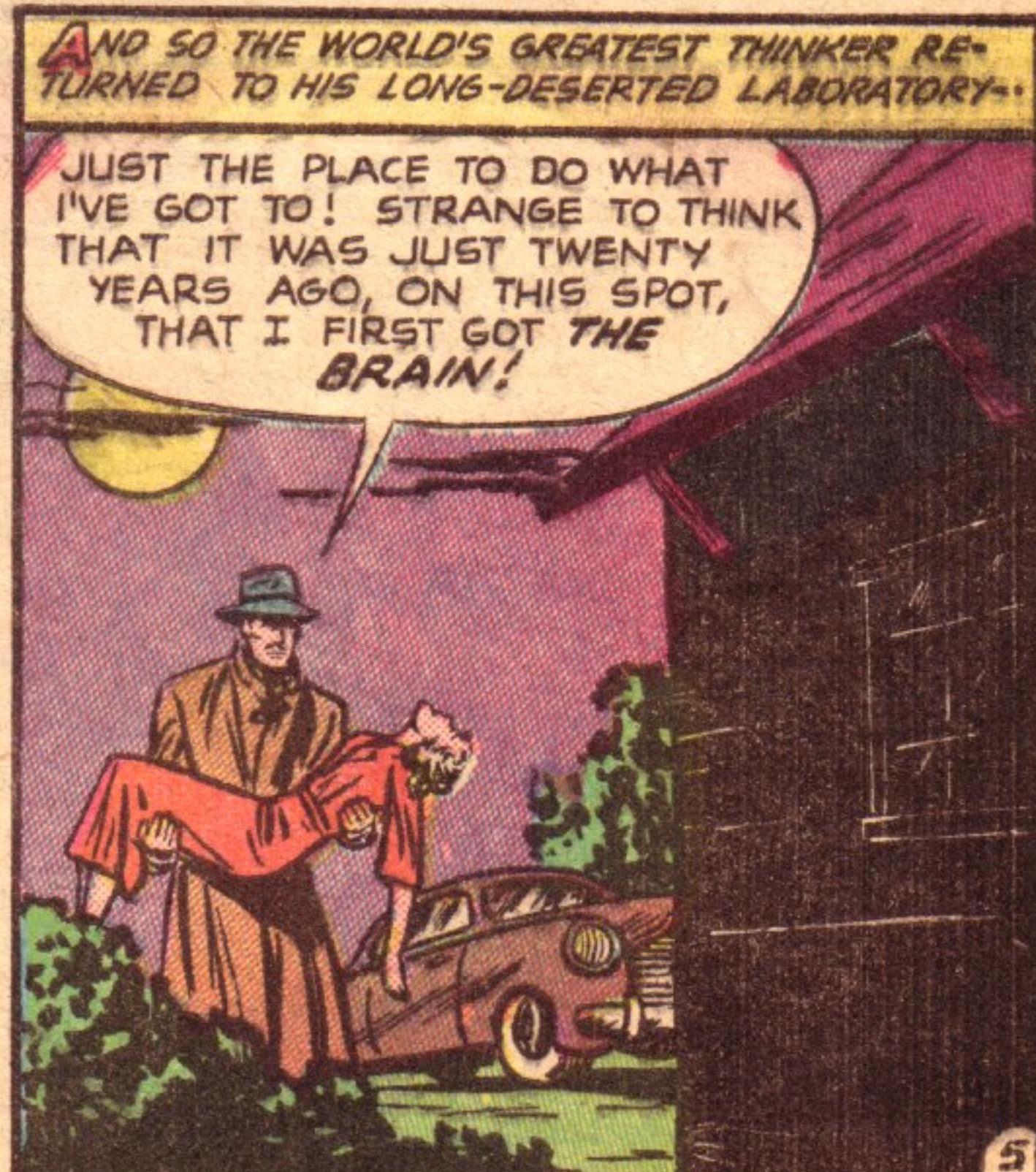
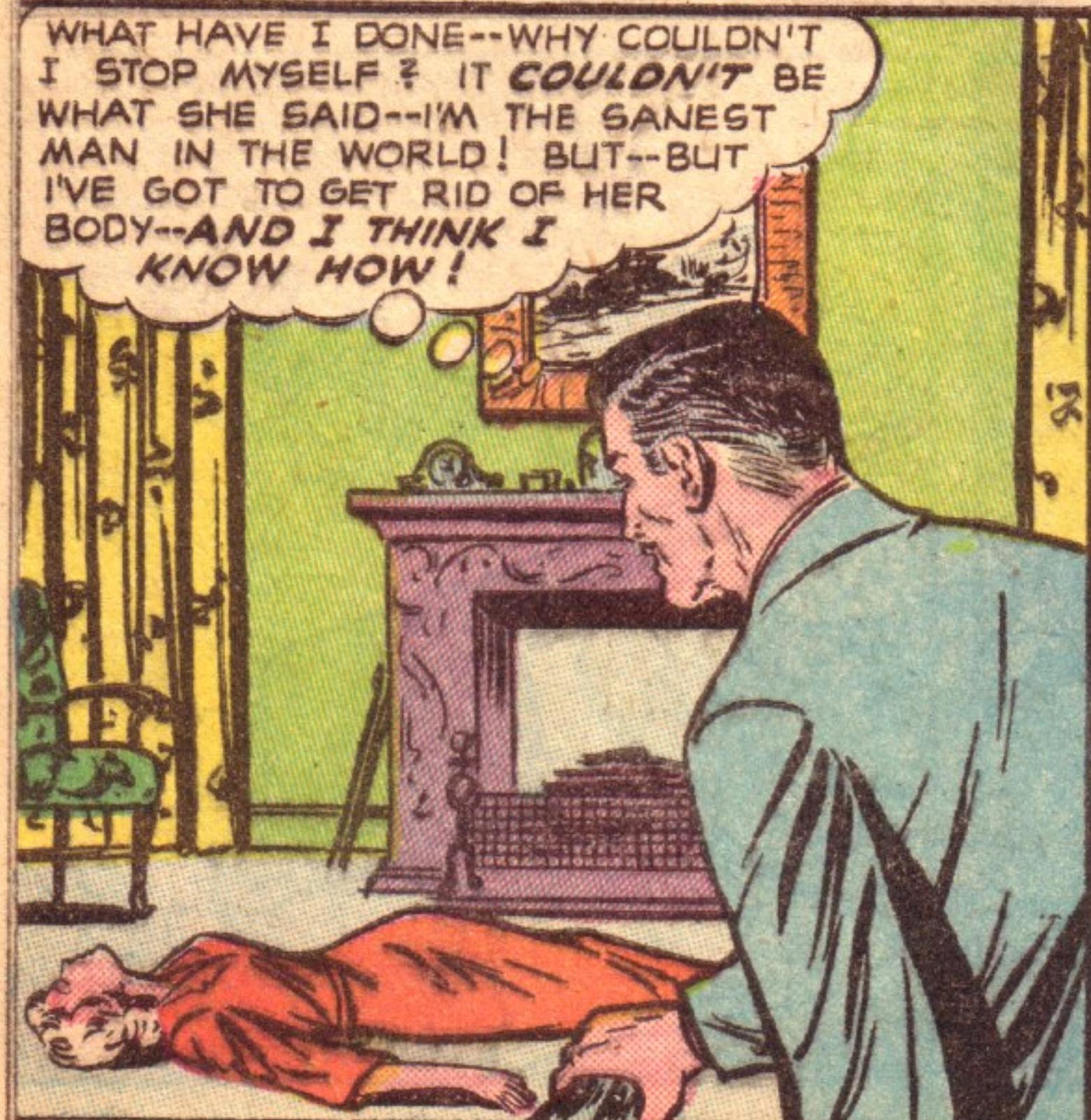
NO! DON'T--AHHHHHH!

HOW DARE YOU? YOU'RE JEALOUS OF THE BRAIN, THAT IS ALL! I'LL KILL YOU--KILL YOU!

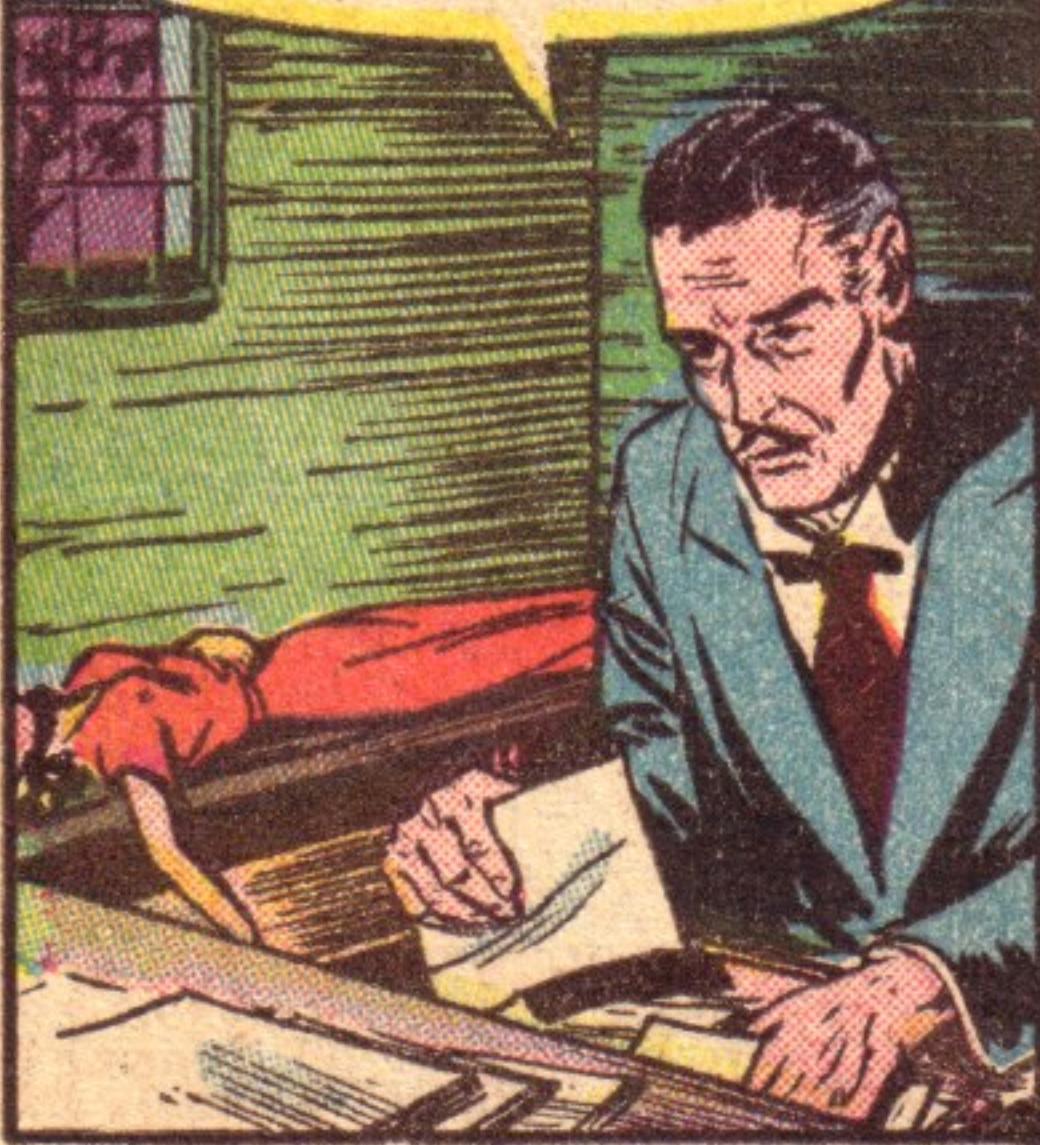
WHAT HAVE I DONE--WHY COULDN'T I STOP MYSELF? IT COULDN'T BE WHAT SHE SAID--I'M THE SANEST MAN IN THE WORLD! BUT--BUT I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HER BODY--AND I THINK I KNOW HOW!

AND SO THE WORLD'S GREATEST THINKER RETURNED TO HIS LONG-DESERTED LABORATORY...

JUST THE PLACE TO DO WHAT I'VE GOT TO! STRANGE TO THINK THAT IT WAS JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO, ON THIS SPOT, THAT I FIRST GOT THE BRAIN!



STRANGE, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER THINGS AS WELL AS I USED TO! THAT FORMULA FOR ACID SHOULD BE HERE SOMEWHERE! IT DOESN'T LEAVE A TRACE OF FLESH OR BONE...



WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE IN MILDRED'S HANDWRITING--SOMETHING ABOUT THE OPERATION! I WONDER...



SLOWLY, AS JOHN HARLEY READ THE FADED SCRIPT--HIS BLOOD CHILLED WITHIN HIM!

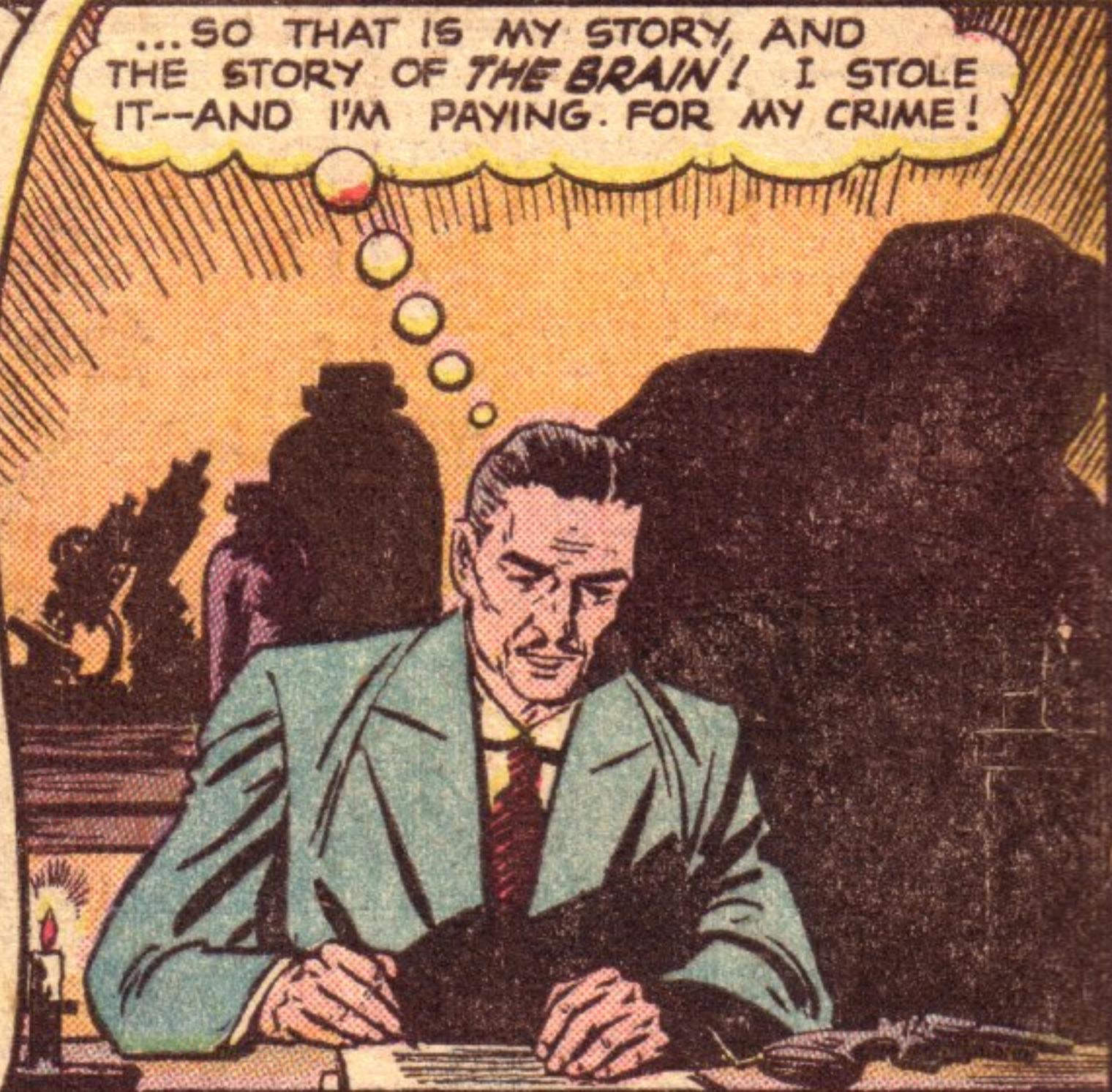
THAT'S WHAT SHE MEANT WHEN SHE SAID I MUST NEVER BE PRESIDENT! SHE KNEW-- SHE KNEW--

Dear John:  
How can I tell you?  
I can't yet, so I'm  
writing it down! the  
Knife slipped, John!  
Just a little, enough  
to pierce one of the  
Brain's vital centers!  
At that, imperceptibly,  
it will destroy  
your sanity...

I'VE GOT ENOUGH MENTALITY LEFT TO KNOW THAT YOU WERE RIGHT, MILDRED--RIGHT! YES, I'M GOING MAD--SO MAD THAT I CAN NO LONGER RESTRAIN MY LUST FOR POWER! IF I LIVE, THE WORLD WILL SUFFER FROM MY AMBITION--SO THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



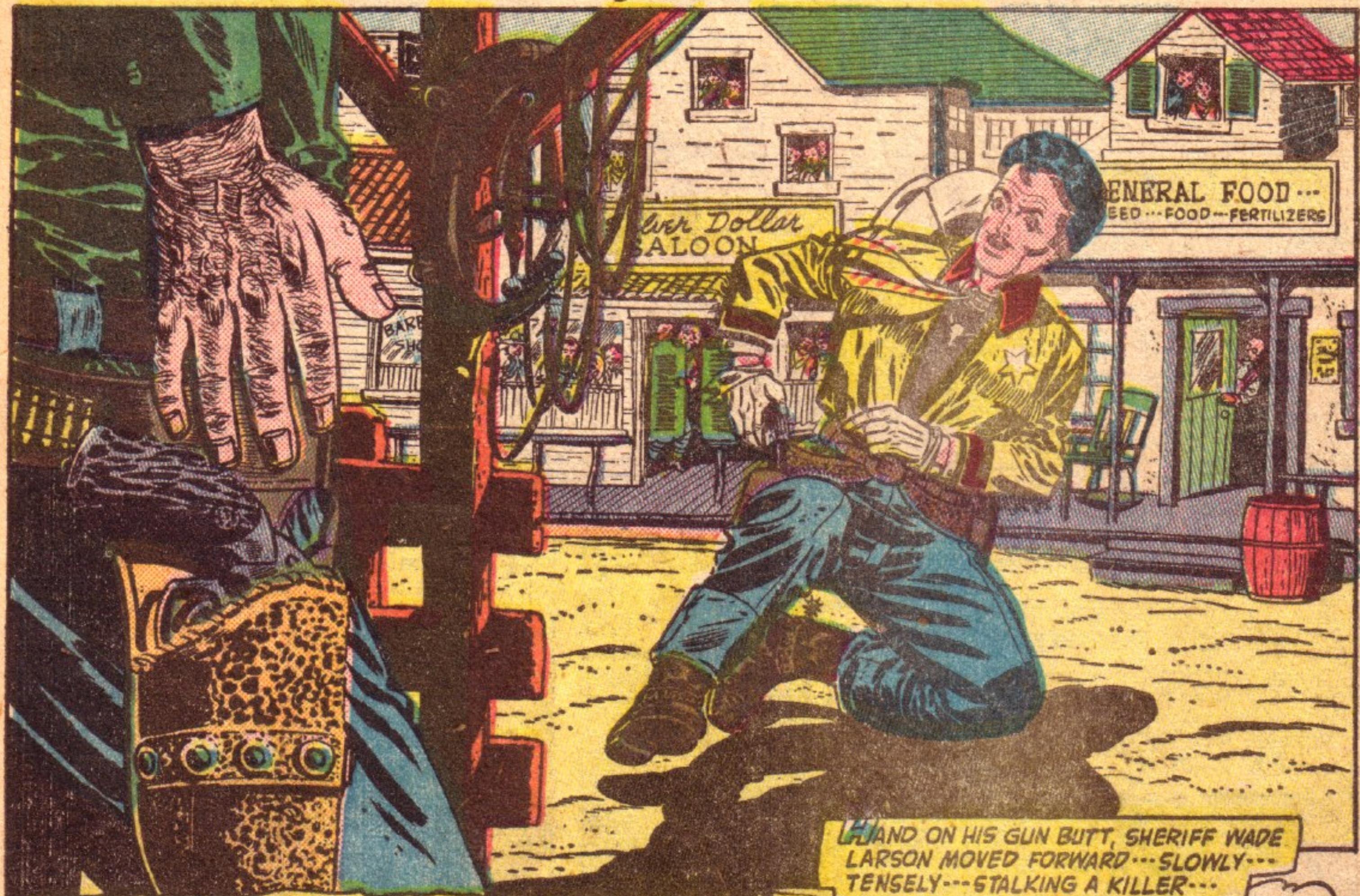
...SO THAT IS MY STORY, AND THE STORY OF THE BRAIN! I STOLE IT--AND I'M PAYING. FOR MY CRIME!



I must do this before I change my mind, while I still have my sanity and decency enough left! the Brain, gone wrong, would create such a monster as never lived before! I alone could wreck all civilization! It must be destroyed immediately.



# DREAM of Death!



THE DUSTY STREET WAS STILL, CHOKING IN A CLOUD OF TERROR AND FEAR! THE HOT WIND WHISPERED OF GUN SMOKE... OF TWO MEN SWORN TO SHOOT EACH OTHER... ON SIGHT! ONE HEARTSTOPPING INSTANT... AND A MAN MAY BE KILLED... BUT NOT BY GUNFIRE! BY A DREAM...

## A DREAM OF DEATH!

HAND ON HIS GUN BUTT, SHERIFF WADE LARSON MOVED FORWARD... SLOWLY... TENSELY... STALKING A KILLER...

I BEEN WAITIN' FER THIS! ALL THEM OTHER VARMINTS... THEY WAS EASY! THIS IS THE BIG ONE...

John Belfi

MOST OUTLAWS RODE CLEAR OF THE SHERIFF... FOR THE FIGHTING LAWMAN HAD GUNNED THE TEXAS TERRITORY CLEAN! HE HIT HARD AND FAST... WITH IRON FISTS AND A LIGHTNING SIX-SHOOTER! YES, HE HAD FOUGHT MANY DESPERADOES--LIKE THESE...

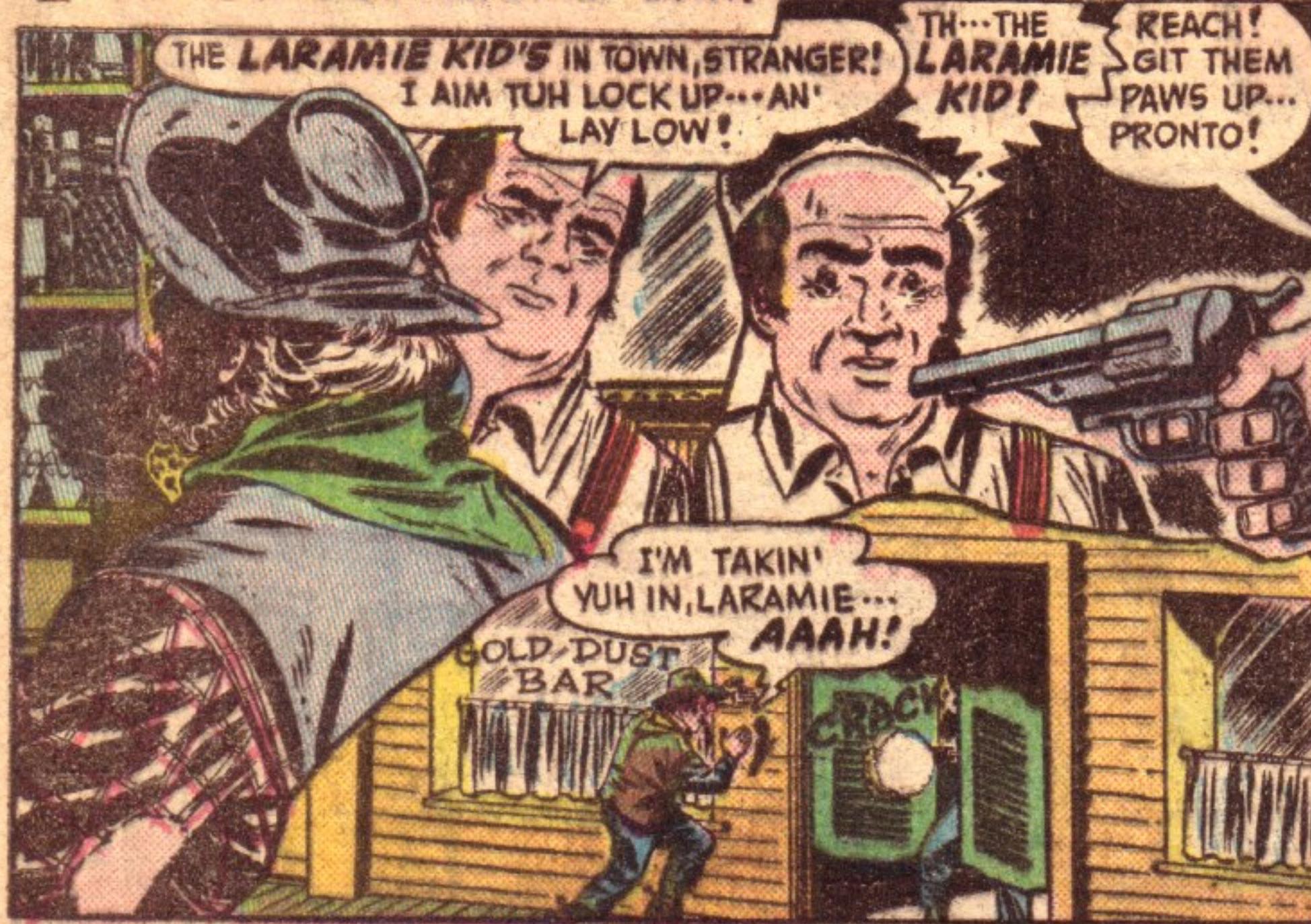
YUH GOT TUH SAVVY HOW TUH THROW ONE O' THOSE STICKERS, BUCKO!

RECKON YORE KIND O' SLOW ON THE DRAW, PODNER!

GET OUTA TOWN, HOMBRE--AN' STAY OUT!



BUT THIS WAS THE BIG ONE, THE LARAMIE KID, FROM OUT WYOMING WAY... WHO HAD A REPUTATION OF HIS OWN!



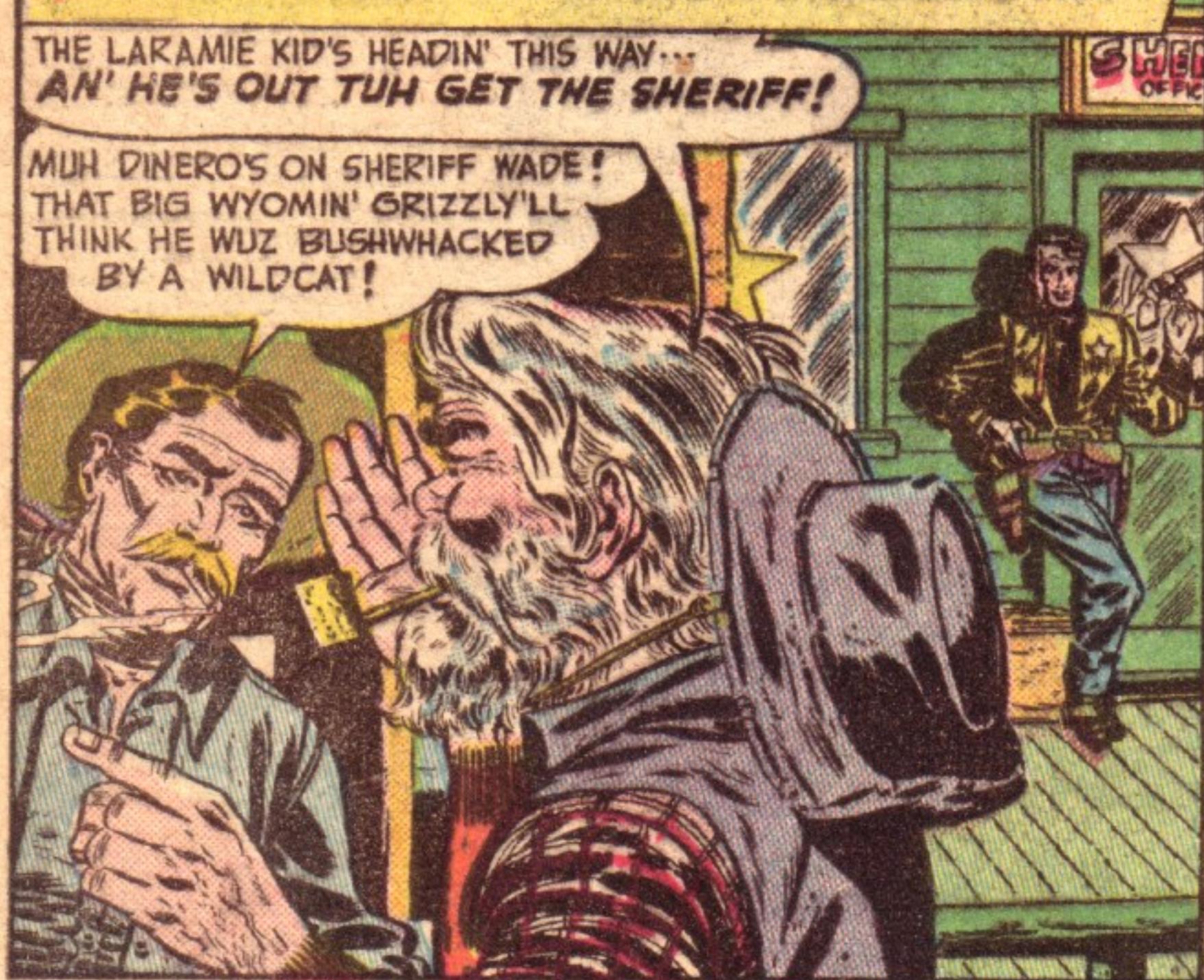
EVEN IN DISTANT TEXAS, SHERIFF LARSON HAD HEARD OF HIM...



THE GRAPEVINE FLASHED... FROM TEXAS TO WYOMING! AND SOON...

THE LARAMIE KID'S HEADIN' THIS WAY... AN' HE'S OUT TUH GET THE SHERIFF!

MUH DINERO'S ON SHERIFF WADE! THAT BIG WYOMIN' GRIZZLY'LL THINK HE WUZ BUSHWHACKED BY A WILDCAT!



THE LARAMIE KID'S COMIN' TUH TOWN, SHERIFF, AN' HE'S PACKIN' PLENTY O' LEATHER!

HE'S RIDIN' A LONG WAYS, PODNER, JUST TUH EAT LEAD!



AND THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED THAT THE SHERIFF NOW MOVED FORWARD SLOWLY... STALKING THE KILLER KNOWN AS THE LARAMIE KID!

WADE'LL CUT THAT MAN-MOUNTAIN DOWN TUH HUMAN SIZE! HE'S GOT THE FASTEST DRAW I EVER SEEN!

WE NEVER SEEN THE LARAMIE KID, JASPER... RECKON IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!



BY THUNDER... THE SHERIFF'S STUMBLIN' AN' STAGGERIN' LIKE A MAN IN A NIGHTMARE!

HE SAID... NIGHTMARE! HE... CAN'T KNOW ABOUT THOSE AWFUL NIGHTMARES I'VE BEEN HAVIN'!



"YES... NIGHTMARES! THE AWFUL DREAM VISIONS THAT HAD TORTURED THE SHERIFF DURING RECENT WEEKS! THEY ALWAYS BEGAN THE SAME WAY WITH THE SHERIFF STALK-

HERE'S ONE LAWMAN THAT'S CALLIN' YUH! DRAW, BLAST YUH... DRAW!

ING SOME GIANT, DEADLY OUTLAW..."

WANTED

DEAD OR ALIVE

\$1000.00



IN HIS NIGHTMARE, THE SHERIFF WHIRLED...

YUH AIN'T READY TUH FIGHT A FULL GROWN HOMBRE! FIRST ... RECKON YUH KIN HANDLE ME??

YUH? YUH LITTLE UNDERSIZED RAT...



NICKED ME! THE LITTLE RUNT...

I'LL DO THE LAUGHIN' NOW --- AFORE I FINISH YUH!



HAW-HAW-HAW!

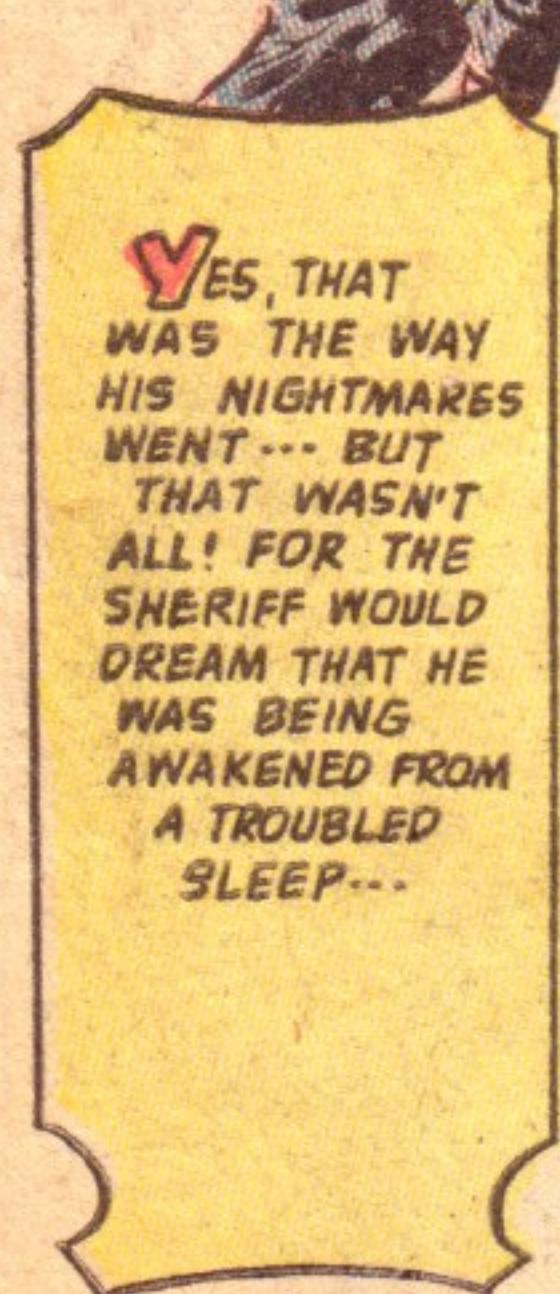
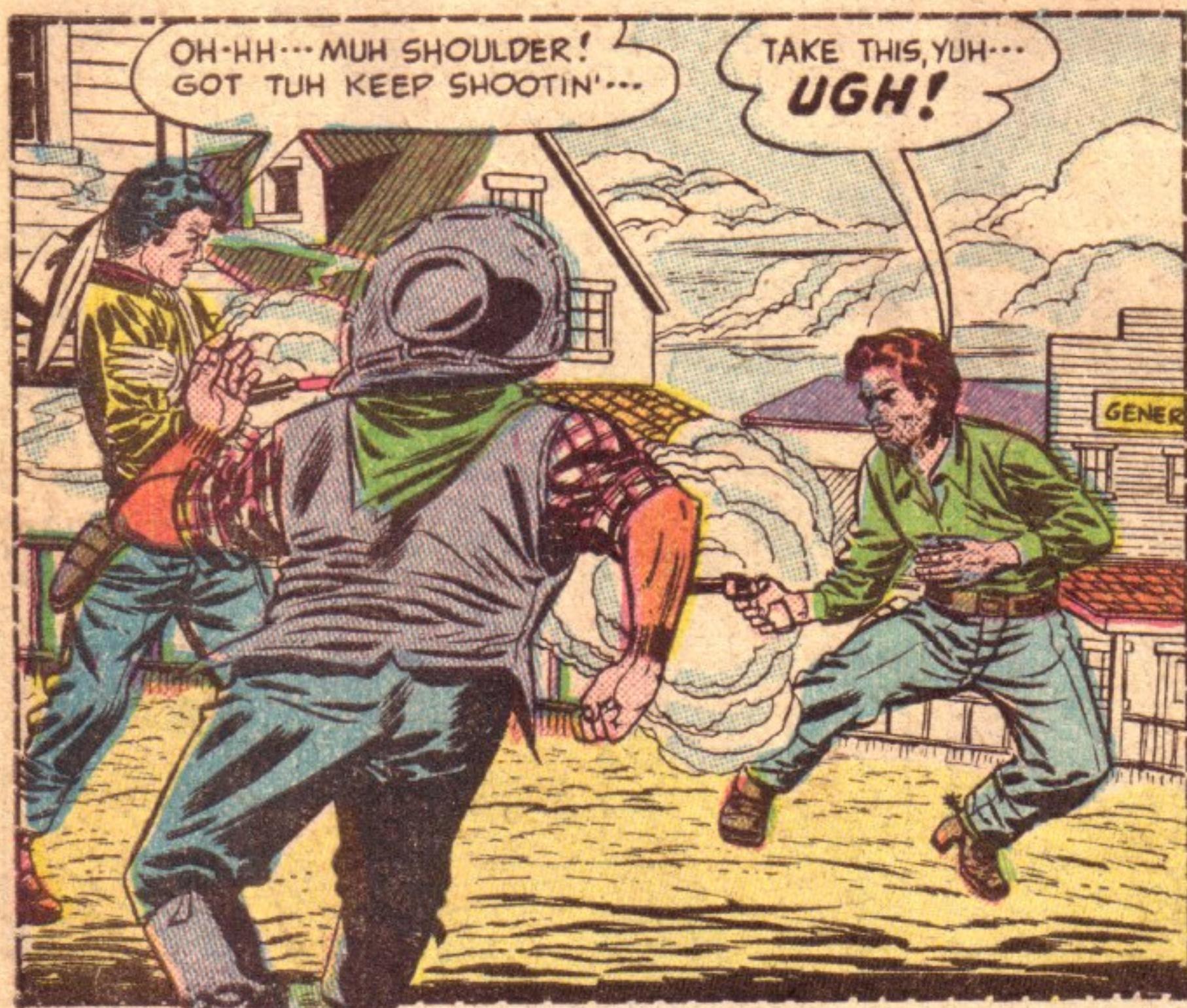
YUH AIN'T GONNA PIN ME AGAINST THE WALL, LITTLE MAN! YUH SLIMY SNAKE...



I OUGHTA RIP THE POISON FANGS OUTA YUH!

I'M GONNA KILL YUH, SHERIFF! NOTHIN' CAN SAVE YUH! FINISH ME, AN' I'LL COME BACK FROM MUH GRAVE TUH GET YUH!





**F**ACE TO FACE WITH A SHRUNKEN, MALEVOLENT SPIRIT, SOME MEN MIGHT CURL UP IN FEAR... SURRENDER TO THE GHOSTLY NIGHTMARE! BUT SHERIFF LARSON WAS A MAN OF ACTION...



**B**UT HOW CAN A MAN FIGHT IT OUT WITH A FIGURE... A SHAPE... THAT DISAPPEARS INTO THIN AIR??



**W**AS IT IMAGINATION... OR THE MERCILESS SPIRIT OF A THING NO LONGER HUMAN... OR NEVER HUMAN...?



**A** SPIRIT, BOLDLY AND RUTHLESSLY SWORN TO KILL, FIRST THE SOUL, THEN THE BODY OF A MAN! BUT FIRST, THE SOUL...



YUH AIN'T TAKIN' IT... IT'S THE RUNT... THE GHOST... AGAIN! HE... IT... MISSED ME BY A HAIR... AGAIN!

NOT IF YUH WANT TUH LIVE!

BUT ONE O' THESE DAYS HE'S GOIN' TUH FINISH ME! UNLESS I PUT MUH BRAND ON HIM FIRST... OR DIE TRYIN'!

**HAW-HAW-HAW!** LARSON... AFORE I KILL YUH, YUH'RE GOIN' TUH BE A RAVIN' MANIAC!

5.

5.

NOTHIN' HERE... AGAIN! MAYBE I'M STARTIN' TUH RAVE... ALREADY! MAYBE... I'M AFRAID...

5.

FEAR BEGAN TO GNAW AT THE SHERIFF'S INSIDES WITH SHARP, POINTED TEETH! AND THE HOARSE CACKLE OF "THE RUNT" DRIFTED BACK FROM THE UNSEEN APPARITION: "AFORE I KILL YUH, YUH'RE GOIN' TUH BE A RAVIN' MANIAC!"

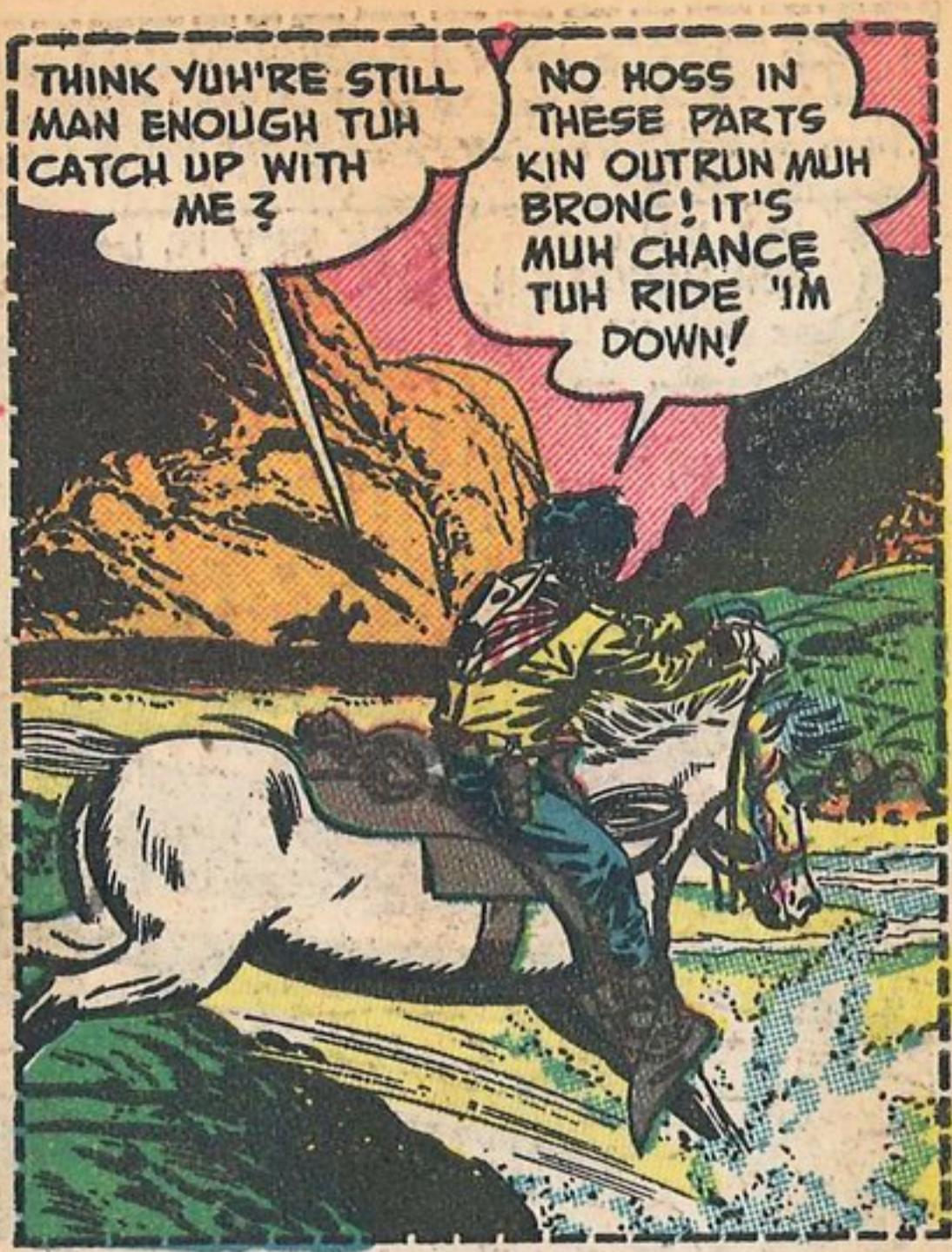
THE SHERIFF WAS A BRAVE MAN, YET MORE AND MORE FEAR GRIPPED HIM! DAY AFTER DAY, EXHAUSTION TORE AT HIS WILL TO LIVE...

I CAIN'T SLEEP --- CAIN'T EAT ---  
CAIN'T EVEN FIRE A SIX-GUN  
ANYMORE! WHOA, BRONC ---  
HOLD IT! IT'S HIM --- THE  
RUNT!

HOWDY, SHERIFF  
--- RIDIN' MUH  
WAY??

THINK YUH'RE STILL  
MAN ENOUGH TUH  
CATCH UP WITH  
ME?

NO HOSS IN  
THESE PARTS  
KIN OUTRUN MUH  
BRONC! IT'S  
MUH CHANCE  
TUH RIDE 'IM  
DOWN!



PURSUING A GHOST HORSE, THE SHERIFF RODE MADLY --- GAINING SWIFTLY AS "THE RUNT" TOOK TO THE HILLS --- A STEEP, TREACHEROUS MOUNTAIN TRAIL...

GOT TUH PUT A BULLET  
IN HIM THIS TIME --- OR  
I'M DONE FER!

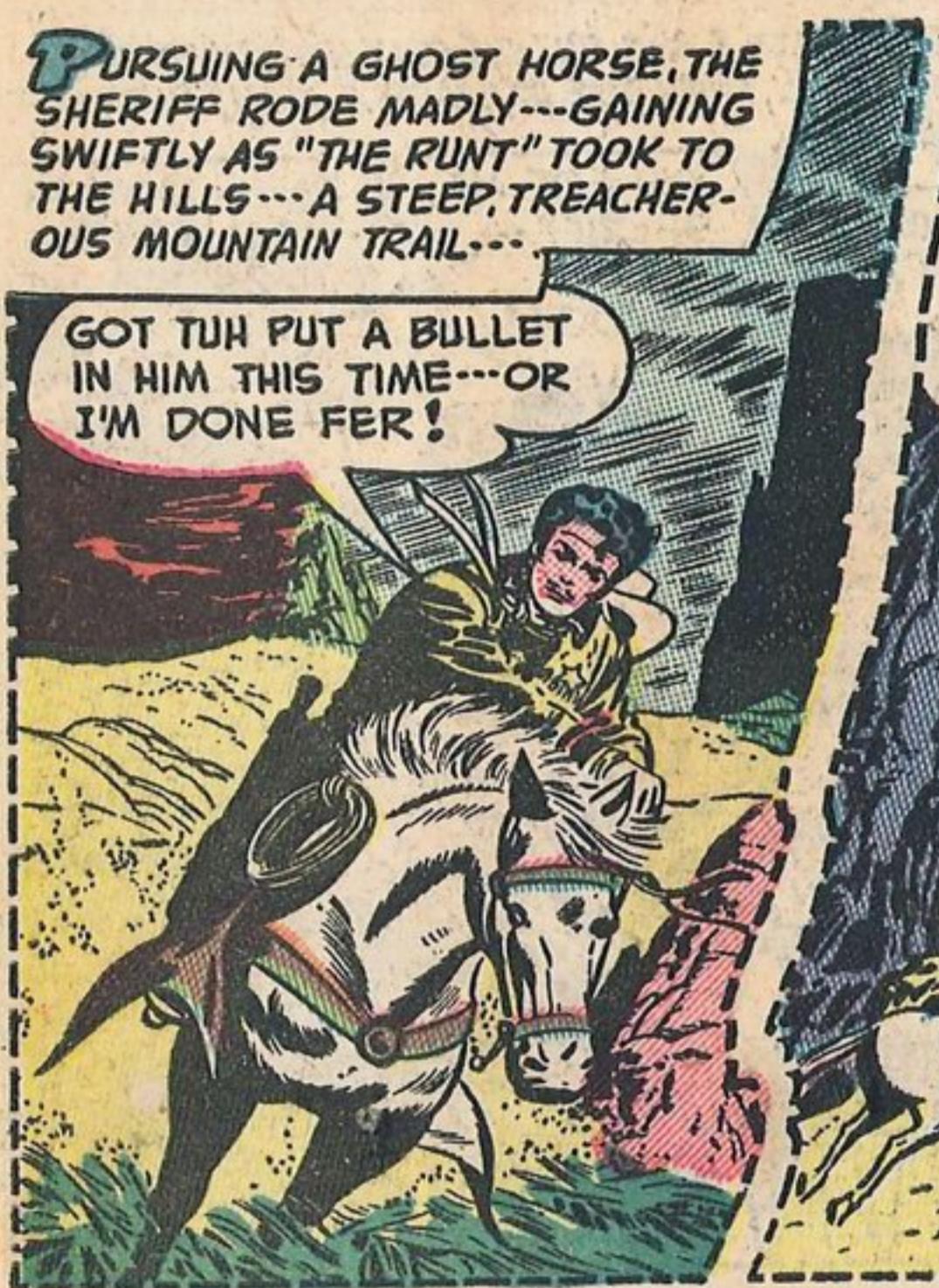
ROUNDING A SHARP,  
ROCKY TURN ...

WAHOO --- HE'S CAUGHT  
AGAINST DEAD END  
CLIFF --- UP AGAINST  
THAT ROCK WALL!  
HE'S CORNERED!

CORNERED,  
SHERIFF?  
'PEARS  
LIKE YUH'RE  
MIGHTY  
SHORE O'  
YOURSELF.  
SUDDEN-LIKE ---  
MIGHTY  
SHORE ...

THAT ROCK ... HE'S MOVIN'  
IT ... ROLLIN' IT DOWN ---  
ON ME!

HAW-  
HAW-  
HAW!



... THE SHOUT OF A MAN FALLING  
THROUGH SPACE TO THE ROCKS  
BELOW! A MAN KILLED BY FEAR  
--- AND AN APPARITION!

YES ... THESE WERE THE NIGHT-  
MARES THAT HAD TORTURED WADE LARSON!  
AND JUST AN HOUR AGO, HE HAD BEEN  
AWAKENED BY ...



THE SHERIFF'S SCREAM WAS THE CRY  
OF A FRIGHTENED MORTAL FACING  
CERTAIN DEATH ...

NO! I DON'T  
WANT TO DIE!  
WHAT --- WHERE ---?  
IT WAS ANOTHER  
NIGHTMARE --- JUST  
A DREAM!

SHERIFF ... IT'S  
ME, CLIFF! THE  
LARAMIE  
KID'S IN  
TOWN --- GUNNIN'  
FER YUH!

AND SO... BACK IN THE LIGHT OF DAY... SHERIFF WADE LARSON STALKED A KILLER DOWN A DUSTY STREET!... AND THAT WAS WHY HE STAGGERED SLIGHTLY... AS AFTER A NIGHTMARE OF HORROR...

THAT... THAT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE!... IT'S PAST! GOT TUH GUN DOWN THIS WYOMIN' GRIZZLY... THE LARAMIE KID... NOW! HE'LL BE A RELIEF... AFTER THAT MURDERIN' RUNT I BEEN DREAMIN' ABOUT!



AND THEN IT WAS AS THOUGH THE HORROR OF THE NIGHTMARE STILL GRIPPED THE SHERIFF! HE STAGGERED BACK IN AMAZEMENT... TERROR...

NO! NO! IT CAIN'T BE! NOT YUH! NOT YUH!



FROM THE SHADOWS, EMERGED THE FIGURE OF THAT FABLED "GIANT" THE LARAMIE KID...

SHORE IT'S ME... THE LARAMIE KID! YUH READY TUH DIE? DRAW, SHERIFF... DRAW!



DID YOU EVER SEE A NIGHTMARE BECOME A LIVING REALITY... AN APPARITION THAT HAUNTED YOUR DREAMS BECOME A SNARLING, FLESH-AND-BLOOD FIGURE? THE SHERIFF WAS A BRAVE MAN... BUT IN EVERY MAN THERE'S A BREAKING POINT! HE BACKED AWAY...

IT... IT'S THE RUNT! THE LITTLE RAT WHO MURDERED ME... IN MUH DREAM! GOT TUH VAMOOSE... PRONTO... WHILE I KIN STAY ALIVE!

HUH? THE SHERIFF'S TURNIN' TAIL... CUTTIN' AN' RUNNIN'!



HE SHOWED YELLOW IN FRONT O' THAT LITTLE RAT... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

AIN'T YUH FORGOT SOMETHIN', HOMBRE? THAT'S THE LARAMIE KID!



PANIC LED THE SHERIFF A CLATTERING CHASE, AND THE LARAMIE KID PURSUED! THEY RODE FOR HIGH GROUND... ALONG A ROCKY TRAIL, WINDING UP TO THE TOP OF A CLIFF... A TRAIL SUDDENLY FAMILIAR TO THE SHERIFF!

THE BRAVE SHERIFF LARSON... MAKIN' ME CATCH 'IM AFORE I KIN KILL 'IM! HAW-HAW-HAW!

I'LL LOSE HIM UP IN THESE HILLS... WAIT! THIS IS THAT TRAIL... I'M GOING OVER... NO! HELP!



THE SHERIFF'S SCREAM WAS THE CRY OF A MAN FALLING THROUGH SPACE, STRUCK DUMB BY THE FINAL FEAR... IN HIS BRAIN, A VISION OF THE ROCKS BELOW!



SHERIFF WADE LARSON 1850-1888  
KILLED BY THE LARAMIE KID

...OR... BY THE UNKNOWN... BY A TERRIBLE, TWISTED NIGHTMARE... A DREAM OF Death!

# The ZILG SPY

THE ZILG stretched out a slimy tentacle to focus the port scanner of his spaceship, pressed the third eye of his middle head against the nucleonic lens, and gazed contemptuously down at the planet called Earth. The moment he saw the puny, one-headed, four-limb-creatures walking in the streets of the town below him, and examined the primitive buildings they lived in and the clumsy vehicles they traveled in, he knew that they would not be able to resist an invasion by the mighty Zilgs from the world of Tary.

Through long-range telepathy, the Zilg searched the mind of one of the Earth-creatures, found that they called themselves "men"...and that they were a million years behind the Zilgs in technological science. Why, they had just stumbled on the secret of atomic energy... hadn't even tapped the vastly more powerful energies of cosmic rays and gravitic forces! Conquering them would be mere child's play!

But to make sure that these men would be suitable slaves for the Zilgs, he had to go down among them, seize a specimen of their species, and transform himself into an exact duplicate of that specimen, so that he might walk around in their world and examine them at close range. The Zilg picked out a likely-looking town...it was called Ossining, New York...and looked around for a specimen who would belong to the elite or higher class. Ah, there below him was an exclusive part of the town...it even had a wall around it, probably to keep out the rabble. The name on the wall indicated that the residents were singers...perhaps singers were honored and worshipped in this world! Yes, one of the residents, in striped clothes, was even now forcing a dark-uniformed slave to open the gates...and other slaves were falling

down prostrate in reverence as the singer waved a small flashing object at them.

The Zilg made his choice quickly...he would much rather imitate this singer than one of those slaves who grovelled in the dust. And as an elite singer, he would be safe from harm...and would be certain to return to Tary with his report on the planet. If he *didn't* return from Earth, of course, his Zilg superiors would believe that he had perished at the hands of the Earth-beings, and that they were far more powerful than Zilgs... who would stay far away from Earth in the future.

But he was wasting time with such idle reverie. The Zilg's tentacle pressed the stud of the grappling beam, aimed it down at the singer who was now running from the walled enclosure and a moment later, the earthman in striped clothing was inside the Zilg spaceship! Dead, of course...but the Zilg didn't need a live specimen. Thrusting the creature into one half of the duplicating chamber, the Zilg then entered the other half, stepped out looking exactly like a "man"... right down to the singer's striped clothing

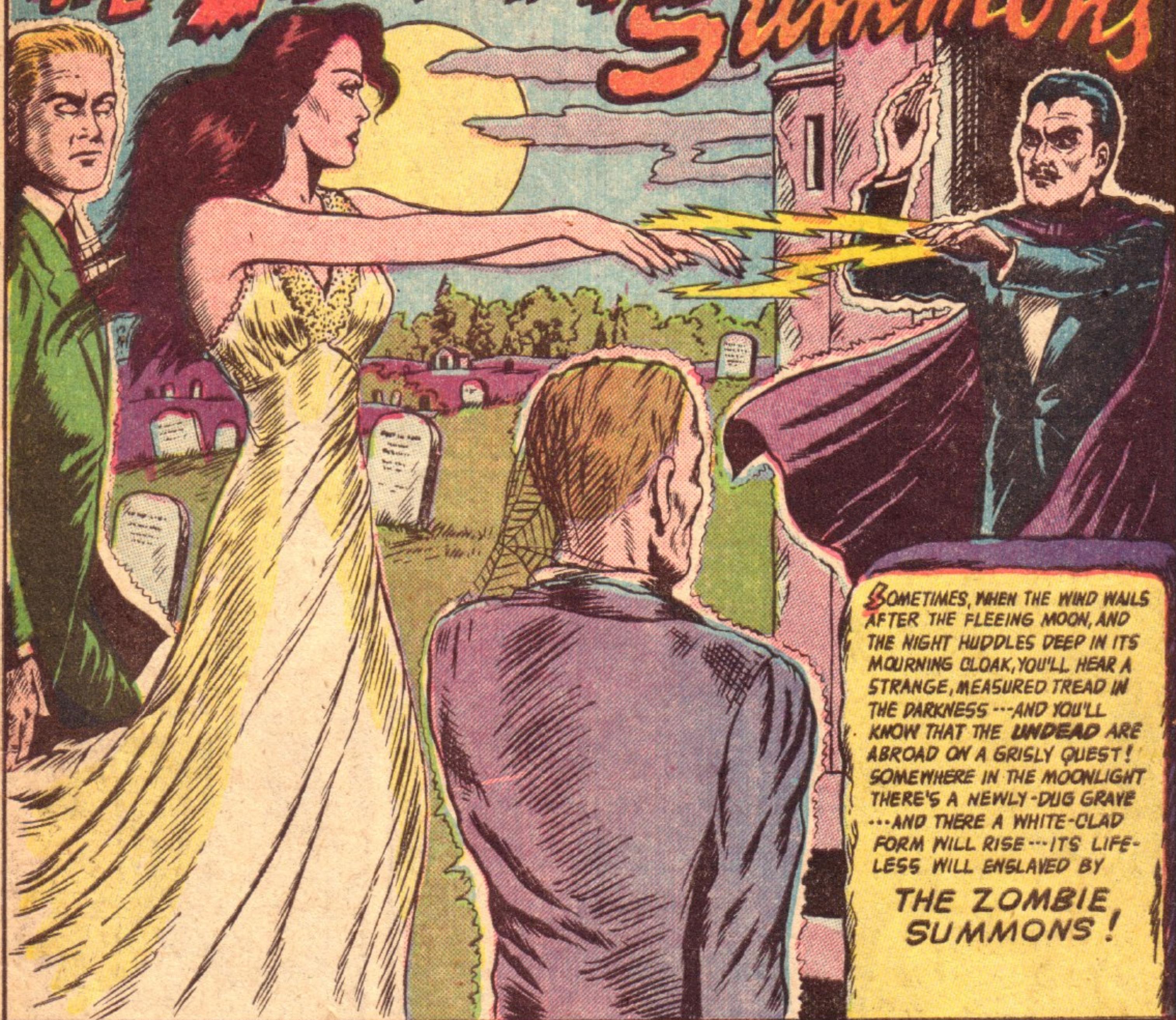
Ten minutes later, the Zilg was walking down the main street of the town, smiling contemptuously at the other humens who fled in terror from him. These singers must indeed be held in great awe, the Zilg thought. Ah, here came some more of those dark-uniformed slaves... soon they would be grovelling and bowing in the dust at his feet. But first they were apparently saluting him with a strange metal object...

*Rat-atat-tat!*

As the bullets tore into him, the Zilg uttered a piercing scream...and the Sing-Sing guards looked on in horror as, before their eyes, the body of the escaped convict whom they had slain vanished... leaving a dead thing of horror behind.

# THE ZOMBIE SUMMONS

NOCTAM



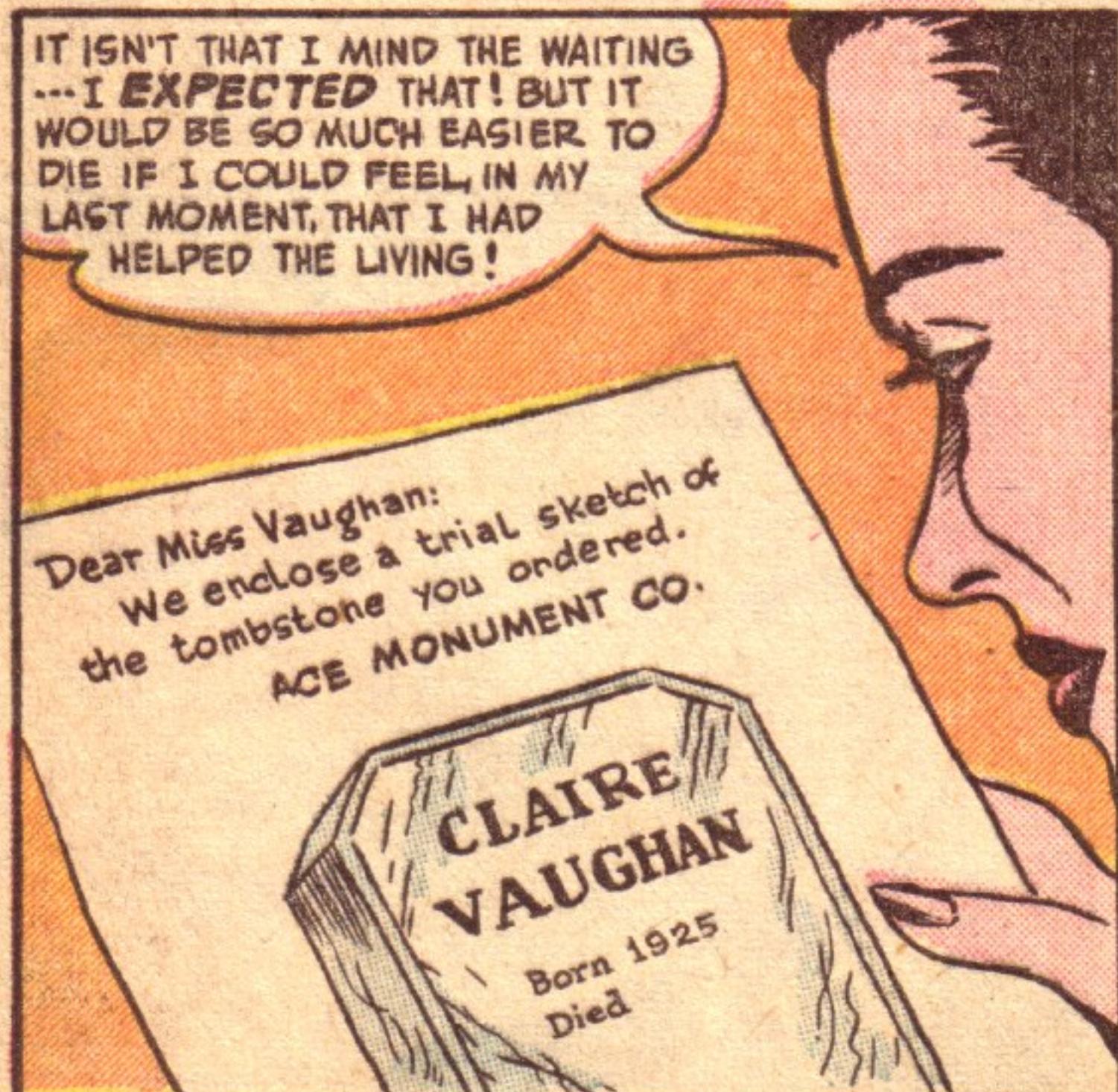
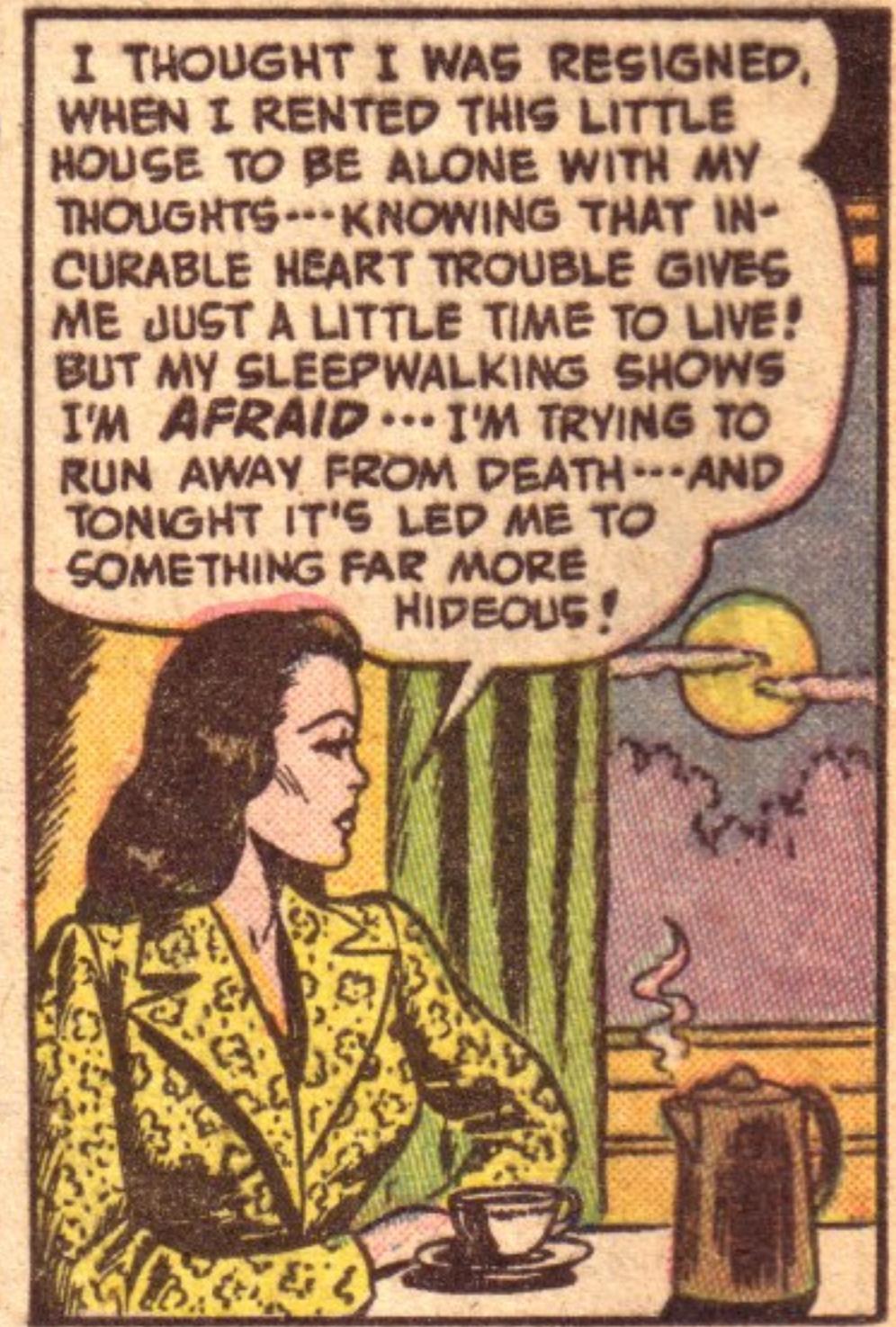
LATE ONE NIGHT --- WHILE THE LIVING SLEEP, AND  
THE DEAD PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF DAWN ---



NOCTAM IS RIGHT ---  
THERE IS ONE OF  
US ABROAD  
TONIGHT!

THE UNDEAD NEVER  
WALK ALONE --- WE MUST  
TAKE HER WITH US!





SPEAK! WHERE IS THE RESTLESS CORPSE I SENT YOU TO GET?

NOCTAM KNOWS WHEN THE DEAD RISE  
---NOCTAM KNOWS WHERE THEY WALK...BUT THIS ONE HAS YET TO DIE!

SHE IS NEAR ENOUGH TO DEATH FOR ME TO CLAIM! YOU ARE THE ONE WHOSE SPIRIT RESISTED ME MOST IN YOUR FINAL HOUR---AND WHO MOST RESEMBLE THE LIVING! GO FOR HER AT THE NEXT MOONRISE---AND I WILL DO THE REST!

CLAIREE VAUGHAN... SHE WILL BE SUMMONED, NOCTAM!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

IT'S A HIDEOUS FEELING---BUT AS MUCH AS I FEAR DEATH, I'M EVEN MORE AFRAID TO FALL ASLEEP! I COULDN'T HAVE MET THOSE CREATURES LAST NIGHT BY ACCIDENT---THEY WERE LOOKING FOR ME!

A MOON LIKE THAT MEANS SOMETHING TO MOST PEOPLE... BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER... I'VE BEEN LONELY ALL MY LIFE...AND I'LL BE LONELIER THAN EVER WHEN DEATH COMES!

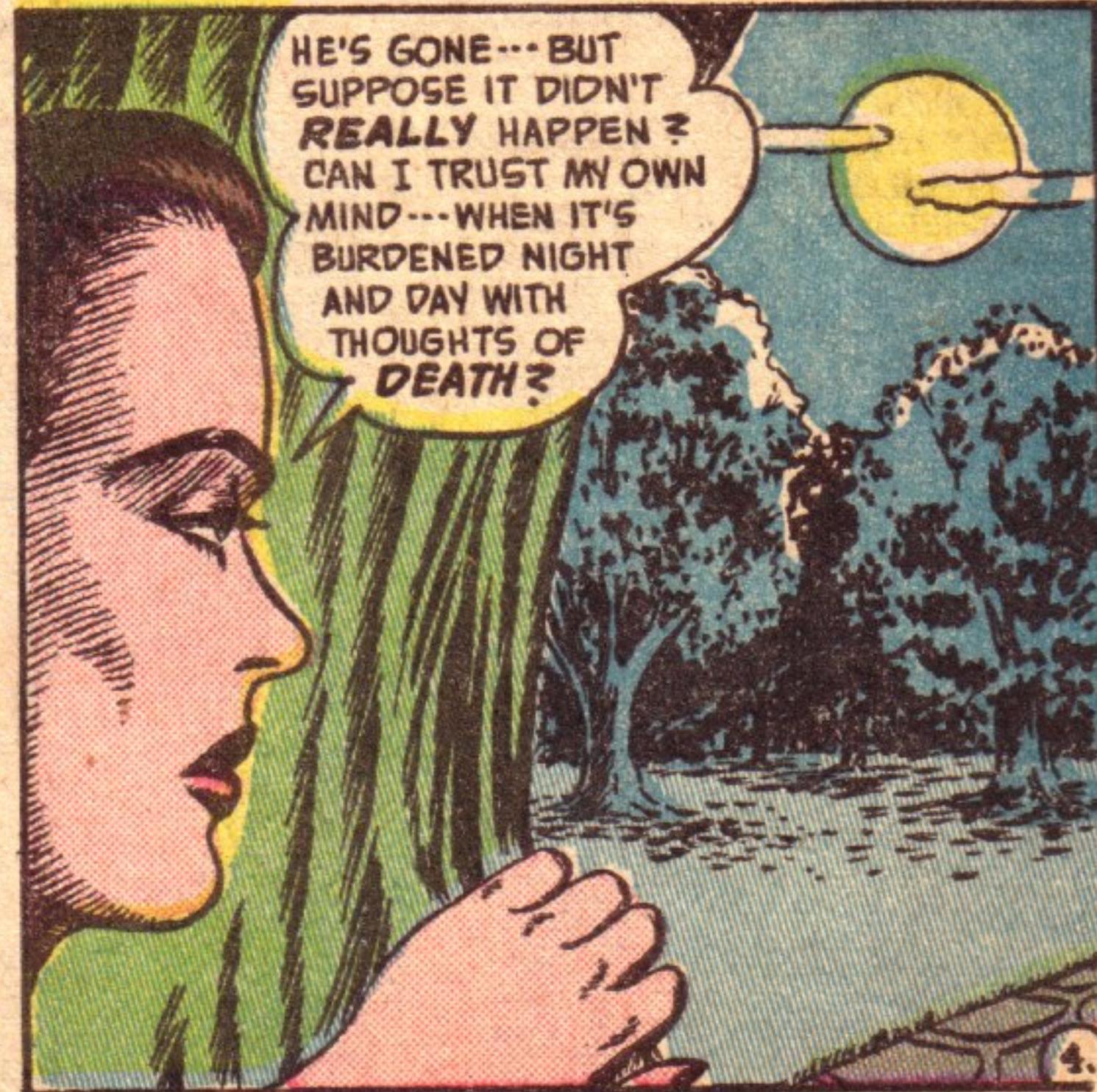
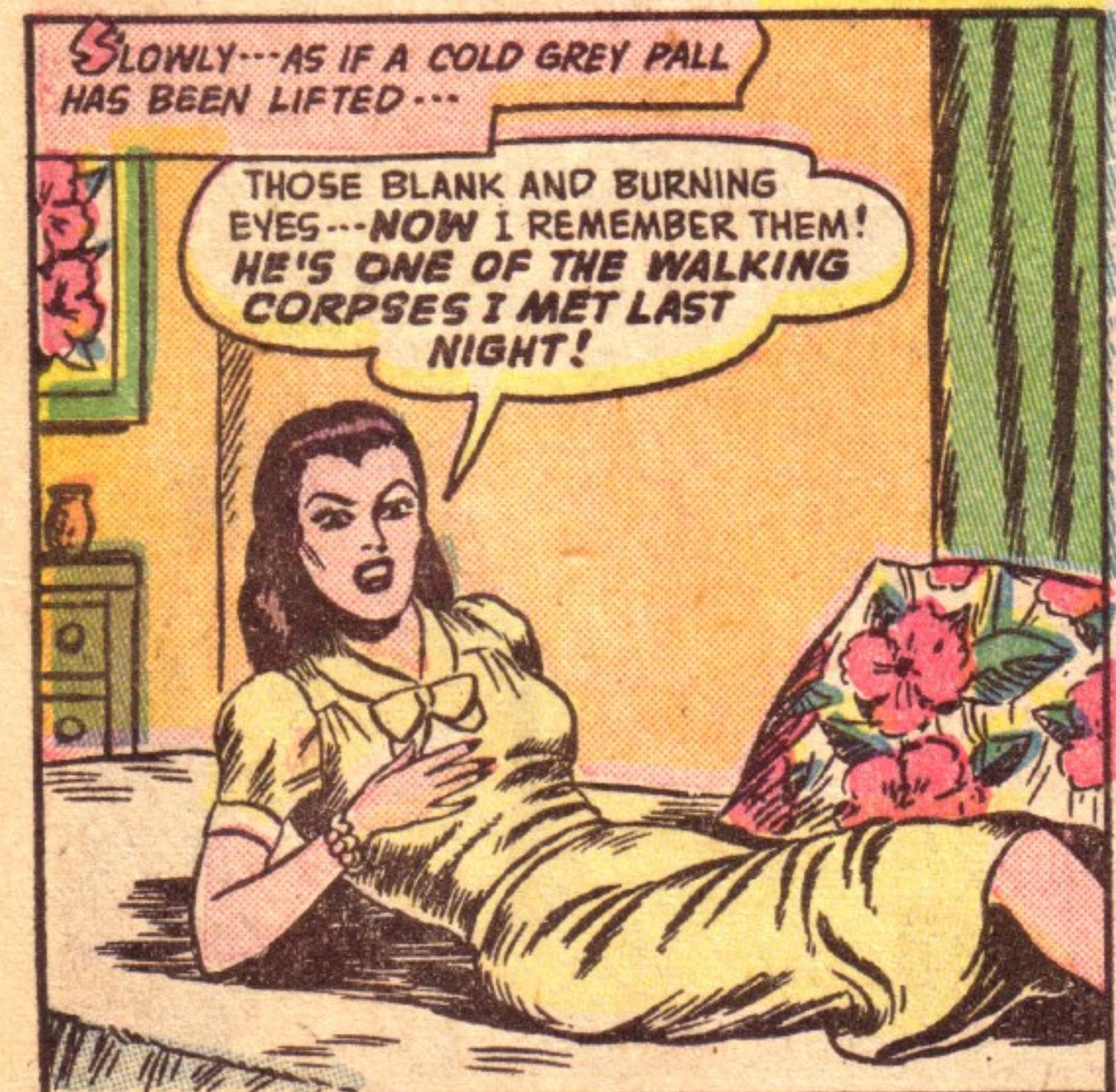
AS A SLOW, MEASURED PACE THUDS FROM THE GLOOM...

HEAVENS! FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF THOSE HIDEOUS CREATURES... BUT IT'S JUST A MAN AFFLICTED LIKE MYSELF---A SLEEPWALKER!

I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT HE MUSTN'T BE AWAKENED ABRUPTLY! I'LL LEAD THE POOR CHAP INSIDE...AND GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO GET HIS BEARINGS!

MOMENT LATER...

THERE'S A COLD, CLAMMY FEELING ALL AROUND ME...BUT IT CAN'T BE HIM! IT'S MY HEART...I'M HAVING ANOTHER ATTACK!



IT'S PRETTY USELESS TO SEE DR. COOPER AT THE HOSPITAL AT THIS STAGE...BUT IT MAY HELP TO TELL HIM ABOUT MY SLEEP-WALKING...AND THESE HORRIBLE VISIONS OF THINGS THAT AREN'T ALIVE!



Next day...

I REALLY CAN'T WAIT ANOTHER NIGHT BEFORE SEEING DR. COOPER! DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG THIS EMERGENCY CASE WILL TAKE?

THERE'S NO TELLING, MISS VAUGHAN--BUT IF IT'S THAT IMPORTANT, WHY DON'T YOU CONSULT DR. NOCTAM?



DR. NOCTAM?

YES...A NEW ADDITION TO OUR STAFF! HE'S BUSY IN ROOM 42 AT THE MOMENT...BUT SINCE I'M AFRAID THERE'S NO HOPE FOR THE PATIENT, YOU PROBABLY WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG!



NOCTAM...IS THIS ANOTHER TRICK OF MY IMAGINATION... OR DID I HEAR THAT NAME IN MY SLEEP THE OTHER NIGHT...JUST BEFORE I AWAKENED AMONG THOSE WHITE-FACED CREATURES?

YOU DEMON... STOP THAT DIABOLICAL MUTTERING! LET ME DIE IN PEACE!

42

AH, YES--CLAIRE VAUGHAN! YOU'RE RIGHT...I MERELY POSE AS A DOCTOR SO THAT I CAN BE AROUND THE DYING...AND RECITE THE ZOMBIE SUMMONS AS THEY DRAW THEIR LAST BREATH!

AS CLAIRE SLIP SILENTLY IN...

LIMBS WITHOUT LIFE...HEART WITHOUT BEAT! YOUR CORPSE WILL RISE WHEN THE ZOMBIES MEET!

ZOMBIES!

YOU LISTENED, EH? WHO ARE YOU?

SOMEONE WITH EVERY RIGHT TO LISTEN! YOU'RE NO DOCTOR... YOU'RE A FIEND WHO WAITS FOR DEATH... INCLUDING MINE!



YOU MONSTER...ARE YOU SO SURE OF ME THAT YOU THINK I WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT? I'M GETTING THE POLICE!

WAIT! BEFORE YOU DO...YOU'D BETTER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST!



WITH EYES BLAZING LIKE BEACONS OF EVIL...

WHAT HARM CAN THE POLICE DO ME...WHEN MY FIGURE YOU SEE BEFORE YOU IS EVEN LESS ALIVE THAN THE ZOMBIES YOU FEAR? MY END WILL COME ONLY WHEN MY OWN EVIL GROWS SO OVERPOWERING THAT IT DESTROYS ME! BUT THAT WON'T HAPPEN UNTIL THE WORLD IS PEOPLED BY ZOMBIES...I HAVE THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO GO BEFORE I TURN AGAINST MYSELF!

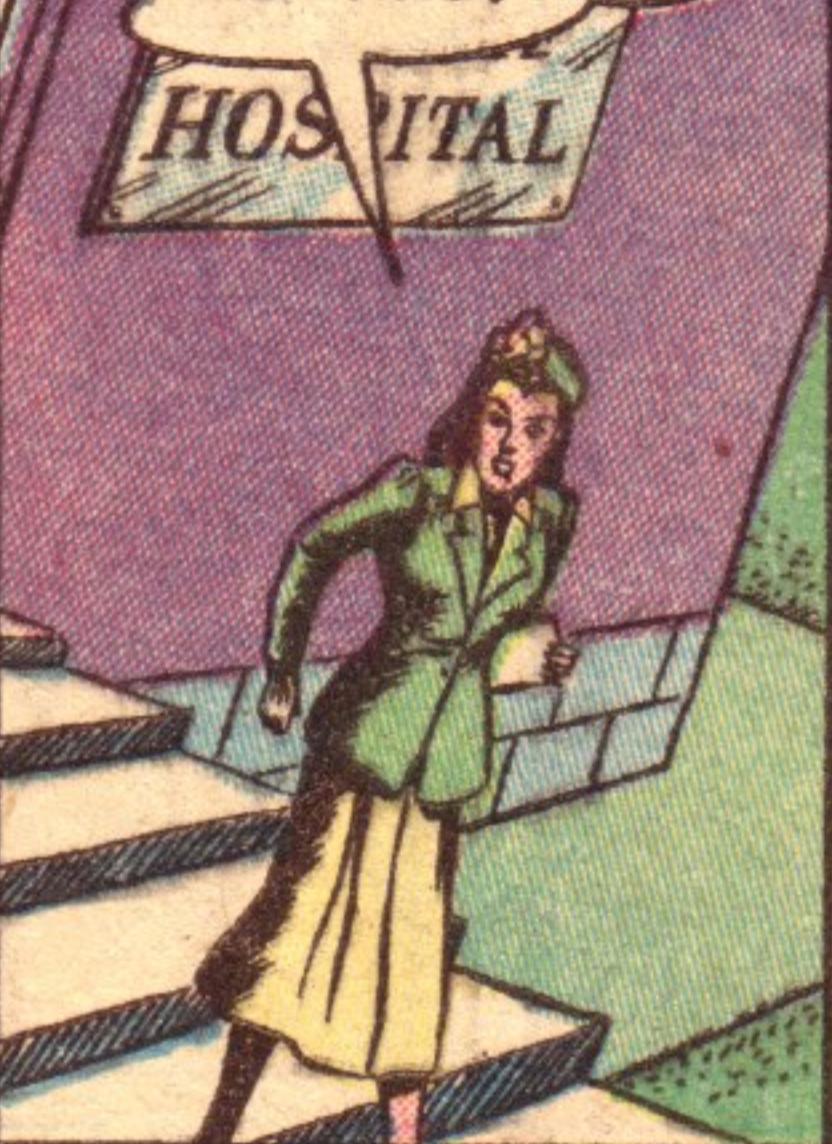


A WORLD PEOPLED BY ZOMBIES...AND I'M DOOMED TO BE ONE OF THEM!

YES...IF YOU OBEY! BUT UNLESS YOU WANT AN AFTERLIFE THAT'S EVEN WORSE THAN WALKING DEATH...YOU'LL FOLLOW THE ENVOY I SEND TONIGHT!



THERE'S NO USE SPEAKING TO DR. COOPER! HE CAN'T SAVE ME FROM DEATH...AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SAVE ME FROM THIS!



Then...IN THE REASSURING SUNLIGHT OF HER LAST DAY OF LIFE...

THERE'S NO TIME, NOW, TO REALIZE MY HOPE OF HELPING THE LIVING! BUT MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT, IF I HAVE THE COURAGE TO DO IT...MAYBE I CAN HELP THE DEAD!



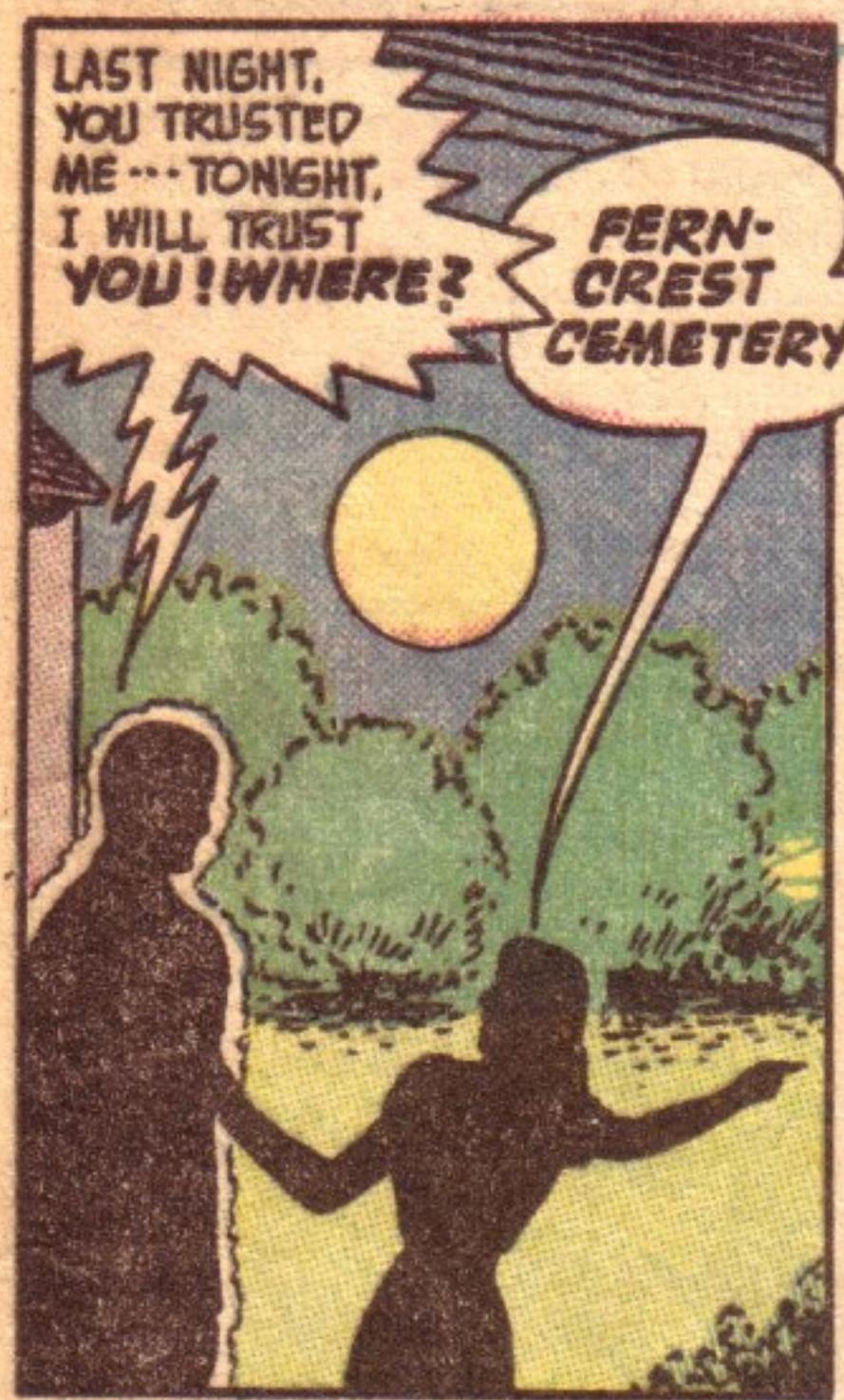
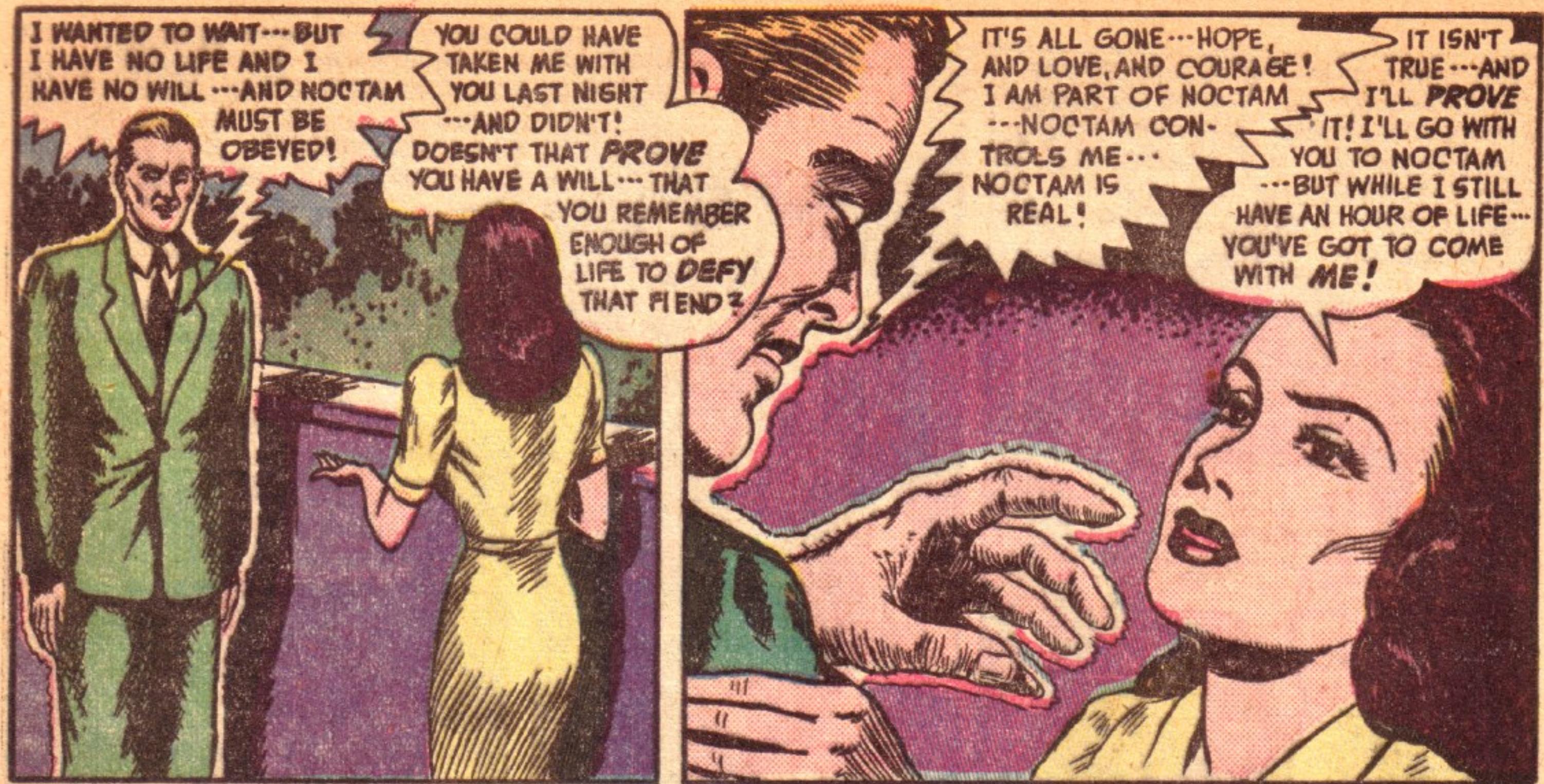
BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS? I'D LIKE A CHECK ON A PERSON NAMED NOCTAM! WHEN DID HE DIE...WHERE IS HE BURIED?



THAT NIGHT...AS IF NAMELESS SHADOWS JOINED IN A SINGLE STALKING SHAPE...

HE'S COMING...JUST AS NOCTAM WARNED...JUST AS I EXPECTED!

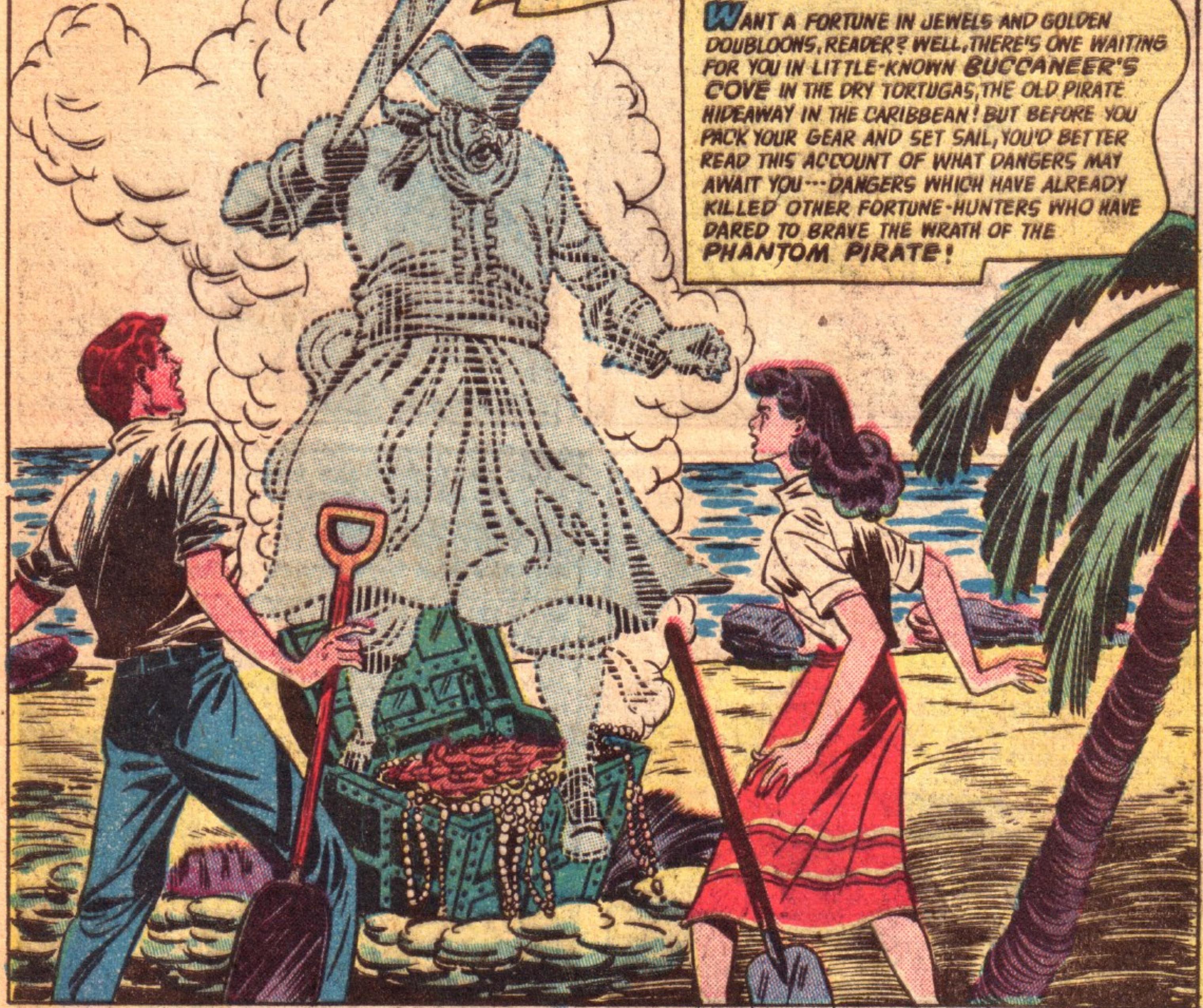






# Tell me a GHOST STORY

THE PHANTOM PIRATE



IT ALL STARTED WHEN THE FAMOUS ONE-EYED PIRATE, CAPTAIN JACK BALLEYRE, SACKED A SPANISH GALLEON AND DECIDED TO BURY THE LOOT WITH THE HELP OF HIS TRUSTED MATE, ALONZO GORDAY, ON THE BEACH OF BUCCANEER'S COVE!

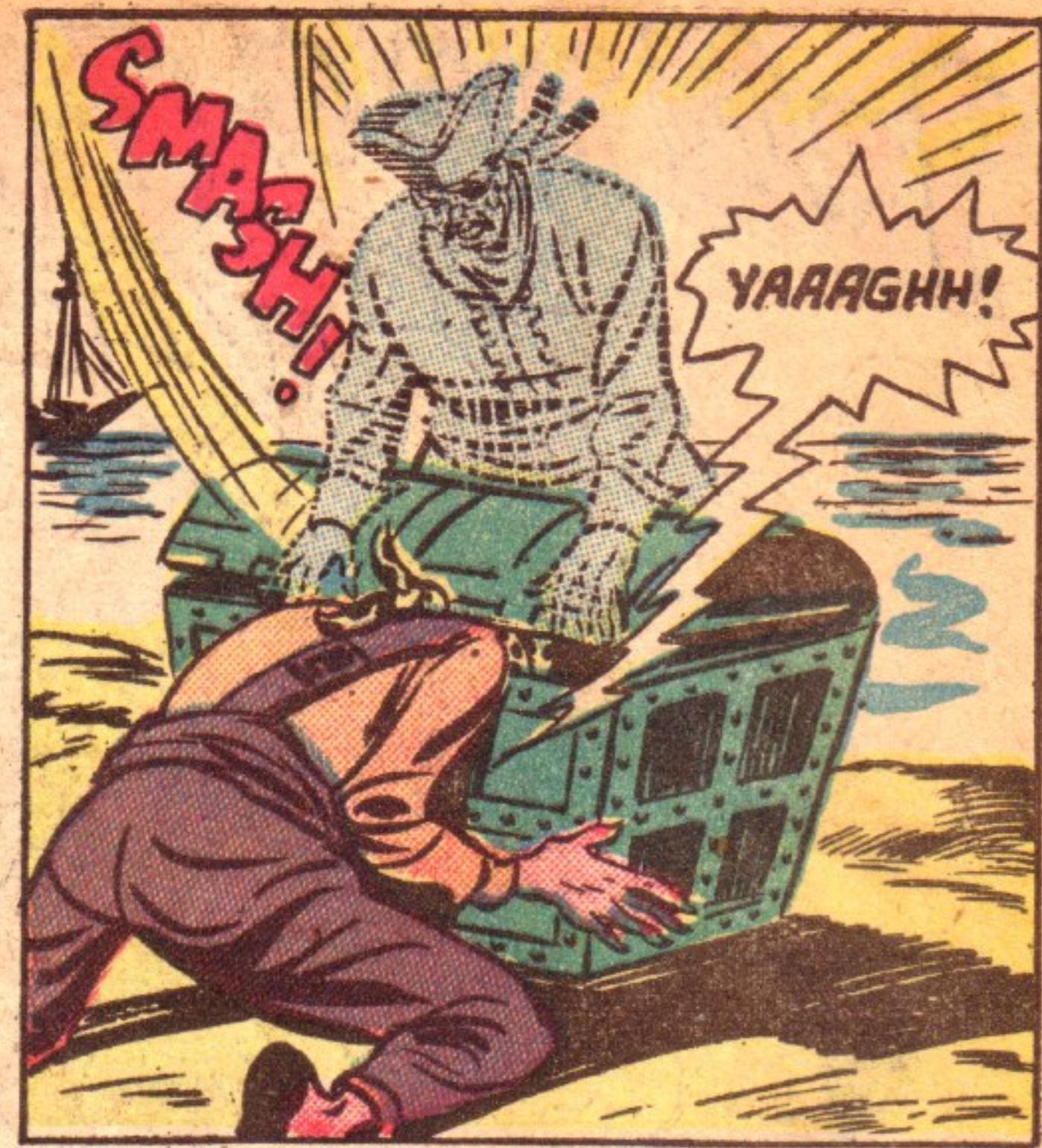
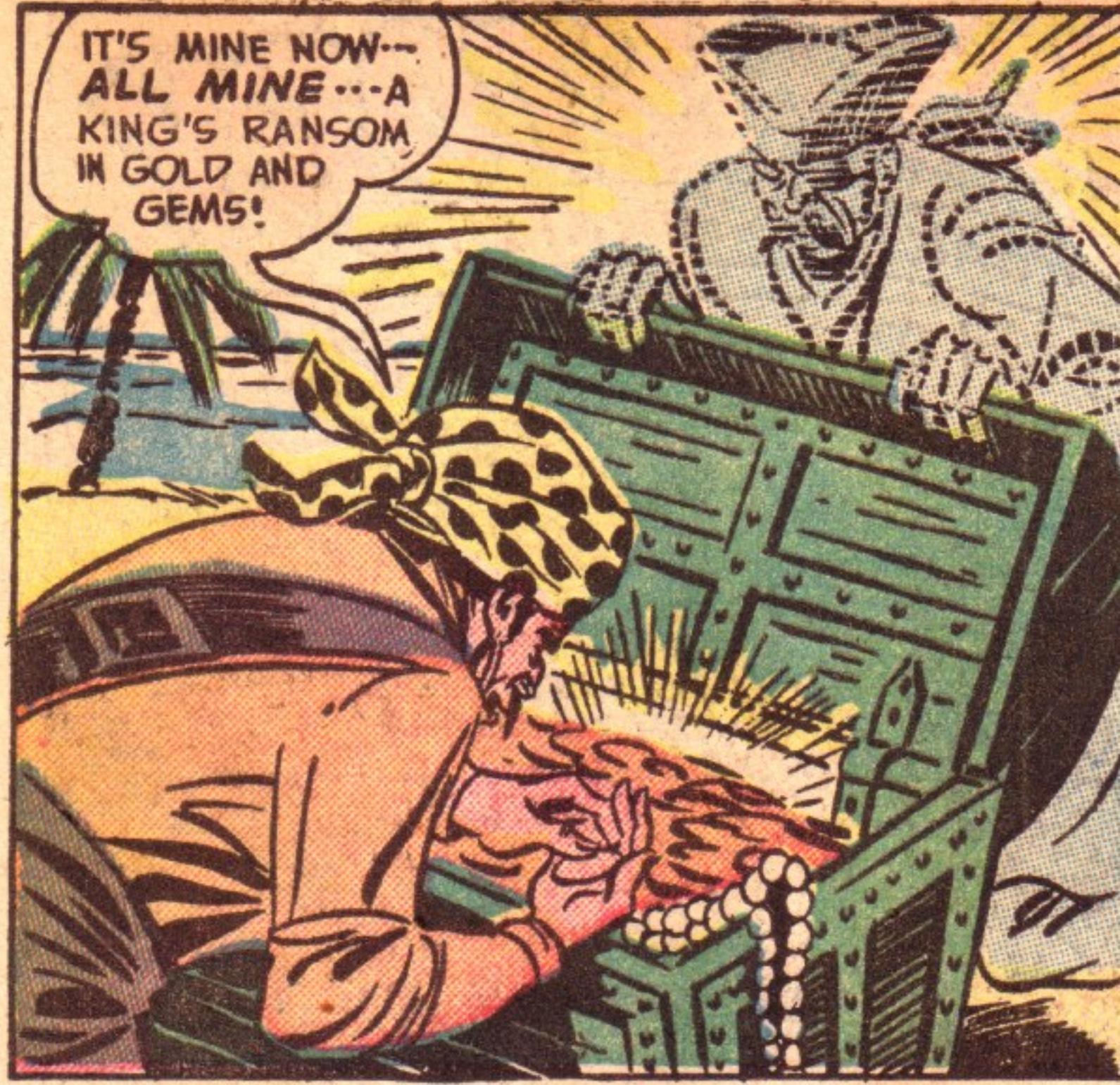
ONLY YOU AND I, ALONZO, WILL KNOW THE HIDING PLACE OF THE TREASURE! COME... LET'S BURY THE CHEST!

THE CHEST ISN'T THE ONLY THING I'LL BE BURYIN', CAP'N!



GORDAY... YOU'LL NEVER... POSSESS THAT TREASURE... **NOBODY** WILL! WITH MY... DYING BREATH... I PLACE A **CURSE**... ON THAT CHEST! FROM OUT OF... THE GRAVE... I'LL STRIKE DOWN... THE MAN WHO TRIES... TO STEAL IT...!

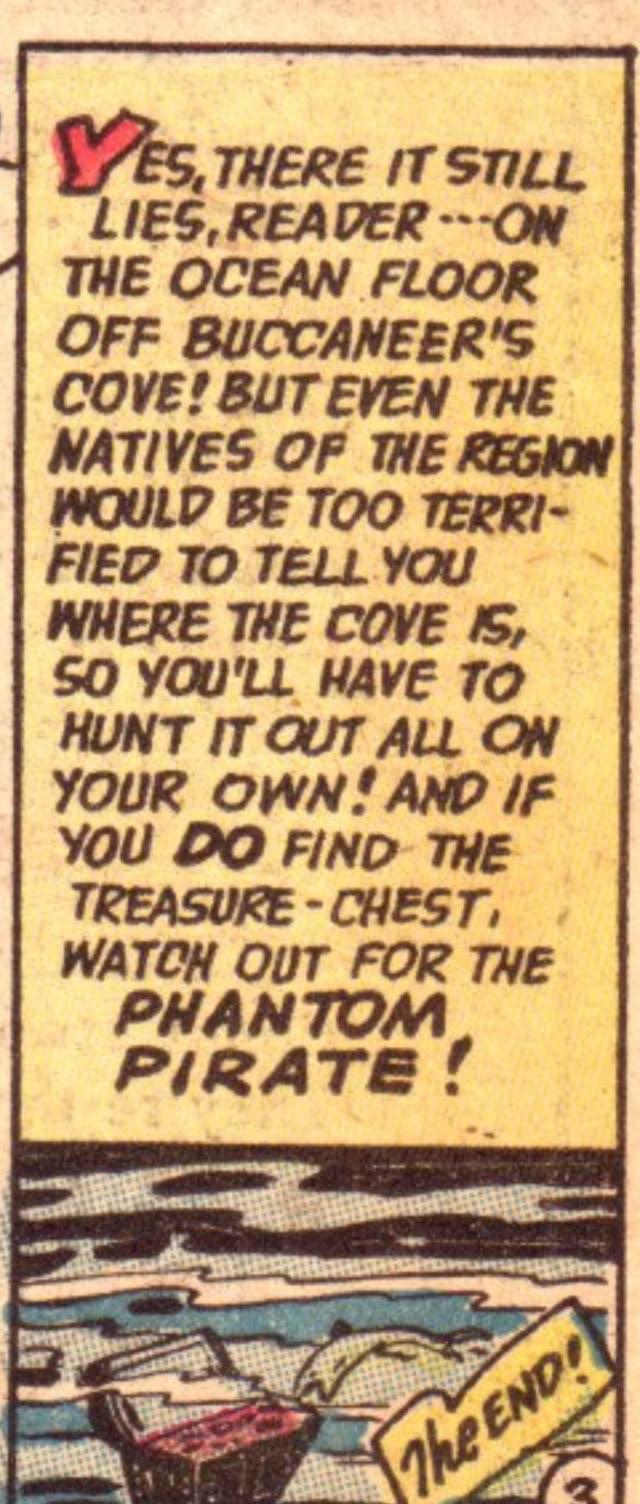
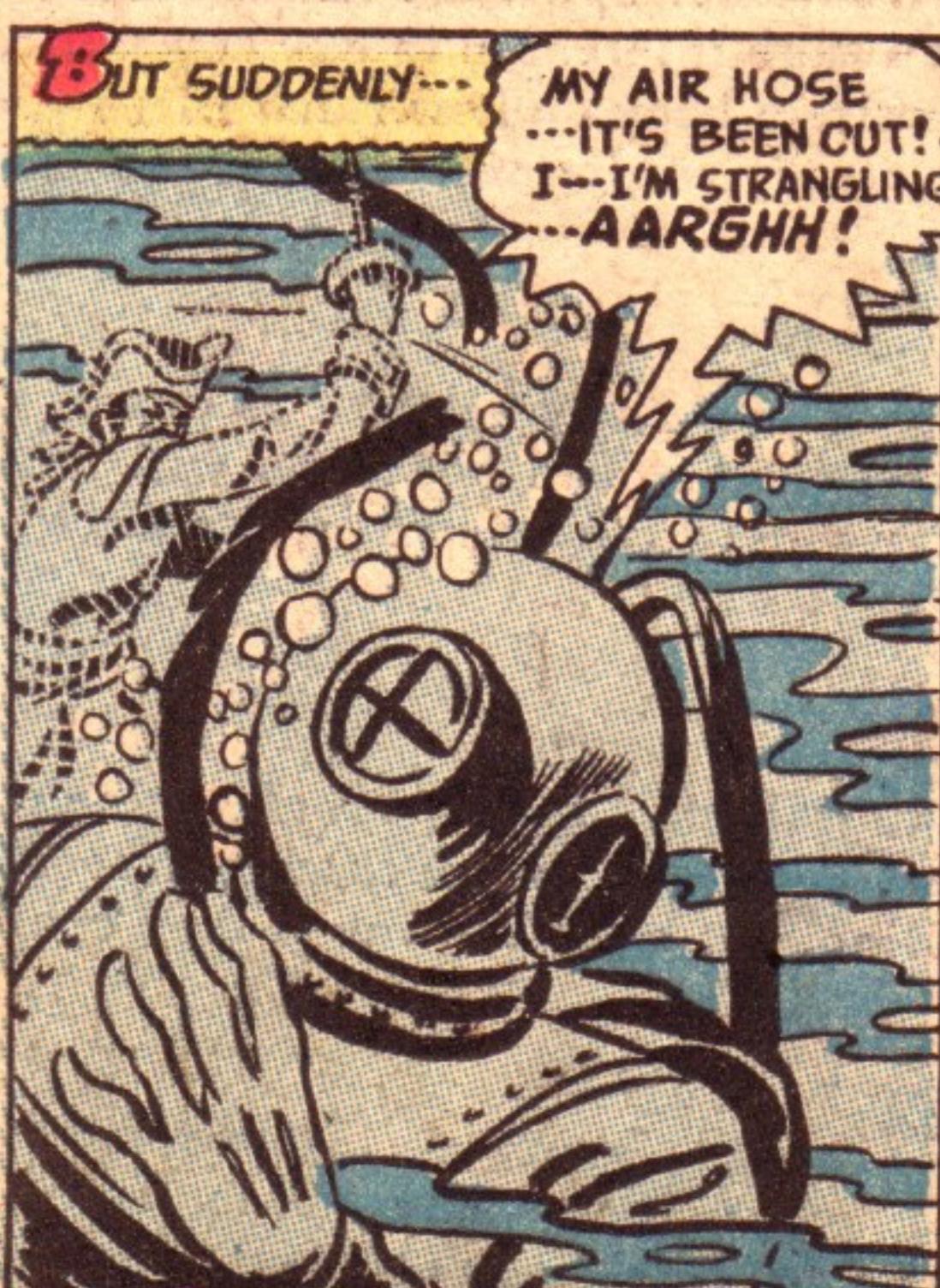
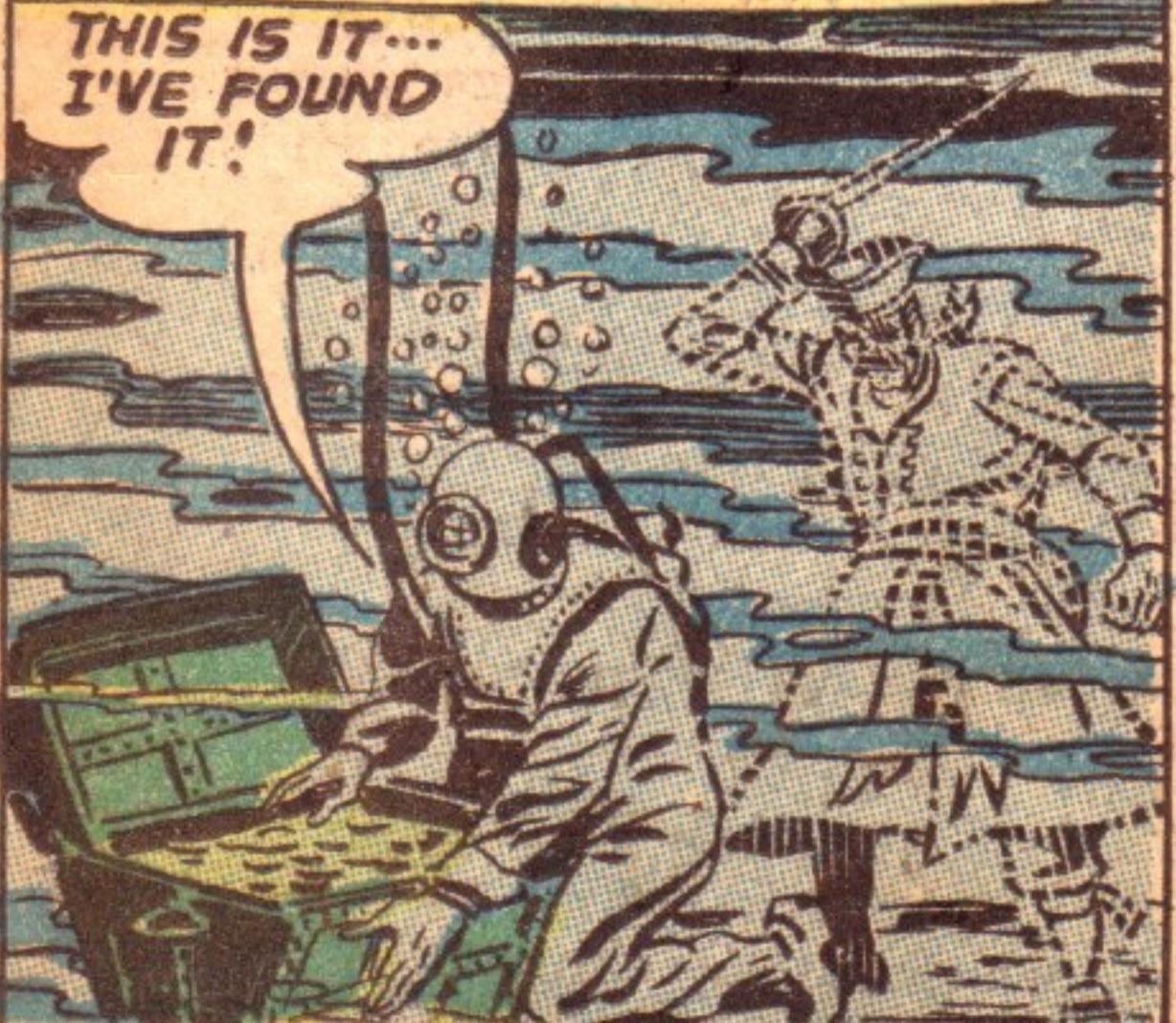
HAH... CURSE ALL YE WANT... A DEAD MAN CAN'T HURT ME!



IT WAS MORE THAN A CENTURY LATER BEFORE ANYONE DARED RISK THE PHANTOM PIRATE'S WRATH AGAIN! BUT FINALLY, IN AUGUST, 1897, A PRUSSIAN FORTUNE-HUNTER BY THE NAME OF VON STURMHARDT GOT WIND OF THE TREASURE... AND THIS TIME, IT SEEMED THAT THE CURSE WASN'T WORKING!



IN THE 1900'S, COUNTLESS DIVERS DESCENDED TO SEARCH FOR THE TREASURE OFF BUCCANEER'S COVE! BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL 1937 THAT AN ENTERPRISING NAVY DIVER BY THE NAME OF HUGH WILCOX FINALLY HIT THE JACK-POT... AND JACK BALLEYRE!



EDITOR

# LET'S TALK IT OVER!

HELLO AGAIN, all you "Adventures Into The Unknown" fans! We've missed you since last month, and could hardly wait for another of those friendly, straight-from-the-shoulder discussions we've gotten to look forward to so much. There's something about kindred interests which draw folks together...and in this case, it's a mutual interest in the weird, the unexplained, the *supernatural*, which brings us into close communion in the pages of this, your magazine!

We've been hard at work since last we talked things over. And we think our work's paid off, too...in one of the most challenging and captivating issues we've ever published. Heading it is "The Halls of Horror"...a chillingly fantastic feature destined to live long in your memory. Then there's "The Undying Brain"...something new...something dif-

ferent! "Dream of Death" should bring plenty of reader reaction, and many a gasp. "The Zombie Summons" packs a truly supernatural punch...and "Spook-buster's Doom" pits phony mediums against true delvers into the *Unknown*...with staggering results! Add these to our customary special features...and the result spells spectral fireworks!

Please, readers...won't you let us know what you think of our efforts? Moreover, we want your opinion on "Adventures Into The Unknown" since we heeded your overwhelming demand to turn it into a monthly magazine. Remember, it's only through your letters that we can determine what you like...and what you don't like! And now it's time for us to step aside for a moment, and give the stage over to a few of our fans, who'll make themselves heard through the letters they've sent in. Here goes!

"Dear Editor:-

Since the first time I picked up a copy of 'Adventures Into The Unknown' at my local newsstand, I've never failed to buy every issue you've published. It's tops with me and all of my friends! We all think it's wonderful! My cousin just read it today and liked it better than any other on the stands, and everybody agrees. We found 'The Boy Who Cried Wolf' a very interesting story, and 'Vampire's Castle' was wonderful. Ditto for 'Spirit of Frankenstein', 'Civic Spirit' and quite a few others. I've never been more interested in any magazine, and yours is too good to be true! I could sure write a book on how much I like your wonderful 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. A steady reader and always will be...

...Rosalie Sutton, Cairo, N.Y."

"Dear Editor:-

'Adventures Into The Unknown' is one of my favorites. I like stories of vampires and werewolves, and hope you will have many stories about them in the future. A story about Frankenstein's Monster would be one I'd like, too. Meanwhile, keep up the good work!

...Joe Melochick, Wilkes-Barre, Pa."

"Dear Editor:-

I'd like to tell you I think your magazine is swell! I don't like gory or sensational stories, but those in *Adventures Into The Unknown* aren't in that class. They're thrilling, but sensible...as if they could really happen.

...Barbara Ross, Morton Grove, Ill."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read all the issues of 'Adventures Into The Unknown', and think they are splendid. I enjoy them to the fullest extent, and have brothers and friends who also read them and think they're swell. Thank you for a great magazine!

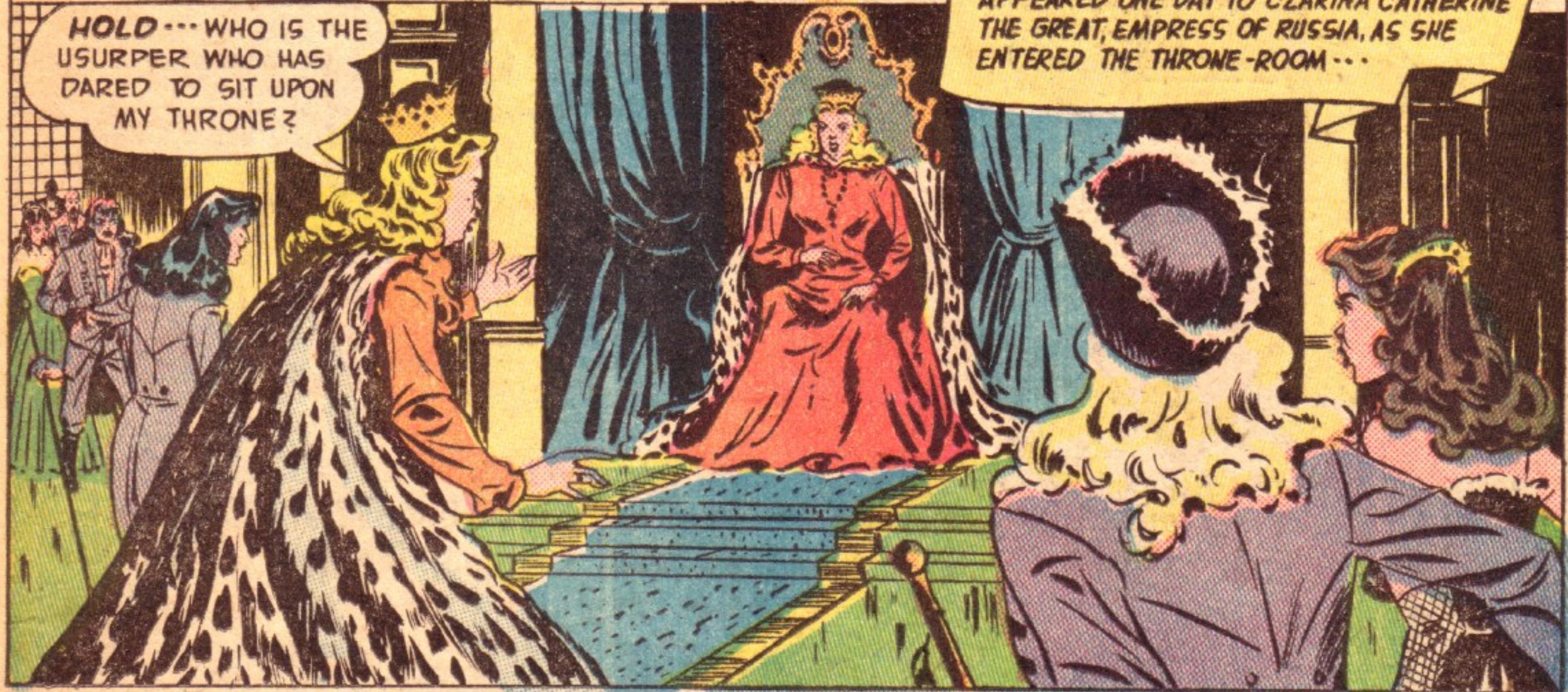
...Mrs. R. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo."

# Uncanny MYSTERIES

## "The ROYAL WRAITH"

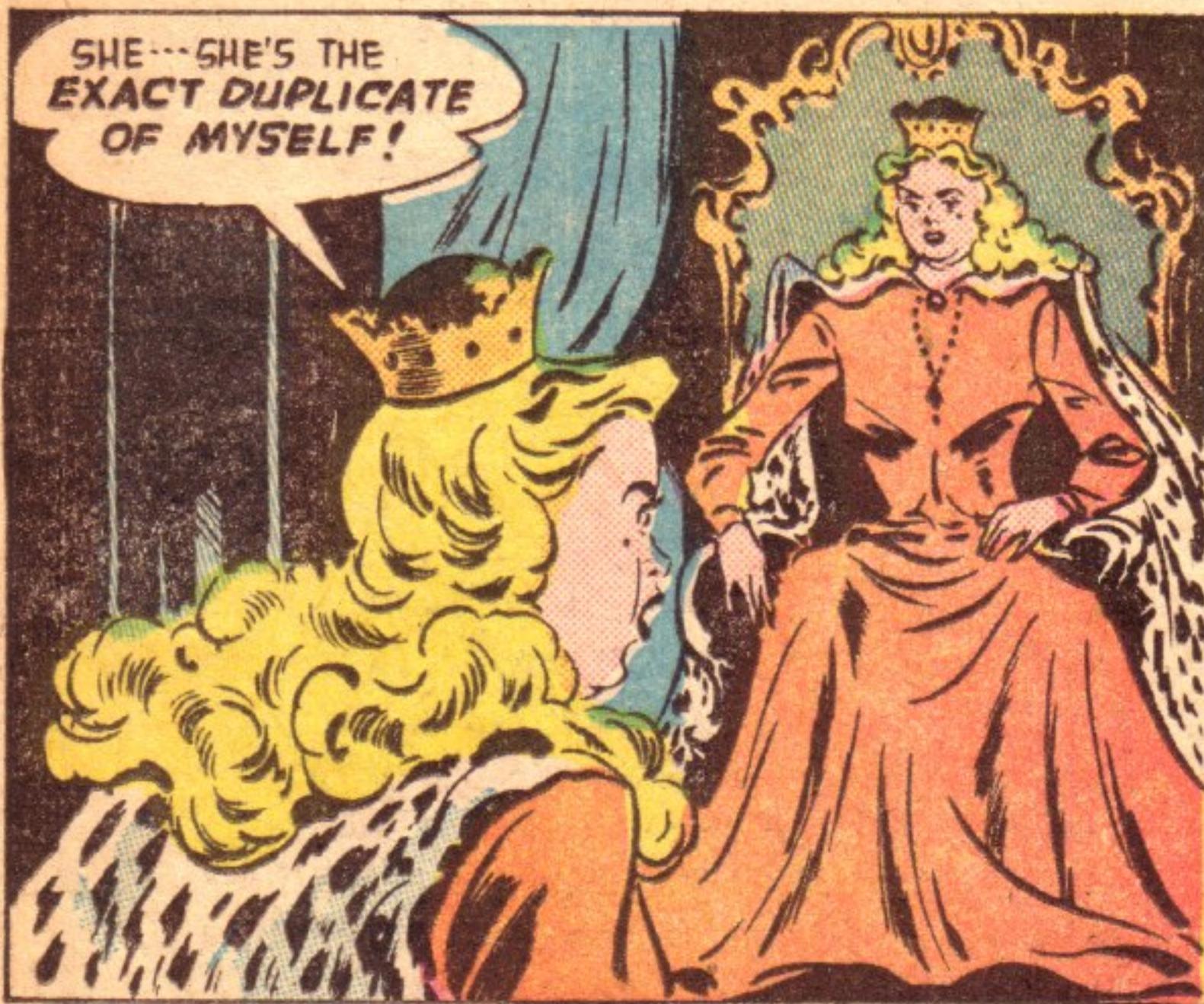
HOLD---WHO IS THE USURPER WHO HAS DARED TO SIT UPON MY THRONE?

The most uncanny wraith of history appeared one day to Czarina Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, as she entered the throne-room...



SHE---SHE'S THE EXACT DUPLICATE OF MYSELF!

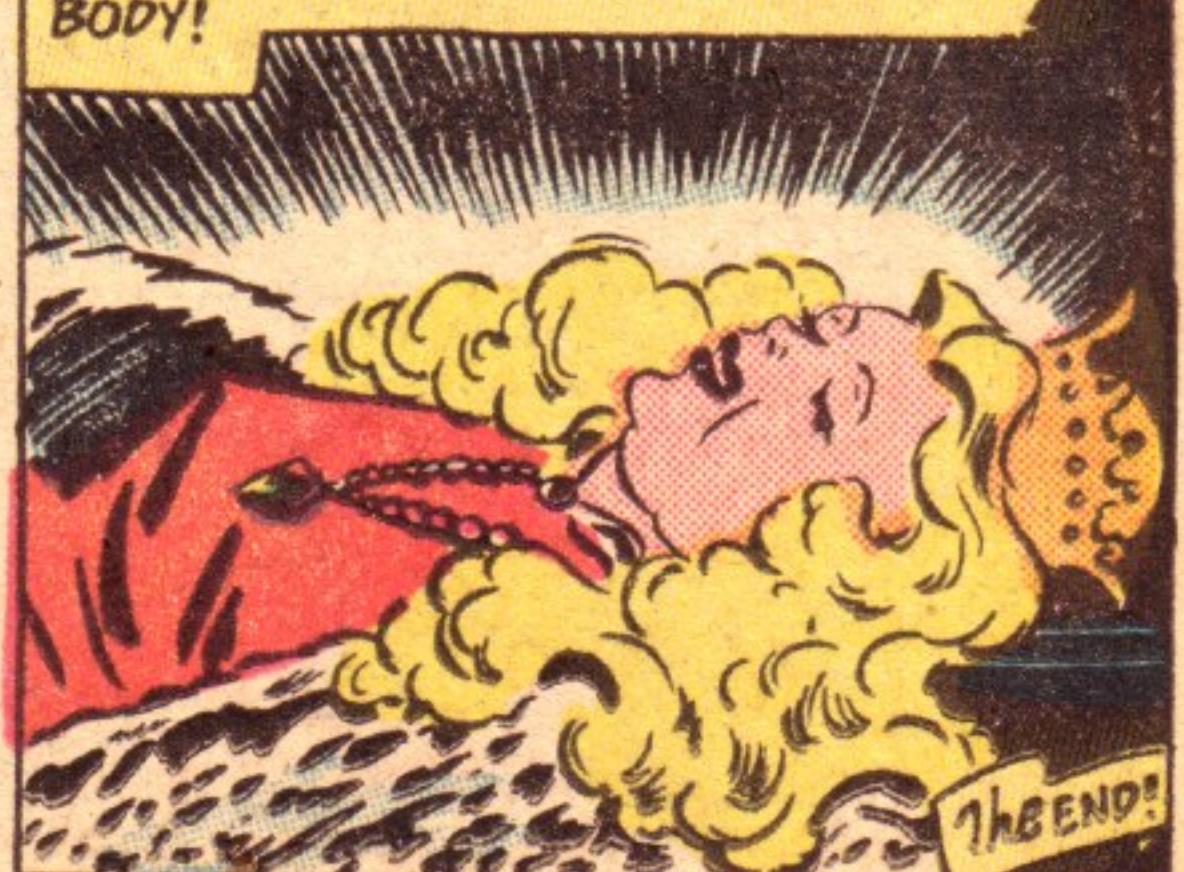
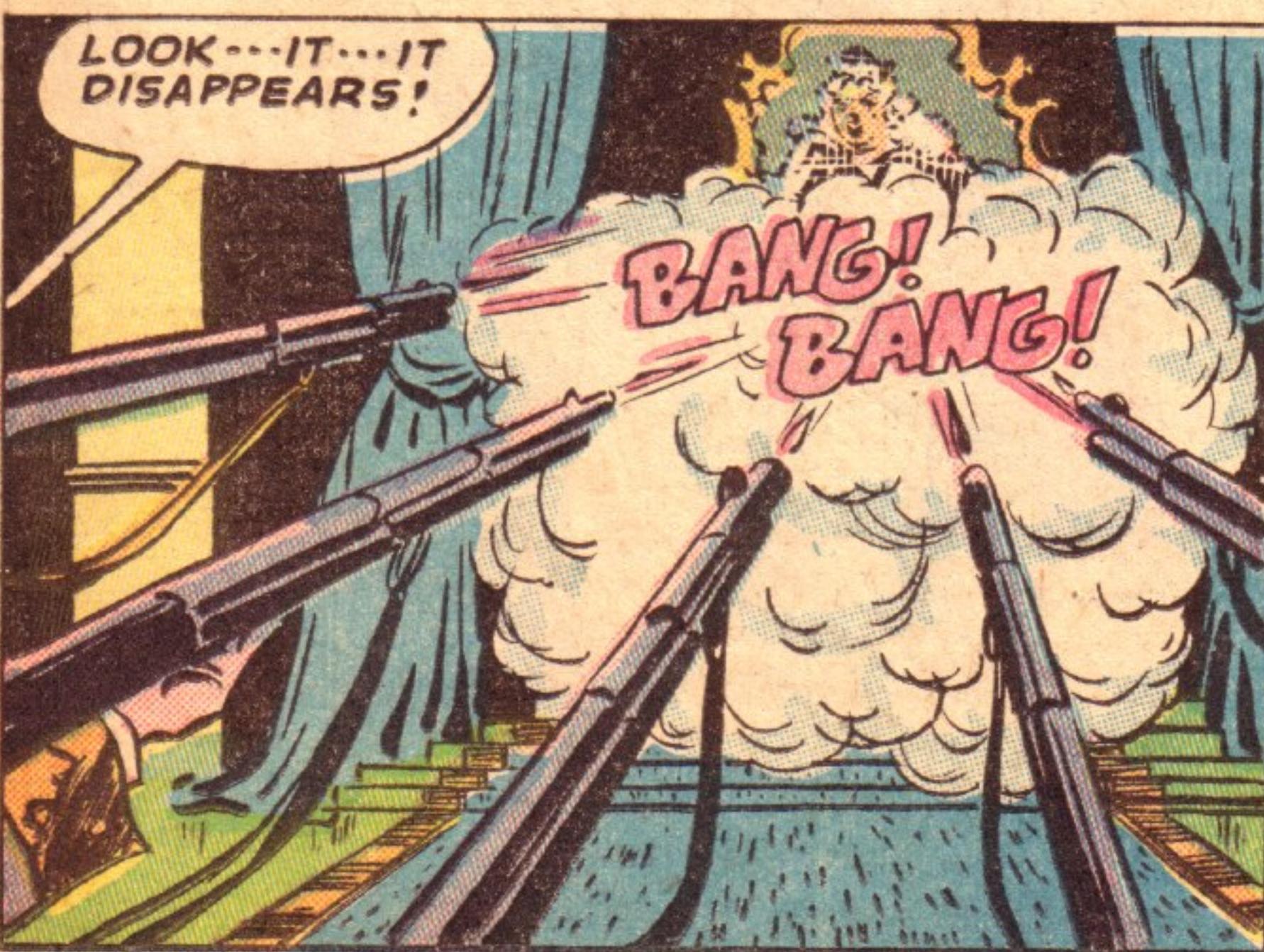
BUT IT CANNOT BE---IT MUST BE SOMEONE WHO HAS DARED TO DISGUISE HERSELF AS ME! GUARDS---ADVANCE AND FIRE ON THE IMPOSTOR!



LOOK---IT---IT DISAPPEARS!

BANG! BANG!

YES, THE ROYAL WRAITH HAD DISAPPEARED---BUT THE NEXT DAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1796, CATHERINE THE GREAT WAS DEAD OF A STROKE---AND HER ROYAL PHYSICIANS TRIED TO HUSH UP THE FACT THAT THEY HAD FOUND STRANGE MARKS, RESEMBLING THE SCARS OF A RIFLE VOLLEY, ON HER BODY!



# THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a  
ONCE - IN - A -  
LIFETIME  
COMICS MAGAZINE!



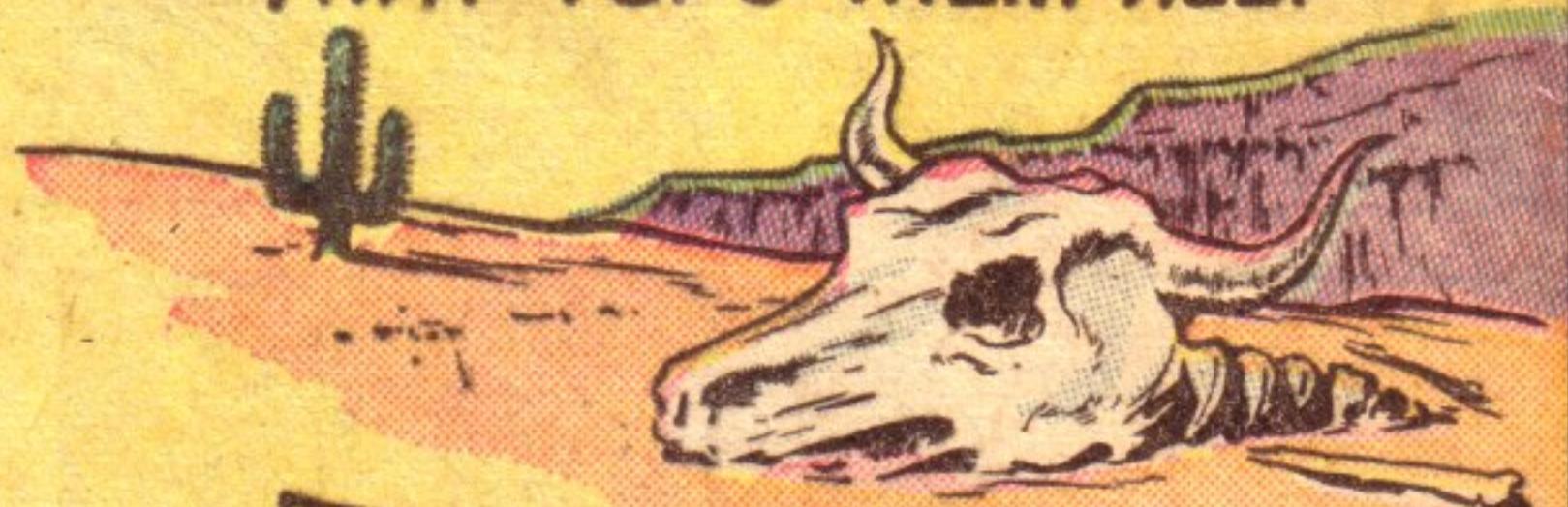
You'll GASP AT  
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-  
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS  
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE  
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED  
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...  
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,  
FAST-RIDING COWBOY  
HEROES!

\*\*\*

You've NEVER read a  
western like this...  
it's an action-packed  
killer-diller! So...  
don't miss

**BLAZING  
WEST!**

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-  
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC  
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



**10¢** ON ALL  
STANDS

# SPOOK-BUSTER'S DOOM

TAKE A GHOST-BREAKER  
WHO REVELS IN EXPOSING  
SPOOKS AND EXPLODING  
SUPERNATURAL MYTHS...  
ADD A GORGEOUS GREEK  
SORCERESS AND A MIGHTY  
MYTHOLOGICAL BEAST...  
AND YOU'VE GOT A STORY  
THAT'S TOPS IN EERIE  
CHILLS! HERE IT IS...  
**SPOOK-BUSTER'S  
DOOM!**

**I**N A MURKY, INCENSE-FILLED ROOM IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF CAIRO, EGYPT...

MAHARUL NEM SHALUUR! COME, O SPIRIT OF THE NETHERWORLD... APPEAR AND WALK THE EARTH ONCE MORE!

SUDDENLY...

BEHOLD, MRS. COURTNEY... BEHOLD THE SPIRIT OF YOUR LONG-LOST DAUGHTER, WHOM I HAVE SUMMONED UP FROM THE DEAD!

MARCIAMARCIAMARCIADARLING!

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO TOUCH THE SPIRIT, OR IT WILL FLEE BACK INTO THE UNKNOWN! BUT FOR \$100 MORE, I CAN MAKE THE SPIRIT OF YOUR DAUGHTER SPEAK TO YOU!

YEAH? I'LL MAKE IT YELL!

NO... STOP... IT IS FORBIDDEN...!

YIII!

WHAH!

PLEASE, EFFENDI  
... I ONLY DID AS  
I WAS TOLD...  
DO NOT HARM  
ME!

THERE'S YOUR  
"SPIRIT", MRS. COURTNEY... AN EGYPTIAN  
BOY, DRESSED UP IN  
A GIRL'S WIG AND  
PHOSPHORESCENT ROBES,  
SUSPENDED FROM HIDDEN  
CEILING PULLEYS BY  
INVISIBLE WIRES!

OHHH!

YOU'RE STAYING HERE  
TO FACE THE MUSIC... AND  
THE POLICE! YOU'VE SWINDLED  
YOUR LAST VICTIM!

MAY THE SPIRITS OF  
THE DEAD RISE IN THEIR  
WRATH AND SEND YOU  
HOWLING TO YOUR  
DOOM!

IF YOU WANT ME TO SIGN AN AFFIDAVIT  
ABOUT ALL THIS FOR THE TRIAL,  
OFFICER, YOU CAN REACH ME AT THE  
HOTEL IMPERIAL! MY NAME IS OTIS  
FINDLEY, AND I'M...

YOU ARE OTIS FINDLEY...  
THE RENOWNED GHOST-BREAKER?  
THE WHOLE WORLD IS INDEBTED  
TO YOU FOR YOUR GREAT WORK  
IN EXPOSING FRAUDS AND  
CHARLATANS WHO CLAIM TO HAVE  
SUPERNATURAL POWERS! THANKS  
TO YOU, GENUINE MEDIUMS  
DON'T HAVE TO COMPETE  
WITH SUCH FAKEERS!

THERE AREN'T ANY GENUINE MEDIUMS... NO HUMAN HAS  
THE POWER OF WAKING THE DEAD! I'VE DEVOTED MY  
WHOLE LIFE TO SPOOK-BUSTING AND GHOST-BREAKING  
... AND I'VE FOUND THAT **EVERY** SO-CALLED MEDIUM  
OR SPIRIT-RAISER IS A PURE PHONEY!

THEN YOU HAVE NOT LOOKED FAR OR  
LONG ENOUGH, EFFENDI! THERE IS  
MUCH YOU HAVE YET TO LEARN ABOUT  
THE WORLD OF THE OCCULT... AND I  
CAN ONLY HOPE THAT YOUR  
EDUCATION WILL BE  
**PAINLESS!**

BUT IN A HOTEL ROOM IN ATHENS, THE FIENDISH FATES  
HAVE TAKEN A HAND IN OTIS FINDLEY'S DESTINY...

ED, I... I'D LIKE TO HAVE  
ANOTHER \$500... DEIDAMEIA  
WANTS MORE MONEY TO  
KEEP ON BRINGING HARRY'S  
SPIRIT BACK TO SEE ME!

HOLY COW, SIS... WHEN  
ARE YOU GOING TO GET  
WISE TO THAT  
PHONEY  
MEDIUM?

ATHENS PIRE

PLEASE, ED---SHE ISN'T A PHONEY! WHY, I ACTUALLY SEE HARRY'S SPIRIT! DEIDAMEIA SENDS HER CENTAUR SPIRIT GUIDE TO BRING HARRY'S SPIRIT INTO HER SEANCE-CHAMBER ---AND THE CENTAUR DOES! IT---IT'S ALL I HAVE NOW---I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM EVERY DAY ---I'VE GOT TO!

ALL RIGHT, BESS  
---I'LL WRITE OUT ANOTHER CHECK!

LATER... THERE'S THE SOLUTION TO MY PROBLEM! I'LL SEND AN URGENT WIRE TO FINDLEY ---HE'S KNOWN TO TAKE ON ANY SPIRIT-BUSTING CASE!

ATHENS PRESS  
SPOOK-BUSTER EXPOSES  
ANOTHER FRAUD  
OTIS FINDLEY, FAMED  
GHOST-HUNTER, SENDS  
PHONEY CAIRO MEDIUM  
TO JAIL

SEND THIS CABLE TO MR. EDWARD WHITTIER, HOTEL  
THESSALY, ATHENS! ---"DELIGHTED TO EXPOSE  
DEIDAMEIA AND HER CENTAUR SPIRIT GUIDE.  
ARRANGE TO HAVE US ACCOMPANY YOUR  
SISTER TO TOMORROW'S SEANCE---AM  
FLYING TO ATHENS IN MORNING! SIGNED  
---OTIS FINDLEY!"

NEXT DAY... THIS CASE REALLY INTERESTS ME!  
DEIDAMEIA, YOU KNOW, IS THE NAME OF  
THE MYTHOLOGICAL GREEK NYMPH  
WHO WAS CARRIED OFF BY THE  
CENTAURS---THOSE LEGENDARY  
BEASTS WHO WERE HALF HORSE,  
HALF MAN! THIS PHONEY MEDIUM IS  
APPARENTLY USING THAT LEGEND  
TO GIVE HERSELF A MYSTICAL  
AIR---AND I'M GOING TO ENJOY  
EXPOSING HER!

I'M CERTAINLY  
GLAD YOU DECIDED  
TO HELP ME, MR.  
FINDLEY---  
DEIDAMEIA HAS  
WHITTLED MY  
BANKROLL  
DOWN TO A  
THOUSAND  
BUCKS!

AND SO...

I DON'T KNOW HOW  
DEIDAMEIA IS GOING  
TO LIKE MY BRINGING  
YOU TWO MEN TO  
TODAY'S SEANCE!  
I WAS AFRAID TO  
TELL HER---

JUST TELL HER I'M A FRIEND  
WHO'S A BELIEVER IN THE  
SPIRIT WORLD---AND UNDER  
NO CIRCUMSTANCES  
IS SHE TO KNOW  
MY REAL  
NAME!

DEIDAMEIA, I'VE BROUGHT  
SOME GUESTS...

YES, UNBELIEV-  
ING GUESTS! BUT  
IT DOES NOT  
MATTER! I WEL-  
COME THE CHANCE  
TO PROVE MY SUPER-  
NATURAL POWERS---  
ESPECIALLY TO  
SUCH A SKEPTIC  
AS OTIS  
FINDLEY!

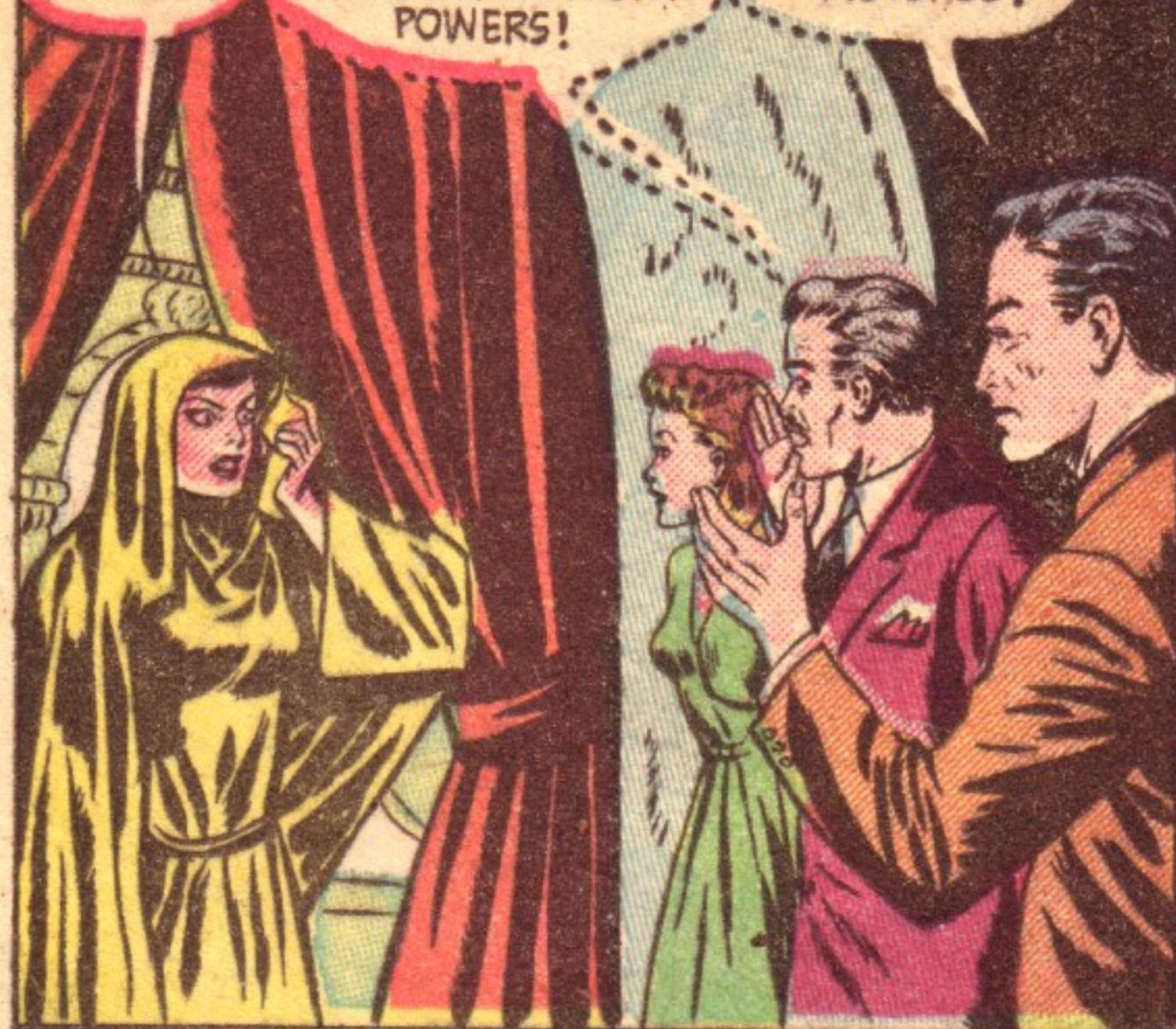
COME...  
PREPARE  
FOR THE  
SEANCE!

HOW DID SHE  
KNOW YOUR NAME?  
MAYBE SHE **DOES**  
HAVE SUPERNATURAL  
POWERS!

NONSENSE...SHE  
PROBABLY RECOGNIZED  
ME FROM PUBLISHED  
PICTURES!

LINK HANDS...AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES  
MOLEST THE SPIRITS I SUMMON UP! THAT  
WAY LIES **DEADLY PERIL**!

HAH...I KNOW  
THE **REAL** REASON  
WHY SHE DOESN'T  
WANT HER FAKE  
SPIRITS MOLESTED!



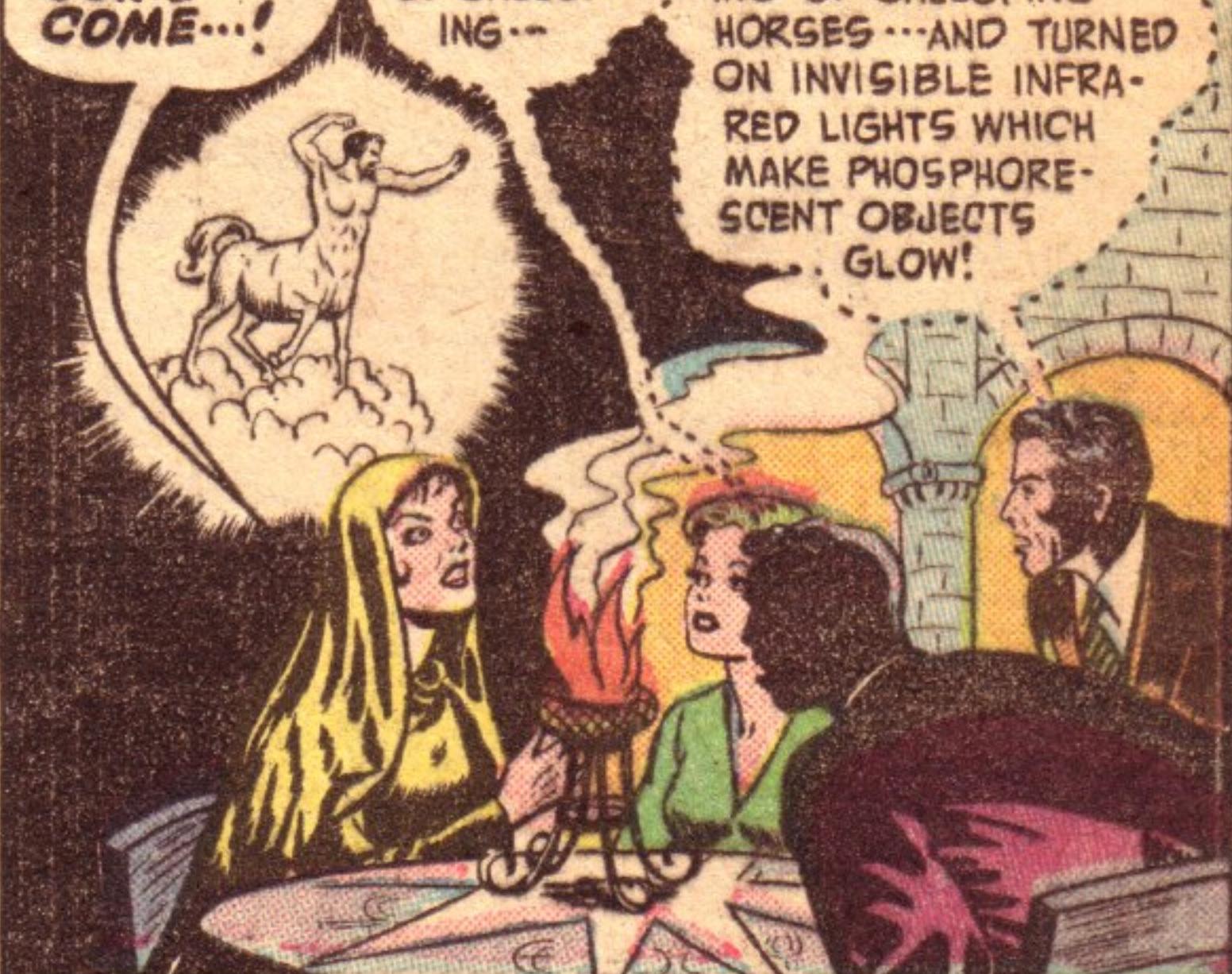
COME, O MIGHTY CHEIRON! COME, O CENTAUR  
SPIRIT-GUIDE WHO KNOWEST ALL THE SPIRITS THAT  
DWELL IN THE NETHERWORLD! OBEY THE VOICE OF  
**DEIDAMEIA**!



I HEAR THE  
THUNDER OF THY  
MIGHTY HOOVES,  
O CHEIRON!  
**COME...  
COME...**

THAT...THAT  
GHOSTLY  
LIGHT---AND  
THE SOUND  
OF GALLOP-  
ING--

TYPICAL TRICKS! SHE  
PROBABLY STEPPED  
ON A FLOOR BUTTON,  
AND STARTED A RECORD-  
ING OF GALLOPING  
HORSES...AND TURNED  
ON INVISIBLE INFRA-  
RED LIGHTS WHICH  
MAKE PHOSPHORE-  
SCENT OBJECTS  
GLOW!

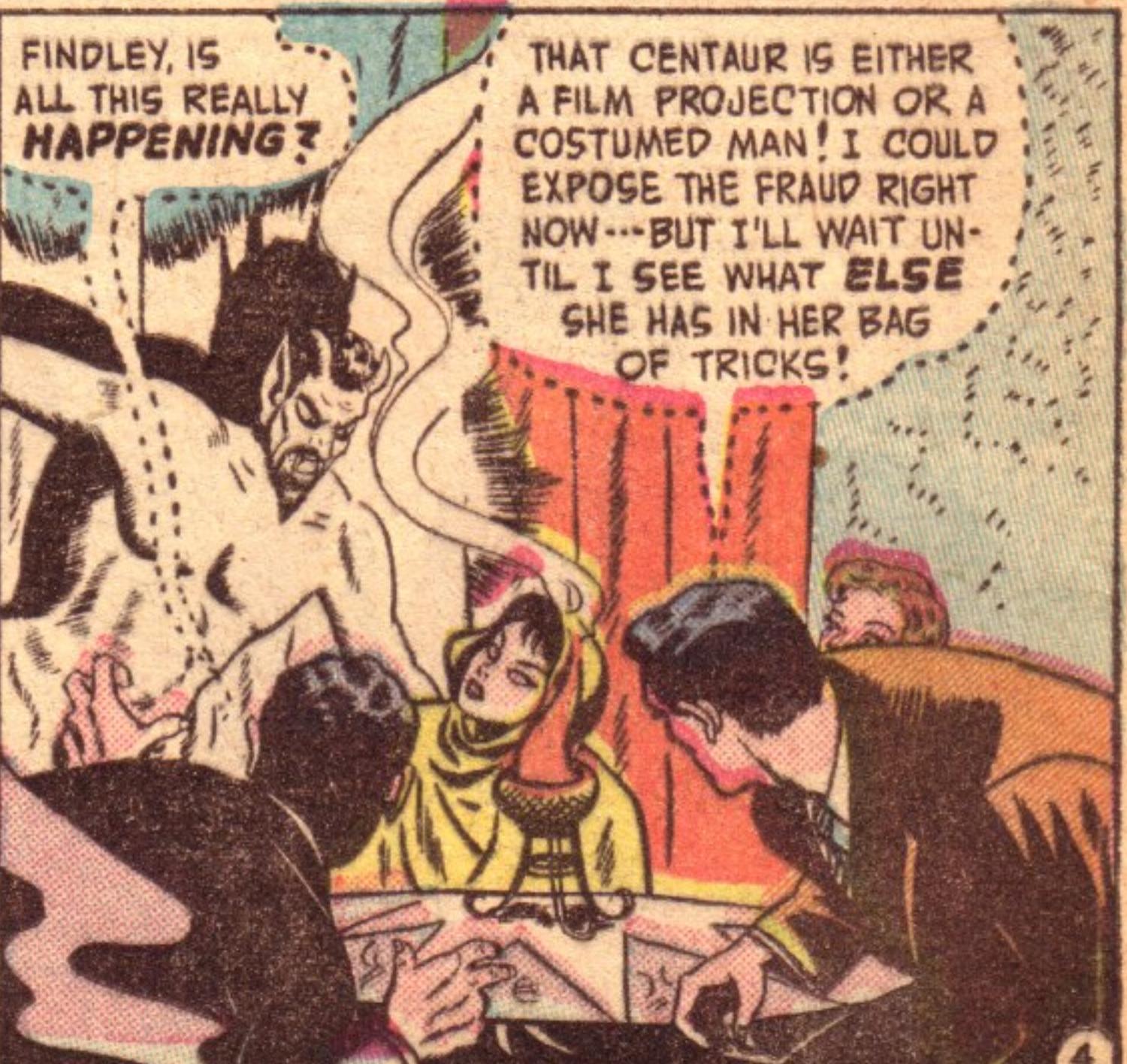
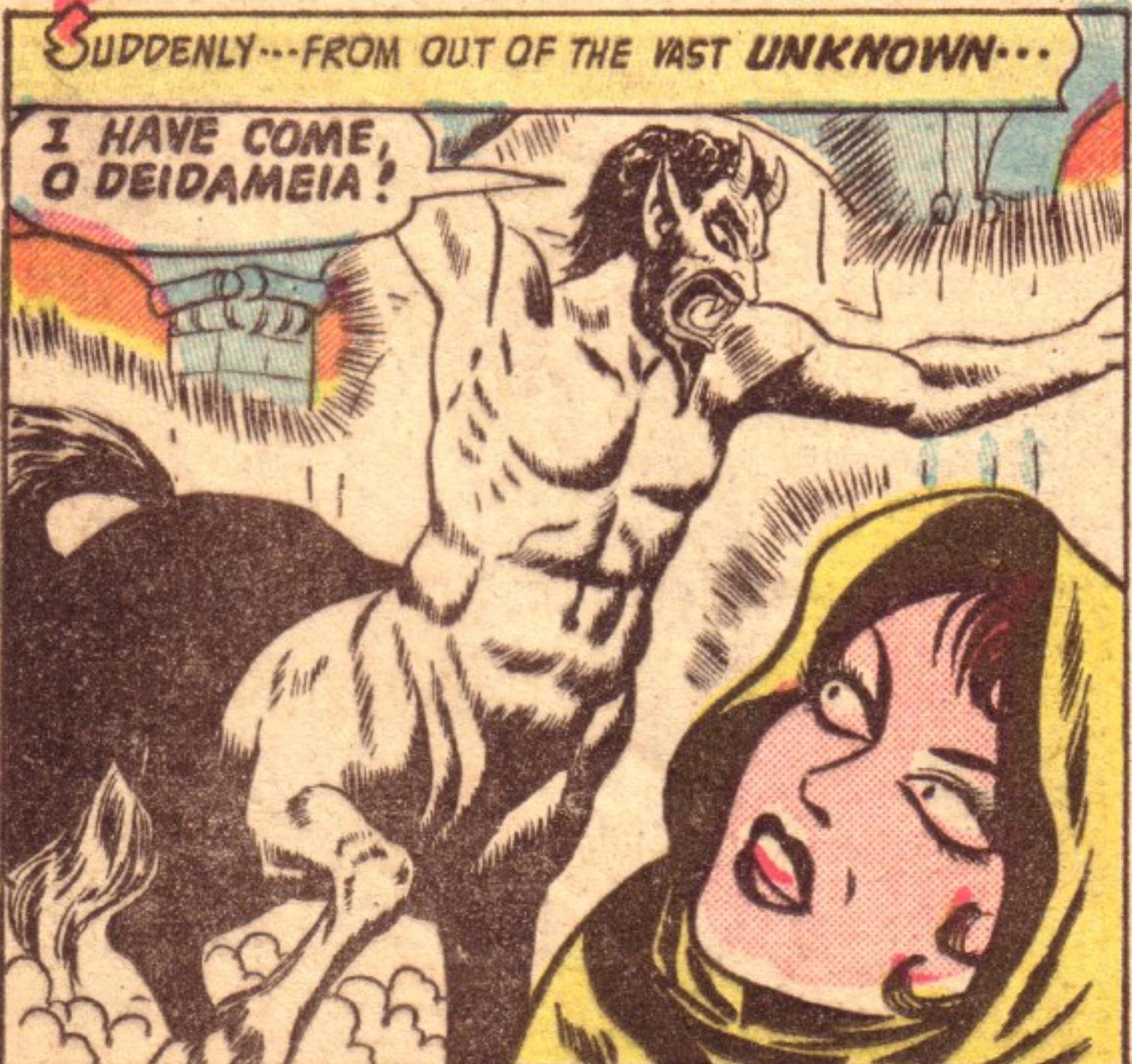


SUDDENLY---FROM OUT OF THE VAST **UNKNOWN**---

I HAVE COME,  
O DEIDAMEIA!

FINDLEY, IS  
ALL THIS REALLY  
**HAPPENING?**

THAT CENTAUR IS EITHER  
A FILM PROJECTION OR A  
COSTUMED MAN! I COULD  
EXPOSE THE FRAUD RIGHT  
NOW---BUT I'LL WAIT UN-  
TIL I SEE WHAT **ELSE**  
SHE HAS IN HER BAG  
OF TRICKS!

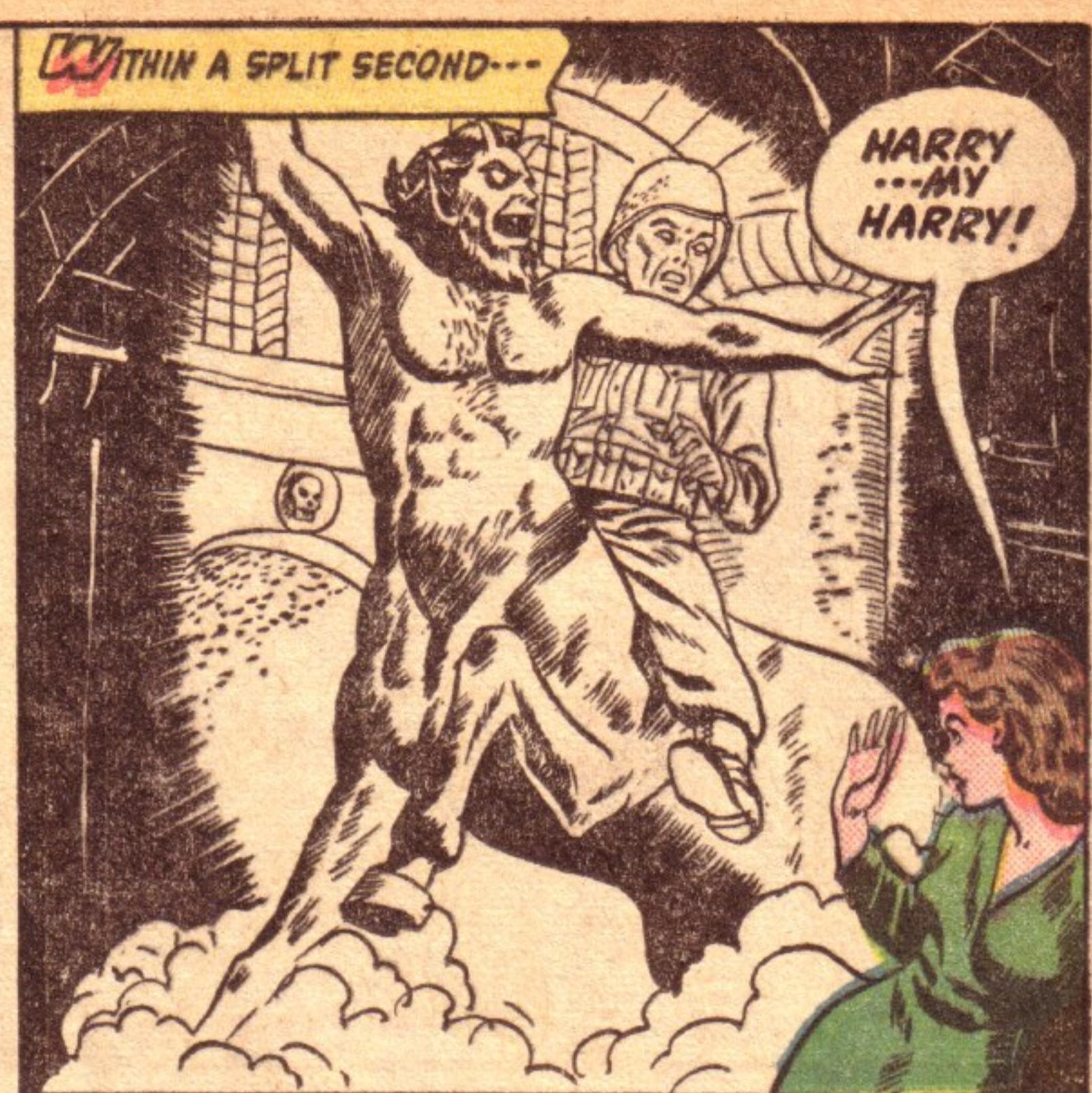


JOURNEY TO THE SPIRIT WORLD, O ALL-POWERFUL CHEIRON, AND RETURN WITH THE SPIRIT OF HARRY TOWNSEND---HUSBAND OF HER WHO SITS BESIDE ME!

MANY TIMES HAVE I BROUGHT HIM HERE! BUT THY BIDDING SHALL BE DONE!

WITHIN A SPLIT SECOND---

HARRY ---MY HARRY!



THAT---THAT LOOKS LIKE HARRY---MAYBE ALL THIS IS GENUINE!

DON'T BE CHILDISH --- DEIDAMEIA PROBABLY PERSUADED YOUR SISTER TO GIVE HER HARRY'S PICTURE --- AND A GOOD MAKE-UP ARTIST DID ALL THE REST! I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU --- I THINK IT'S TIME I WENT INTO ACTION!

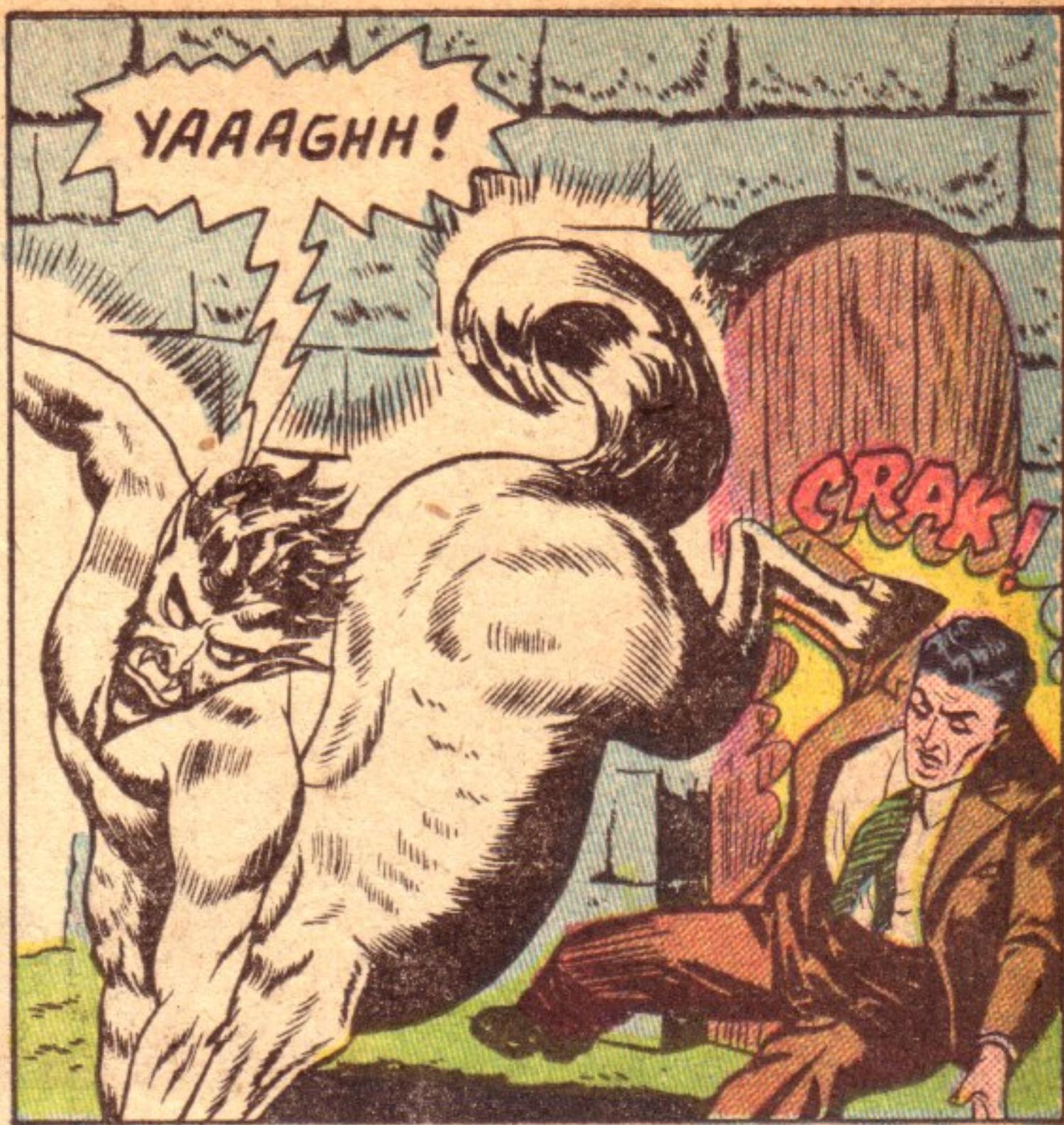


BACK, MORTAL --- BACK! IF YOU INSIST ON SUCH FOLLY, WE MUST RETURN TO THE SPIRIT WORLD!

OHHH---HARRY IS VANISHING!

YEAH, I'D BETTER TACKLE THAT CENTAUR BEFORE HE PULLS A FAST DISAPPEARING ACT, TOO!





# UNCANNY MYSTERIES

## The CURSE OF JACKSONBORO

JACKSONBORO, GEORGIA, USED TO BE A THRIVING, BUSTLING COUNTY SEAT, ONE OF THE ROUGHEST AND MOST BOISTEROUS TOWNS IN THE SOUTH... UNTIL AN UNCANNY, REVENGEFUL CURSE TURNED IT INTO A GHOST TOWN! IT ALL STARTED BACK IN 1830, WHEN A LITTLE HUNCHBACKED, ITINERANT EVANGELIST NAMED LORENZO DOW DRIFTED INTO JACKSONBORO, AND WAS APPALLED AT THE GREED AND EVIL HE FOUND THERE...



REPENT, YE SINNERS  
...HALT YOUR EVIL  
WAYS AND REPENT!

HAW-HAW-HAW!  
C'MON... LET'S CHASE  
THE LOONEY OUT O' TOWN!

THE LITTLE MAN WAS NOT ALLOWED TO PREACH, BUT  
WAS FORCED TO FLEE FROM HIS TORMENTORS... AND  
HE FOUND NO REST UNTIL A GOOD MAN, SEABORN  
GOODALL, GAVE HIM SANCTUARY IN HIS HOME!



BUT FIRED BY HIS BURNING, SELF-APPOINTED MISSION TO REFORM THE CITIZENS OF JACKSONBORO, THE EVANGELIST STRODE FORTH TO MEET HIS TORMENTORS ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING... AND THIS TIME, WAS FORCED TO FLEE FOR HIS LIFE!

THE MOB HALTED AT RUSTIC BRIDGE, WHICH WAS BEYOND THE TOWN LIMITS... AND THERE, SCORNFUL OF THEIR THREATS, DOW SYMBOLICALLY SHOOK THE EVIL DUST OF JACKSONBORO FROM HIS FEET!

LOWLY, EYES BLAZING WITH SOME STRANGE, INNER FIRE, THE MYSTICAL PREACHER TURNED TO FACE THE MOB...

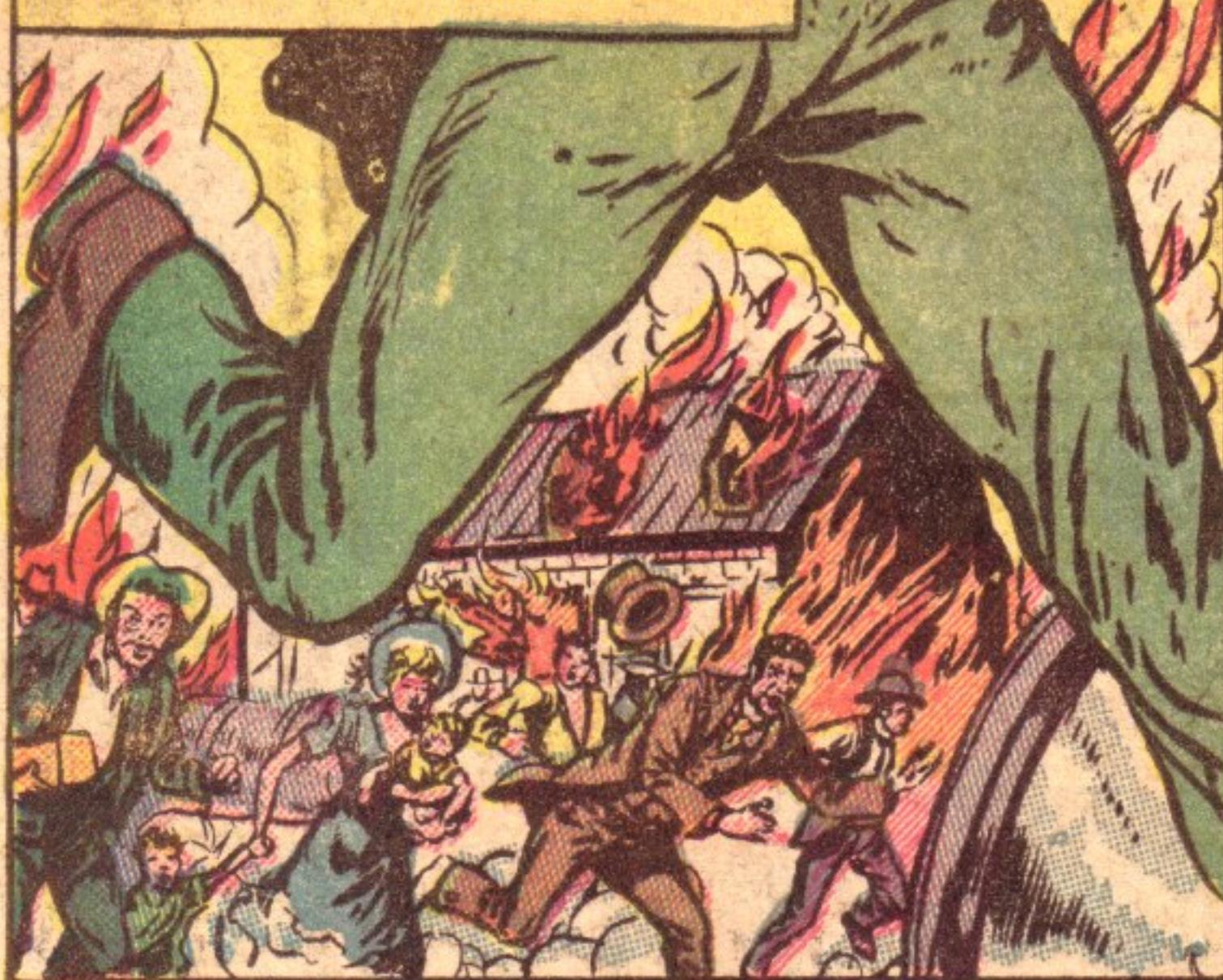


IF YUH EVER COME  
BACK ACROSS  
RUSTIC BRIDGE  
--- WE'LL KILL  
YUH!

HEAR ME, YE RABBLE... LISTEN TO MY CURSE! A GREATER POWER THAN YE KNOW WILL SOON BRING SWIFT VENGEANCE AND STRIKE YE DOWN WITH FIRE AND FLOOD... AND YOUR EVIL TOWN WILL BE VISITED BY THE SAME FATE THAT ONCE OVERTOOK SODOM--GOMORRAH--AND BURNT THEM TO THE GROUND!



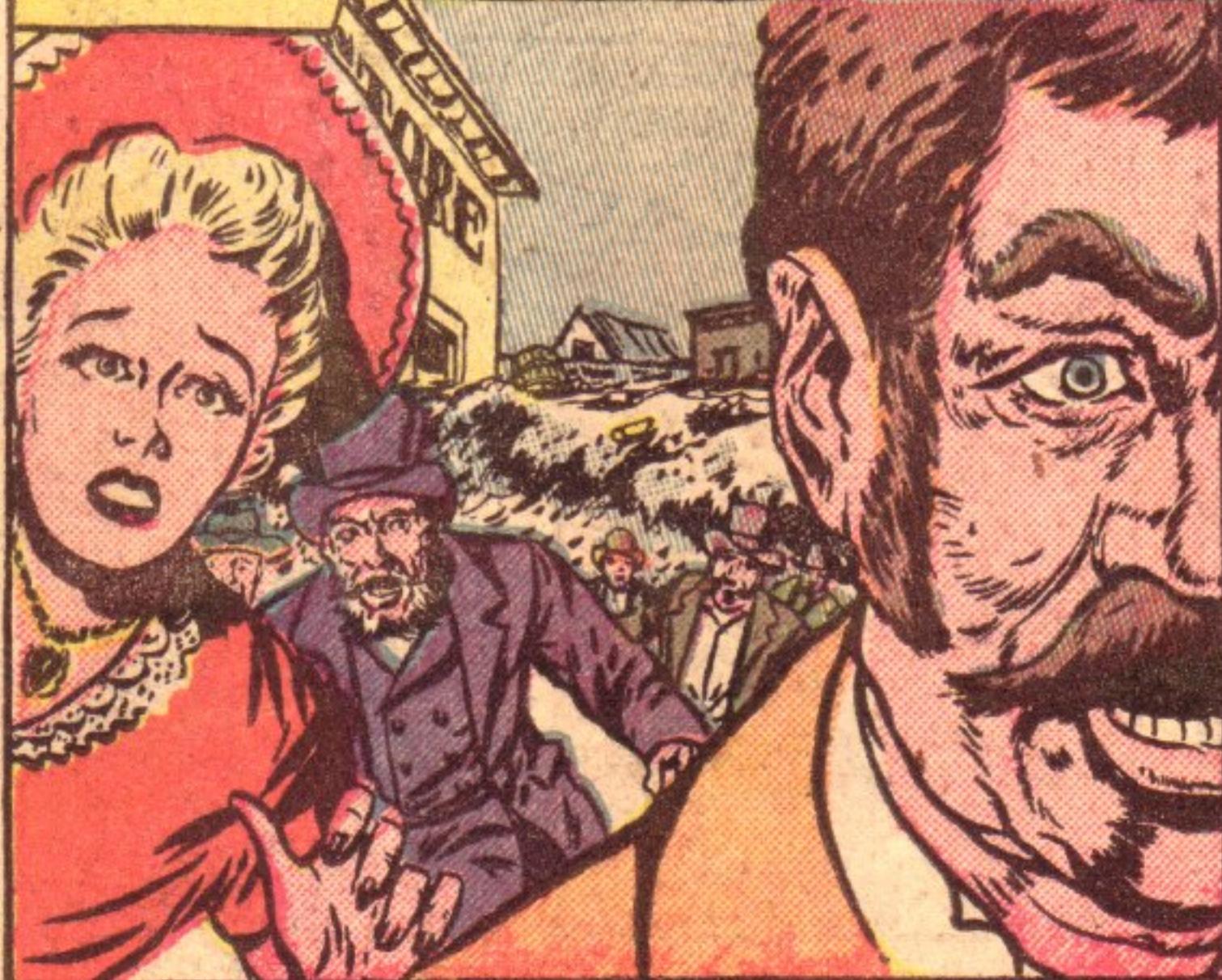
**H**OOTS OF LAUGHTER AND JEERS OF DERISION FOLLOWED LORENZO DOW OUT OF JACKSONBORO --- BUT THE JEERS SOON TURNED TO FEAR WHEN SUDDENLY, FOR NO TANGIBLE REASON, FIRES BROKE OUT AND SWEPT THROUGH THE TOWN!



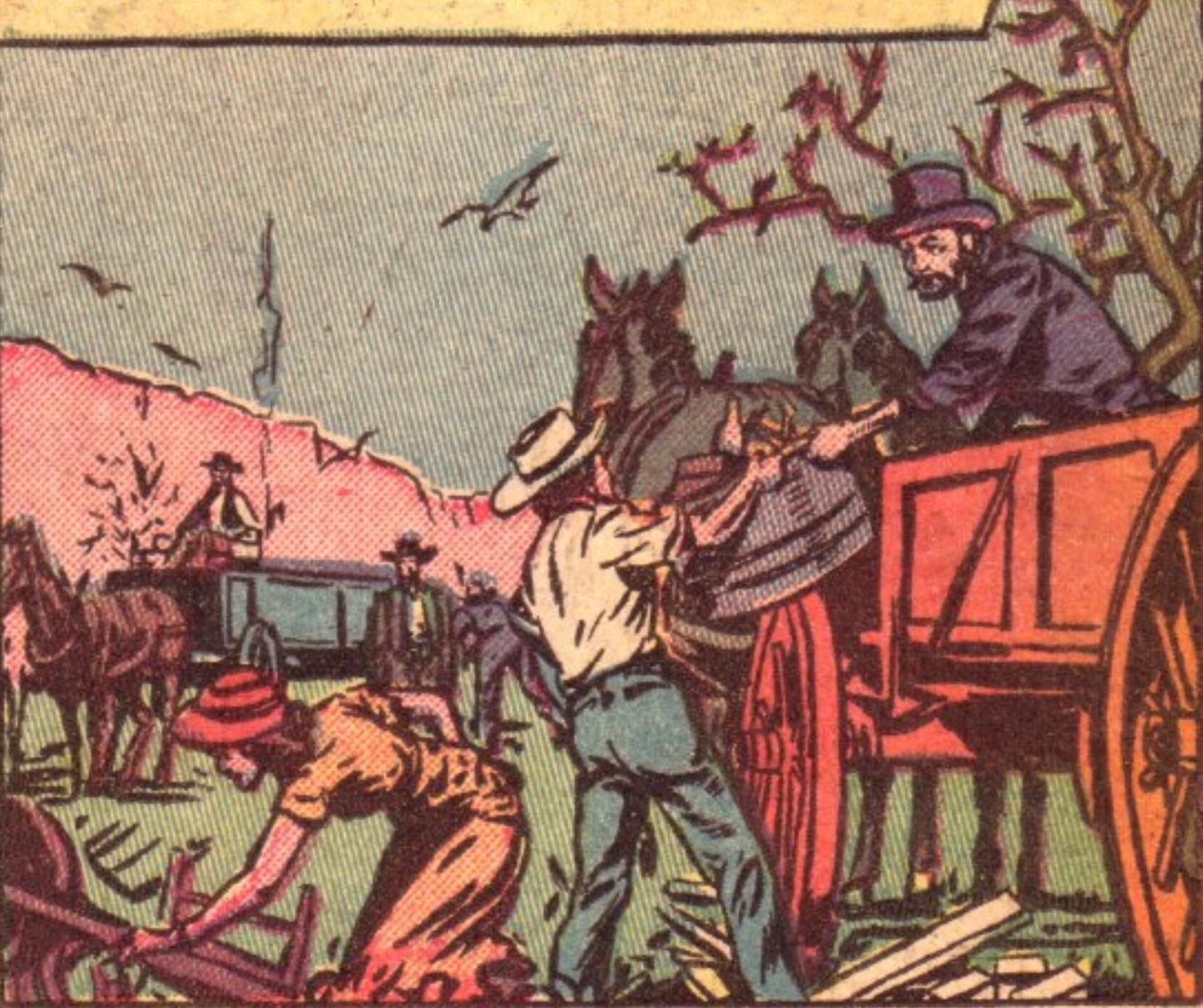
**T**HEN, MYSTERIOUS WINDSTORMS SPRANG UP AND TORE THE ROOFS OFF THE FEW REMAINING HOUSES IN TOWN!



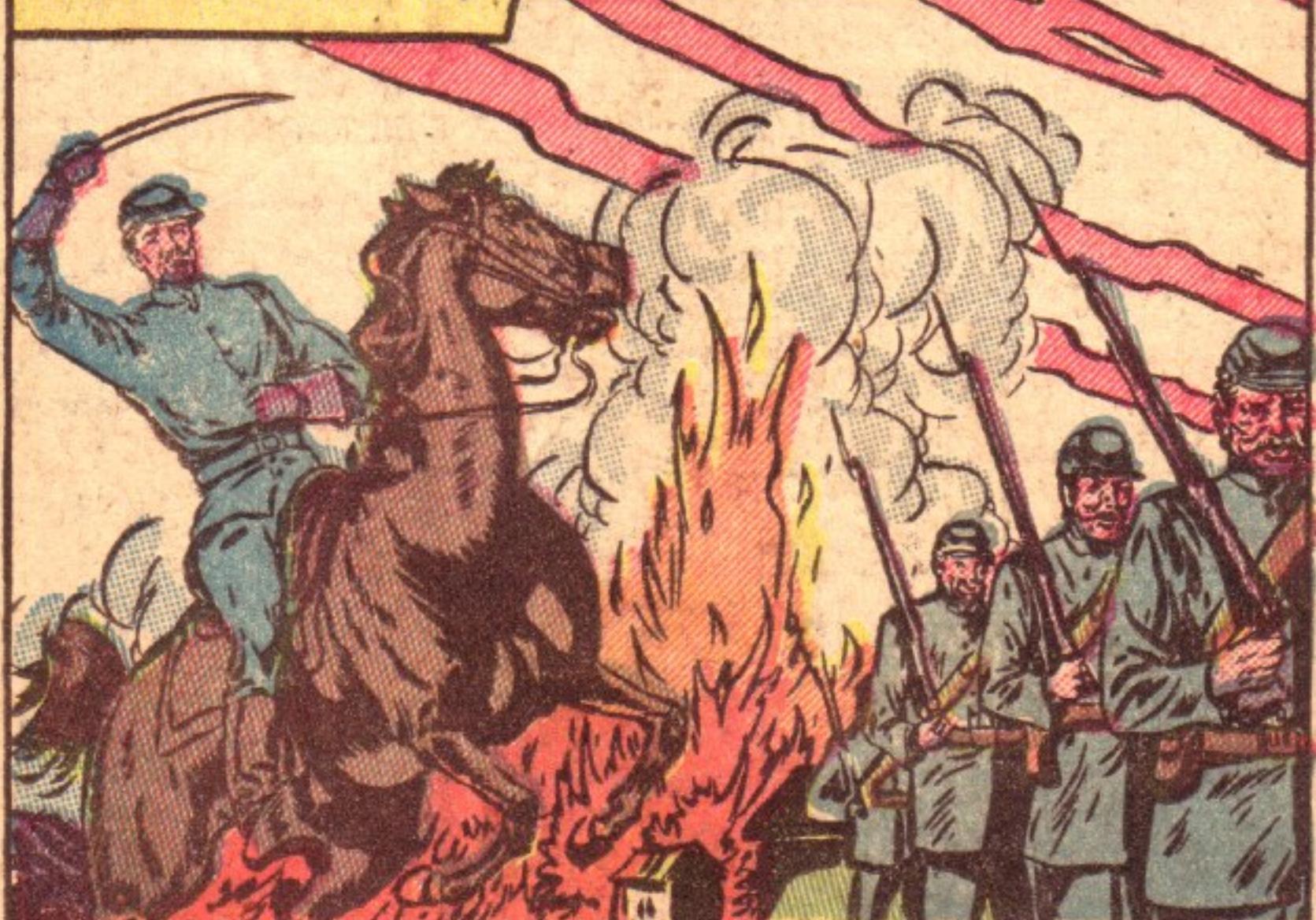
**E**VEN THE PLACID CREEK THAT SNAKED THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE TOWN SUDDENLY BECAME WILD AND UNRULY---AND SWEPT AWAY HOMES AND POSSESSIONS IN AN UNACCOUNTABLE FLASH FLOOD!



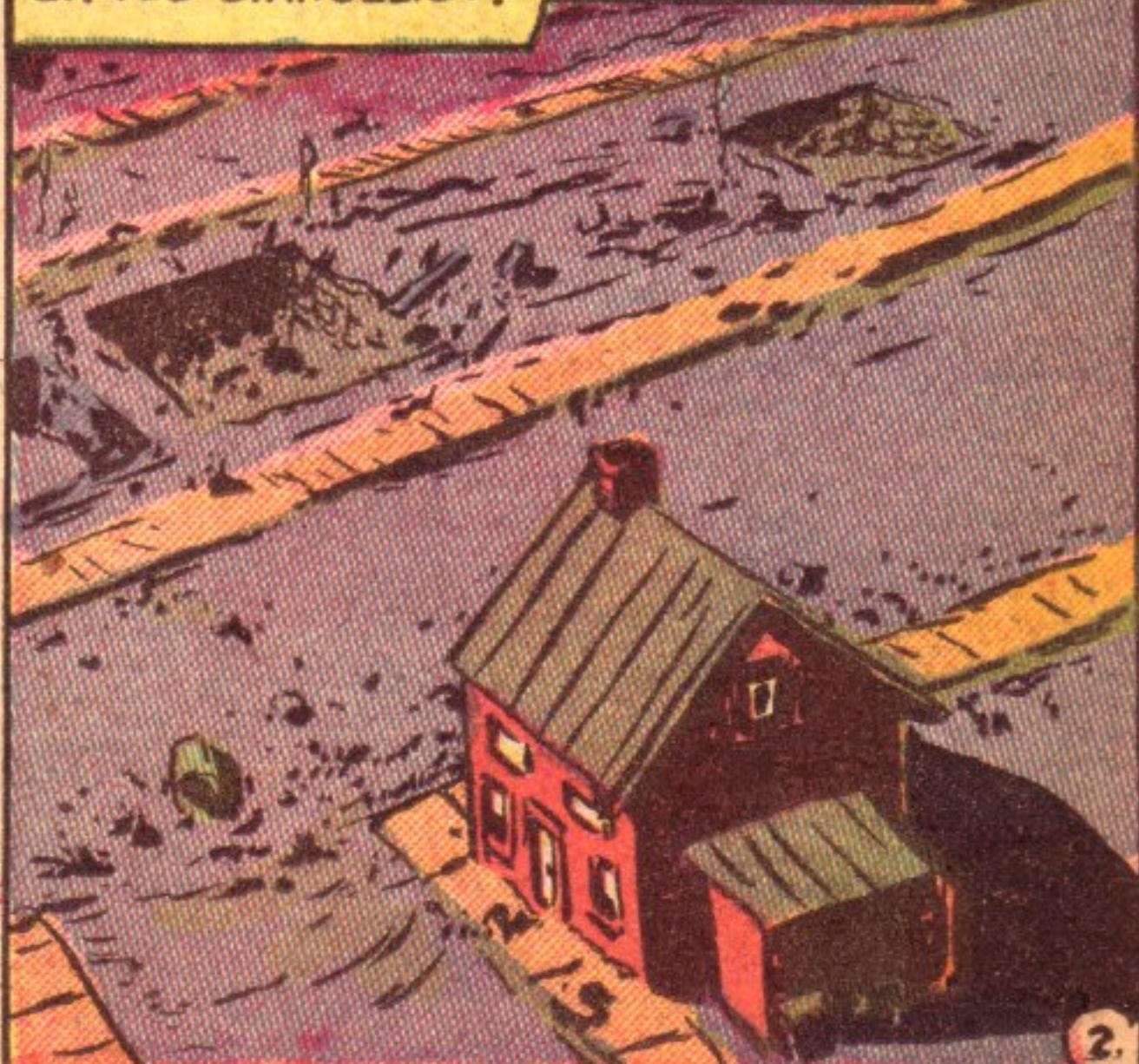
**T**HE FLOOD WAS THE LAST STRAW, AND THE TOWNSPEOPLE WHO HAD STUBBORNLY REMAINED FINALLY GAVE UP AND MOVED THEIR COUNTY SEAT TO SYLVANIA---WHICH DIDN'T HAVE LORENZO DOW'S CURSE ON IT!



**F**OR OVER THIRTY YEARS, JACKSONBORO REMAINED A DESERTED GHOST TOWN---AND THEN, WHEN GENERAL SHERMAN PASSED THROUGH IN HIS FAMOUS MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA, THE TOWN WAS ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY FIRE!



**E**NTIRELY, THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR ONE HOUSE ---THE HOME OF SEABORN GOODALL, THE MAN WHO ONCE BEFRIENDED A BURNING-EYED LITTLE EVANGELIST!



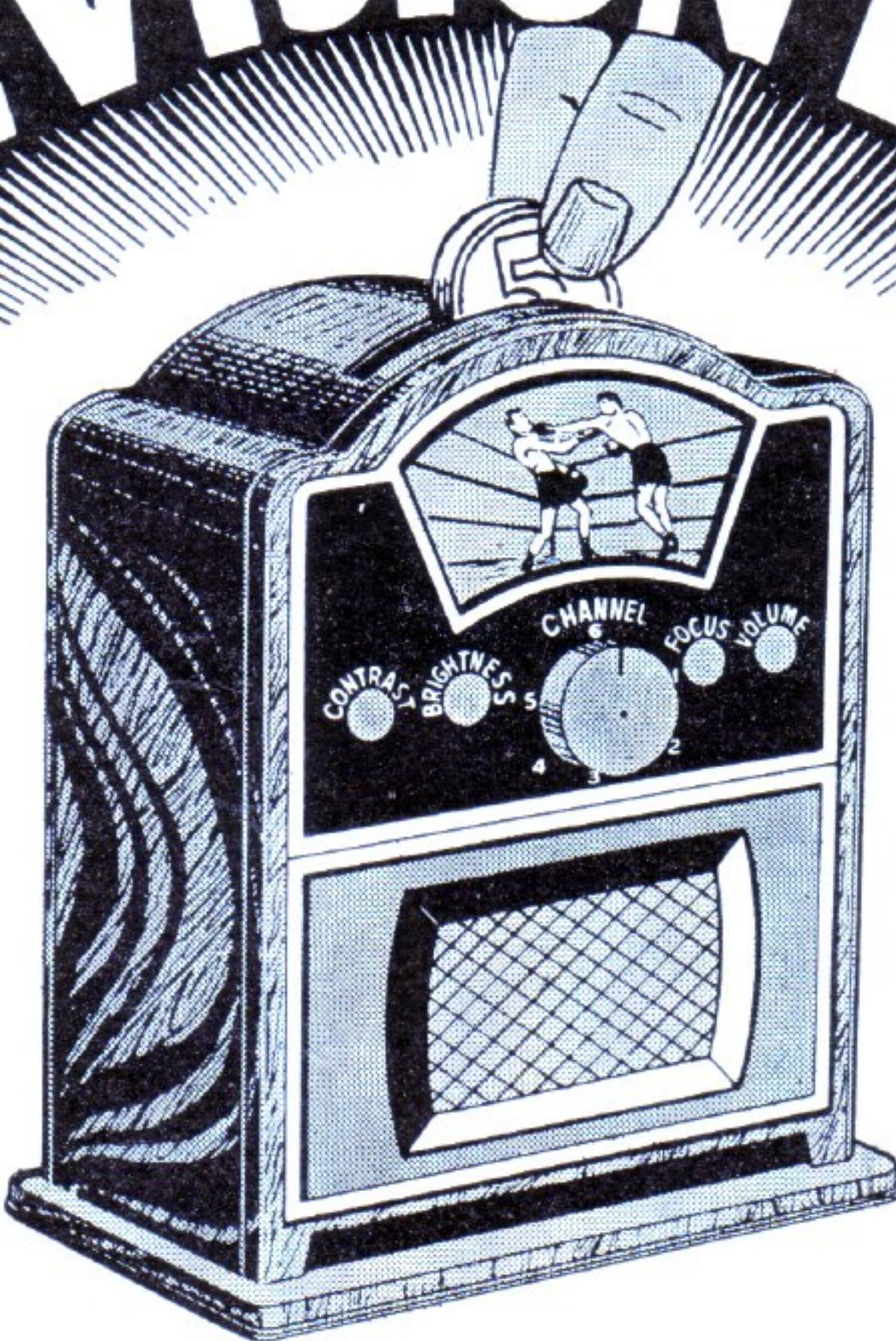
THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

# New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

## LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST  
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY" — AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY  
\$1.98**

**COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB!**

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see — you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A HONEY — IN EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 3/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY! NEW TELEVISION BANK!**

**SEAGEE CO., Dept. 3IBC**  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Plainly)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

### NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last word in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept 3IBC New York 2, N. Y.

# FUN ORDER TODAY!

## FOR ALL!

**Jimmy Durante PUNCHING HONK-O-BAG**

"EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET IN THE ACT!"

**HONK!**

**Hey Boys and Girls**  
Imagine

● Punch his nose and hear him honk!  
● Made of sturdy vinylite plastic!  
● Stands over 2 feet tall!

America's most beloved comedian comes to life for you—Jimmy Durante inflates to over 2 feet of joy—Punch his "shnozz" and he honks! What fun for you and all the gang! An ideal tackling dummy, sparring partner. Perfect as an exerciser—indoors or out. Jimmy rolls around, bounces up and down, bringing joy and making people laugh wherever he goes! Once you blow him up—he just doesn't go down! Send for yours now!

SEND NO MONEY. Remit with order, we pay postage. C.O.D. plus postage. Money back in 5 days if not completely satisfied.

ONLY \$2.98

**NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 22 PCS. NURS-A-DOLLY COMPLETE NURSING SET**

**BOTTLES-NIPPLES**

**MEASURING CUP**

**FUNNEL**

**KETTLE**

**SPOON**

**NIPPLE BOTTLE**

**BOTTLE BRUSH**

● She drinks; She wets!  
● Washable Rubber Wonderskin!  
● 22 pc complete—dolly, nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother—this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll drinks, and wets her diaper . . . comes with complete feeding equipment—21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and kettle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, life-like WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. SEND NO MONEY C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.

**Imagine Only 3.98 Complete**

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

## NU-BORN TWINS



● OVER 18 INCHES TALL!  
● LIFELIKE RUBBER WONDERSKIN!  
Amazingly lifelike new-born twin dolls to melt every "little mother's" heart. Pat them, spank them, cuddle them—they coo—they cry. Hours and hours of play thrills. Over 18 inches high, with almost human washable arms, legs, and head of rubber WONDERSKIN. Baby-soft pink skin, bright blue eyes—closest thing to actual infant. Easily removable nightie and diaper combination for "quick changes." Adorably wrapped in wooly bunting with a ribbon tie for showing off in the "carriage parade." SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D., you pay postage, — Remit with order, we pay postage.)

● CRIES—COOS!  
● REMOVABLE LAYETTE!

**BE A WOW WITH THE CROWD! WILLIE WOLF GLASSES!**

**HEY-GANG!**

● They light up and shine!  
● They're real sun glasses!

**Imagine only \$1.98 COMPLETE**

Young and old alike will have great fun with the WILLIE WOLF GLASSES—real sun glasses that light up when you press the concealed long-life battery! Every girl will notice you when you're wearing the WILLIE WOLF GLASSES!

Don't whistle any more to show your appreciation of the fair damsels—just wear your WILLIE WOLF GLASSES—press the hidden battery—and the light flickers on and off! You'll amaze and mystify your friends!

SEND NO MONEY: Remit with order, we pay postage C.O.D. Plus Postage. Money back in 5 days if not completely satisfied!

**FREE! WITH EVERY BANK**

**PLANterS 1/2 lb. TIN PEANUTS**

**NEW! SAVES MONEY—SERVES PEANUTS**

**PEANUT BANK EXCITING!**

**7 1/2" HIGH!**  
● HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES!  
● DOUBLE LOCK AND KEY!

Exciting saving bank serves peanuts while you save pennies, nickels, dimes! Comes with top hat, dashing monocle, a 1/2 pound vacuum can of delicious roasted peanuts, double lock and key. Drop in a coin and flip back the ear—out pops a generous amount of peanuts. Made of sturdy, durable plastic, MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK is ideal to start the kiddies saving (holds upwards of \$20 in coins.) Wonderful for parties, entertaining, family fun. Easy to refill. SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

**INSET COIN HERE**

**IMAGINE ONLY 2.98 COMPLETE**

**SEND COUPON!**

**NOVELTY MART, Dept. 142A**  
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:  
Enclosed find:  Check on M.O.  C.O.D. plus postage.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jimmy Durante \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> Nu-Born Twins \$7.96                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nurs-A-Dolly \$3.98  | <input type="checkbox"/> Adrian \$3.98; <input type="checkbox"/> Sue \$3.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Peanut Bank \$2.98   | <input type="checkbox"/> Willie Wolf Glasses \$1.98                         |

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N.Y.**



A  
Bucket Head  
Scan

# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN #18

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP, APRIL 1951

COVER PRICE 10¢, 52 PAGES

Cover Art: Ogden Whitney (Pencils, Inks)

1. The Halls of Horror - Emil Gershwin (Pencils, Inks)
2. Feature Story: True Ghost Tales - Ghost Bat  
Al Camy (Pencils, Inks)
3. The Undying Brain - Edward Moritz (Pencils, Inks)
4. Dream of Death - John Belfi (Pencils, Inks)
5. The Zombie Summons - George Wilhelms (Pencils, Inks)
6. Feature Story: Tell Me A Ghost Story - Phantom Pirate  
Pete Gattuso (Pencils, Inks)
7. Feature Story: Uncanny Mysteries Royal Wraith  
Pete Gattuso (Pencils, Inks)
8. Spook-Buster's Doom - Paul Cooper (Pencils, Inks)
9. Feature Story: Uncanny Mysteries - Jacksonboro  
Richard Case (Pencils, Inks)